The Jonny-Cake Papers

HAZARD

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The Jonny-Cake Papers

The Jonny-Cake Papers of "Shepherd Tom"

Together with

REMINISCENCES OF NARRAGANSETT SCHOOLS OF FORMER DAYS

By

THOMAS ROBINSON HAZARD

With a Biographical Sketch and Notes by

ROWLAND GIBSON HAZARD

Illustrated by Rudolph Ruzicka

BOSTON

Printed for the Subscribers

1915

JOHNSON REPRINT CORPORATION
111 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003

JOHNSON REPRINT COMPANY LTD.
Berkeley Square House, London W. 1

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PS
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Rediscovering America

A new series of reprints of published materials dealing with the impact of the American land, people, and experience on the imagination, character, thought, and expression of Americans.

Selected by B. A. Botkin

54934

First reprinting, 1968, Johnson Reprint Corporation
Printed in United States of America

Contents

	PAGE
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	vii
REMINISCENCES OF NARRAGANSETT SCHOOLS OF FORMER DAYS	1
FIRST BAKING	17
SECOND BAKING	31
THIRD BAKING	40
FOURTH BAKING	49
FIFTH BAKING	64
SIXTH BAKING	76
SEVENTH BAKING	88
EIGHTH BAKING	99
NINTH BAKING	108
TENTH BAKING	123
ELEVENTH BAKING	137
TWELFTH BAKING	152
THIRTEENTH BAKING	169
FOURTEENTH BAKING	182
FIFTEENTH BAKING	197
SIXTEENTH BAKING	215
SEVENTEENTH BAKING	228

CONTENTS

EIGHTEENTH BAKING	241
NINETEENTH BAKING	256
TWENTIETH BAKING	270
TWENTY-FIRST BAKING	285
TWENTY-SECOND BAKING	300
TWENTY-THIRD BAKING	318
TWENTY-FOURTH BAKING	337
TWENTY-FIFTH BAKING	356
TWENTY-SIXTH BAKING	372
NOTES	391
APPENDIX	407
INDEX	413
LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS	429

Illustrations

	PAGE
Thomas Robinson Hazard	vii
Benny Rodman's Horsewhip	2
Run-at Cow	13
Gilbert Stuart Birthplace	17
French House Portico, Kingston	31
Phillis' Cooking Irons	39
Dockray House	64
Rowland Robinson House	91
French House, Kingston	137
The Cat Inspector	139
Village Street, Kingston	140
Joe Runnell's Tavern, Kingston	152
Joe Runnell's Stoop, Kingston	168
Phillis	197
Sylvia Tory	241
Oliver Hazard Perry	256
Title: Hornet's Nest Company	285
Potters Cove	300
Hazard Castle, Narragansett Pier	304

ILLUSTRATIONS

Stairway, Rowland Robinson House 322

Cupboard, Robinson House 336

Stout Jeffrey Hazard's Stone 387

A Map of Old Narragansett 388

Thomas Robinson Hazard

Biographical Sketch

THOMAS ROBINSON HAZARD,* of the seventh generation of Hazards in Rhode Island, Shepherd Tom for short, was born on the 3d of January, 1797, in the house of his grandfather, "College Tom," standing then on the east slope of Tower Hill in Narragansett. The site can still be traced, but hardly one stone of the foundation remains upon another. He died in New York, March 26, 1886.

During his long life of more than eighty-nine years, he was a prolific writer, and yet literature was not his profession. He was by choice a shepherd, not only of sheep, but a shepherd of men. Of a generous, sympathetic nature, he was quick to espouse the cause of the weak and downtrodden. He truly loved his neighbor as himself, and misfortune was ever the key to his heart. Thoroughly democratic in every fibre, he only required to be convinced of the justice of a cause, to become its vigorous supporter. For the weak and defenseless he would go to any length. He was often called Quixotic, and he was doubtless

* Thomas Robinson Hazard[7] (son of Rowland[6], Thomas[5], Robert[4], Thomas[3], Robert[2], Thomas[1]).

somewhat hasty at times; especially is this true of his more youthful jousts.

In his riper manhood, his attention was called to the conditions of the insane poor, and in a report upon that subject made to the legislature in 1851, he forcibly depicted the desperate case of the poor in the State of Rhode Island. He supplemented by personal visits a searching series of questions addressed to all the keepers of the poor in the state, and described what he saw in vivid terms. The considerable sensation aroused resulted in a movement to improve the condition of the poor throughout the state, wherever found. Upon this report depends much of the serious consideration which his fellow citizens have always accorded to the memory of Shepherd Tom.

Descended from "a self-willed race of independent thinkers," he was himself a type specimen of the Snip Breed.*

Mr. Hazard made a deep impression on most people who met him, and he was my favorite among my granduncles. In person he favored the men of his race. Six feet in his stocking feet, heavily built, but not portly, he moved quietly, as is the wont of very strong men. While not handsome, he was distinguished-looking, with thick,

*See *Recollections of Olden Times*, by Thomas R. Hazard, page 107.

close, curly, nut-brown hair of a silky fineness. Blue eyes, which pity softened and the recital of the wrongs of others made steely hard, were set deep under overhanging brows. As a man of eighty, he wore a beard, much grizzled, and I remember well his chuckling laugh, constrained, almost throttled, it seemed, by a set of false teeth which he feared to lose by too hearty abandon. Yet it was a laugh full of real humor, and I have often seen him forced to pause in the middle of an amusing situation, shaking with laughter and speechless, so keen was his enjoyment of the picture conjured up by a memory as vivid as it was accurate. His hands, though large and bony, were full of character, and his dry palm and fingers had that silky texture usually found only in the very young and the old. One could easily imagine such hands tenderly caring for the stray lambs of his flock.

His manner of speech was somewhat blurred; it was not always easy to understand him, but no doubt this was more noticeable as an old man, on account of the loose set of teeth already mentioned. A story occurs to me, however, which shows that Thomas, as well as his brothers, Isaac and Rowland, had a fashion of rapid, indistinct speech. A stranger, noticing the three tall, fine-

looking young men, absorbed in debating a business matter, asked, "*What language are they talking?*"

He was remarkably self-controlled, except in argument, when I used to fear that personal violence might result. But under personal affliction, and I have often seen him so, he was not only wonderfully brave, but had a forced cheerfulness of manner, most pathetic to see, for no one could doubt a heart so tender must be bleeding. Thus, as an old man, hale and hearty, he stands for the chivalrous, for the clean mind, the pure heart, prompt to denounce evil, ready to acclaim the good, fonder, however, of denunciation.

It seems hardly in character that one who could do such serious work as that for the poor and insane should also maintain in New York a Stanhope gig, a two-wheeled affair, for his personal use when visiting that city. He was wont to stop at Bunker's Hotel, then a fashionable resort in Rector Street, and his occasional visits are remembered by a few as those of a bright and active-minded man. His voyage to England and the continental countries, about 1831, was seldom spoken of by himself, although Americans who crossed the ocean in the ships of that day were few in number, and showed some enterprise.

He was a master hand at controversy, as is attested by a long list of pamphlets issued by him in self-defense or to attack others. His most famous case excited intense feeling in the state, and led to impeachment proceedings against a Chief Justice. He was always a champion of those whom he considered in need of his assistance.

He was bred in the strictest school of the Quakers' doctrine, and himself used the plain language so long as he lived. And yet he quotes three articles of faith taught "in nearly every well-ordered family in Narragansett" when he was a child: First, that ye love one another and your neighbor as yourselves. Second, that ye hate the Puritans of Massachusetts with a perfect hatred. Third, that ye hold the Presbyterians of Connecticut in like contempt. His early schooling was supplemented by three years (August, 1808–October 16, 1811) at *Westtown* school near Philadelphia, then as now under Quaker control.

There has recently come into my hands a little chapbook which doubtless played its part in my Uncle Tom's early education. * The book is full of maxims of the sort which he practiced all

* "The Moral Instructor," prepared by John Pickburn, master of the grammar school in Wainfleet, seventh edition, published in Boston in 1805, is one of those collections of moral maxims and easy lessons for children, intended to make reading as *pleasant and easy as possible*.

his life. His standards were high; and he was scrupulously truthful in all important matters. One of the maxims in this chapbook reads: "There are lying looks as well as lying words, and even a lying silence." This gem, condensed from "Mrs. Opie on Lying," would have appealed to him strongly.

At fifteen he left school and returned to Narragansett, where he soon became deeply interested in sheep. By strenuous efforts he managed to bring a part of his flock through the heavy snows of the severe winters, but there is no hint in his memoirs that he ever led the piping shepherd's life of indolence. In fact, there was not a lazy bone in him. He seems to have been full of vigor, energetic beyond the ordinary.

In one of Shepherd Tom's pamphlets, entitled "Cruelty to Dumb Animals," written in 1875, he blames himself with characteristic frankness, —"being engaged in an arduous branch of business, and possessed of a strong constitution, as well as an ardent energetic and hasty temperament myself, I was too apt to disregard the physical weaknesses and inability of others, whether man or beast."

Not long after his return to his father's house, he began to assist in the primitive manufactur-

ing of that early day. The woolen mills at Peace Dale had been at work for ten years when our Thomas Hazard left his schooling, and the part he was given was to ride forth to leave rolls of carded wool with spinners who spun on hand wheels in their own houses. At the same time he took the yarn spun since his last visit, carrying it upon his pommel, to be woven in the mill. In this way he came to know the whole countryside, as well as all the people in it; his minute knowledge of tradition and of the affairs of his neighbors shows clearly in his later literary years.

In 1821 he bought ten acres of land in Rocky Brook from Abigail Rodman, widow of Robert Rodman, and, in the same year, he also bought of Freeman P. Watson the right to erect a dam and flow another ten acres. That same year he built the dam and the wooden mill to house one set of woolen machinery. In 1822 he bought from his father, Rowland Hazard, seventy acres adjoining his previous purchase from Abigail Rodman. At the end of seventeen years he was able to retire from business, and did so.

Of the one absorbing romance in his life, his courtship and marriage of the famous beauty, Frances Minturn, in 1838; of his business successes, through which he gained a modest com-

petence at an early age (43); of his settlement at the beautiful Vaucluse near Newport; of his life there, and the death of his adored wife and five beautiful daughters, who followed each other in swift succession, slight record remains.

With his marriage began his career of public service. These sixteen years of married life must have been his happiest years. As the children grew up at Vaucluse, it was the usual thing for Shepherd Tom to drive in to Meeting on First Days, whither his handsome span of buckskin horses used to convey the delightful daughters. Afterwards girl friends would be taken back to Vaucluse for the night, a treat fondly remembered by some still living.

The death of Shepherd Tom's wife was the pivotal event in his life. It was a blow so cruel and crushing, and it fell upon a nature so gentle and loving, that for years it changed his whole outlook. His mental vision became suddenly astigmatic.

Personally, I saw much of my uncle's grief, for I attended the last rites of at least three of my cousins, and helped to lay them in the family burial ground on the farm at Vaucluse, after the old Rhode Island custom. There was a grim pathos about these occasions which impressed

me mightily. Uncle Thomas would often chide those who were in open grief, if he noticed red eyes or swollen, by saying something of that happy state to which death had called his child, and urging us to be more cheerful. So he sought to hide his own grief. So clear was his belief in the future life that it is quite possible he really felt fewer pangs than the ordinary selfish nature, which grieves for the loss of those who minister to us. His was surely an unselfish soul.

So strong was his dread of cant, that he never, so far as I can remember, had any clergy in attendance, but chose rather to have a prayer put up by one of his own blood. Neither did he ever permit a paid undertaker to be in charge.

He turned to Spiritualism for comfort when his wife died, and records his devotion to that cult, saying that he "has no higher ambition than that his name should be handed down to the coming generations"* as a worker in the cause of Spiritualism.

To this sore and wounded soul came the plundering host of so-called "Spirit mediums," whose liberal patron he became. His advocacy of this cult was thoroughly sincere, as one would expect. Whatever he did, he did with all his

* *Recollections of Olden Times*, page 192.

might. His writings enumerate the names of all the well-known and many obscure mediums of his time. He quarreled on the subject with George William Curtis. He believed in Henry Slade and his magic slate writing, Mrs. Cushman, one Gordon, Charles H. Foster, Mrs. Seaver, Mrs. Mary Andrews of Moravia,—but why record the names long since forgotten? He honored them all as honest men and women. He could not think them other than himself. Once, while vexed at my persistent doubt, he handed me one-half of a stage moustache, such as actors often use, saying he had it from the spirit of an Indian who "materialized" for him at a recent "seance." He had told this Indian spirit that he never had seen him wear a moustache before; on which the brazen impersonator had pulled off this half, and handed it to him, saying, "There 's a nut for you to crack." Even this did not shake his faith a particle.

Mr. Hazard was proud of his ancestry, and became a genealogist of sorts, printing a "Genealogy of the Family of Hazard or Hassard" in connection with his delightful "Recollections of Olden Times," published at Newport, in 1879. Genealogies of the Robinson and Sweet families also appeared in this collection.

It is noteworthy that the quaint reminiscences recorded in the "Jonny-Cake Papers" hark back to the early days in Narragansett. Hardly any mention is made of the school at Westtown, Pennsylvania, where he was given all the schooling he ever had. His brief, but strenuous, business life gave him personal acquaintance with the group of worthies on Little Rest Hill.

A series of papers afterward collected under the title "A Constitutional Manual; Negro Slavery and the Constitution," published two years after his wife's death (1856), takes as model Washington's Farewell Address. It is an impassioned plea for the preservation of the Union, and clearly points out in prophetic vein the inevitable evils of the Reconstruction period. He undertakes to set out "an authentic narrative of outrages, wrongs, and cruelties equally numerous and atrocious as those detailed in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' out of the abuses occurring within the last thirty years in the asylums and poorhouses in Rhode Island alone." Throughout this pamphlet runs a strong religious tone, but Jesuits and their ways are fiercely denounced. In his later writings denunciation takes full possession, and supplants religion in his mind; in fact, it *became* a religion, negative yet positive.

The "Providence Journal" in 1878 said of him that he had rendered four distinguished services. First, his labors in behalf of the poor and insane. Second, his successful campaign against capital punishment. Third, his earnest advocacy and munificent support of African colonization. Fourth, his originating the movement in this country to relieve the Irish famine, concluding, "No one who knows him doubts the earnestness of his convictions, or the purity of his personal character, and he carries his years as lightly as a man of fifty."

As Shepherd Tom lay a dying, he said, "I fear I 'm better, and am sorry, for I 'm eager to begin the new life."

So much may be said, yet there remains much more which must be left unsaid. Upon the back of the portrait of himself given me at the time of writing the "Jonny-Cake Papers," he wrote in his clear, rugged hand, "*To my dear Cousin*," a Shakespearean use of the term, still common among Friends.

As such I delight to think of him, and I expect to meet him on that further shore. If he chides me gently for this writing, as is not unlikely, I shall tell him that I have tried to do a filial duty. As he himself never shrank from duty, he will

forgive this faulty sketch, and I trust his kinsfolk will be equally kind.

It is not unlikely that Shepherd Tom would be not only surprised but perhaps a little chagrined to think that the republication of his "Jonny-Cake Papers" has furnished the moving cause for this brief note upon his life and writings, for it is distinctly remembered that he regarded them as a mere amusement.

The origin of these papers is just what it appears to be from the quotation taken from the Providence Journal at the head of the "first baking." The Journal's challenge, evidently issued in a friendly spirit, happened to fall under his eye at the psychological moment.

The first paper was so favorably commented upon, and so many of his friends urged him to finish what he had begun, that he was easily led on through the whole series, which appeared at somewhat irregular intervals through a period of about two years. The whimsical style adopted naturally led along a path whose branches are legion. To some this is undoubtedly rather an annoyance than otherwise, but the general favor with which the papers were received made him one of the popular authors of the moment.

The original form in which these papers were

reprinted was in two pamphlets, twelve "bakings" in the first, and fourteen with a supplement in the second. There were two editions in this early reprint, both published by the indefatigable Sidney S. Rider of Providence. Both have been out of print for many years.

In arranging the present republication, the supplement is placed first as an introduction to the main body of the book. Dealing as it does with the Narragansett schools, it seems to deserve to lead. Moreover, it is one of the most admired specimens of Shepherd Tom's discursive style.

Special thanks are due to Mrs. Hiram F. Hunt for the loan of the portrait of the Witch, Sylvia Tory, by Mrs. Samuel Rodman of Rocky Brook, from which the drawing was made.

To Thomas G. Hazard, Jr., also, thanks are rendered, as without his special knowledge and careful work the map presented with this edition could not have been drawn. Acknowledgments are due to Mr. Dexter W. Hoxie, who has read the proofs with the greatest care and intelligence, and to Miss Edith Carpenter, to whom the completeness of the Index is largely due.

ROWLAND GIBSON HAZARD

Of the Ninth Generation in Peace Dale

Reminiscences of Narragansett Schools
of Former Days

Reminiscences of Narragansett Schools of Former Days

SOME fifty years and more ago, I used to hear a good deal said about three old *Masters* who kept schools in a district including Boston Neck, Point Judith, and the country lying around Tower and Mac-Sparren hills in South Kingstown, Rhode Island. I do not know how their names were spelled, but they were severally pronounced—*Masters Kelly*, *Ridge*, and *Slaurter*. From all I have heard, they must have been men of original character, and not only liberally educated in letters, but well cultured in what pertains to the amenities of social life. They were, in fact, all Irish gentlemen who, I think it probable, had left their native country for political reasons. They associated on equal terms with the gentry of the neighborhood, whose children they taught; and I have thought that both the manners, and independent, self-reliant tone of character that so distinguished the bygone generation of men and women in South Kingstown, were greatly influenced (apart from the mere routine of book learning) by their daily intercourse, when children, with these accomplished and liberal-minded men.

There used to be many anecdotes told illustrative of the peculiar characters and manners of these Irish school-masters. I remember hearing old Benjamin (pronounced Benny) Rodman (who once owned a grist-mill on Saukatucket river, at what is now called Peace Dale, who died more than fifty years ago, at his homestead that stood where J. Newbold Hazard's house now

stands) say that his parents sent him one morning to old Master Ridge's school, which was kept in a small school-house that stood on a little knoll on the east side of the old road leading to *Little Rest* (now Kingston), between Elisha Watson's and Jerry Knowles' corner, and just south of the gate opposite the old homestead of the late *Jimmy* and John Sherman. The old man told me that he felt so queer when Master Ridge called him up to say his letters that he could not repeat A after him, whereupon the awful old school-master opened his eyes so wide at him that he was frightened out of his wits, and run all the way home, nor could he be prevailed upon to go to school again. And yet, with this limited school learning, there was not, I am bold to say, a better citizen, a more honest and truthful man, in all Rhode Island than "old *Benny Rodman*," whose sole recorded memorial, within my knowledge, is a big buttonwood tree now standing in the west end of the Peace Dale mill-dam, called "*old Benny's horsewhip*," which, according to tradition, grew from a twig he stuck into the mud when a boy, after having used it for the purpose indicated. He died when over ninety, without an enemy on earth, nor do I think he ever, in all his life, wilfully injured or maliciously deceived a single man, nor woman either, except in one dubious instance, wherein the most captious stickler for truth could hardly find it in his heart to severely condemn him. This occurred as follows: Old Benny Rodman's wife died at an advanced age, leaving in charge of her husband seven full-grown daughters, whose charms may be the better understood, perhaps, when I repeat what I heard the ferryman between Groton and New-

Benny Rodmans Horsewhip

London say when I was passing over the river Thames, some sixty years ago, viz.: That "the most *grandest* sight he ever *seed* in his life was the seven *darters* of old *Benny Rodman* all sitting in a *half moon* round their father's kitchen fire *at wonst*."

About this time there chanced to be living some one mile or so south-west of Little Rest Hill a widow Babcock (mother of the late Jonathan Babcock), who owned a grist-mill that stood on the site afterwards occupied by the *Narragansett* cotton factory. One bright summer morning old Benny's daughters were greatly astonished on beholding their father place a bushel of corn on his old mare's back, and after giving positive orders not to start the mill on "no account" till his return, mount and ride off on the road leading to *Little Rest Hill*, which was three miles or more away. Some hours after he came back with a bushel of meal, which he emptied into the meal chest, and then, without saying a word, went down and started his mill.

A day or two after it got noised about that on this occasion old Benny proceeded to the widow Babcock's mill, and after turning his grist of corn into the hopper, he told the mill-boy that he would just step up to the house, where it seems he found the widow all alone, but sitting near the kitchen door, so that a little negro boy, *enfant terrible*, heard through a crack all that was said. After asking the widow, "How dost thou do?" and learning from her that she was "pretty smart," the *smitten* swain put the question honestly and plumbly: "Wouldst thou be free to change thy situation in life and swap thy name for Rodman?" to all of which the widow replied, "that she was sorry he had put him-

self to the trouble of coming so far on such an errand, as she was not free in her mind to do the thing he proposed;" whereupon the rejected lover rejoined that no harm had been done, as his *own mill not being running*, he thought he would take a grist to *her* mill, and while it was grinding just step up to the house and learn her mind on the subject he had proposed, which was spoken pretty much in accordance with the *literal* truth, but still no doubt with the object of deceiving. Be this as it may, the crime, I think, could not have lain very heavy on the old man's conscience, as I have heard my mother say that in answer to an inquiry from her, made a day or two before his death, as to how he felt in regard to his passing away, he cheerfully replied, "as the saying is, 'as easy as an old shoe.'"

Old Thomas B. Hazard ("Nailer Tom"), a man of infinite *anecdote*, used to tell a characteristic story of old Master Slauter, who was especially noted for his unvarying politeness and good breeding on all occasions. Fox-hunting was one of the pastimes in which the gentry of those days greatly delighted. One was to come off (I think) at old Rowland Brown's — who lived in a splendid mansion for those days, situated on Tower Hill, at the junction of the two roads leading north and east, which house I remember when it was in good repair. In the evening, after the chase, it was usual for the host to furnish his guests with a substantial supper, and it was in connection with this repast that Brown and his waggish friends proposed to put Master Slauter's good breeding to the severest test. After a hard day's ride, the wearied huntsmen returned to Mr. Brown's with appetites that illy brooked delay,

and after a season were conducted by *mine host* to supper, when lo and behold, nothing but a huge Indian bran pudding and a can of molasses appeared on the table. Mr. Brown apologized to his guests and especially to Master Slauter, whom he seated at his right hand, for the meagreness of the fare, which he attributed to unforeseen accidents. To all of which, as often as repeated, Master Slauter with his usual urbanity bowed and replied, "Very good, Mr. Brown, very good indeed," endeavoring to suit his action to his words by licking his spoon and occasionally forcing down a morsel of the unsavory mess. After the old gentleman's patience was thought to have been sufficiently tried, without eliciting the least sign of dissatisfaction on his part, the host gave orders to bring in the roast turkeys and other luxurious edibles, to which, after Master Slauter had been bountifully helped, he applied himself, prefaced with the remark addressed to mine host with a courteous smile, "A *very great* addition to the supper, Mr. Brown."

After this class of school-masters had passed away, a new set came forward in Narragansett, who, without much pretension to polite training or extraordinary literary attainments, had an irregular, rugged method of teaching scarce less effective in some respects than that of their progenitors. The first school I ever attended was kept by Master Robert Noyes in a small school-house, that is yet standing, on the east side of the old post-road, on Tower Hill, which was built in the last century by funds contributed in part by will of John Case. Squire Case's house formerly stood, as I remember well, on the extreme east side of the vil-

lage, with the old Hull and Andrew Nichols house to the west of it, and nearly opposite to the old Chief Justice James Helme house that is still standing on the north side of the road leading to Newport via the South Ferry. Squire Case was a particular friend of Doctor Benjamin Franklin, who always made it a point to stop a night with him on his periodical journeyings by the post-road from Boston to Philadelphia. Through Master Noyes' peculiar methods of teaching "the young idea how to shoot," I think I may be indebted for the extirpation in the bud of several youthful faults that might not have been suppressed or reached by the more refined system of education that is practiced in the common schools of the present day.

Master Noyes was a perfect adept in ruler exercise, in which he seemed to take great delight. There was a tradition in the school, that some of the scholars, having in days past learned that the crossing of two hairs on the palm of the hand was sure to split a wooden ruler, it prompted Master Noyes to the discovery and use of one made by nailing a piece of sole leather some eight or ten inches long firmly to a wooden handle. When Master Noyes was swinging this instrument, he always seemed in glory, and that he might not lack subjects on which to show forth his power and skill, he deputized a big boy named Gust Tifft (whom the Devil take if he has not already got him, and keep him if he has), whose business it was to pounce upon any hapless wight who removed his eyes from his book, very much as a spider might on a fly, and drag such up to Master Noyes' seat, where they were sure to have more or less heavy strokes laid on their left hands, the

right hand being spared for fear its mutilation might interfere with the writing lessons.

I remember that I had a bad practice of stuffing my jacket pockets full of almost everything that came in my way. One afternoon Master Noyes called me from my seat and made me unload and lay every individual article as I took them out in rows on a bench in sight of all the school. I do not remember, probably, the half of what the contents were, but I recollect a part of those taken from the right pocket, viz.: One bunch of hair pulled from Deacon Brown's old horse's tail, to make snares of for quails; two rusty board nails; one shingle nail; two small eels, which I caught in Indian run; three live crabs, got in Narrow river; a piece of beef-steak, left from my dinner; one pin hook; one white-faced bumble-bee; four tadpoles; and one bottom fish; besides several other items. When I saw all these things arranged side by side, and everybody looking and snickering, especially Sally Brown (who I was courting), I felt so kind of streaked that I made up my mind that I would never stuff my pockets so full of such things again just so long as I lived, and I never have. I will just here remark that "tadpole" was ever after my nick-name at Noyes' school. I well remember, too, at one noon time of wetting my breeches way up above my knees wading after bottom fish in old Miss Dyer's run. Miss Dyer was a connection as I have heard of the husband of Mrs. Mary Dyer that the pious Puritans of Boston hanged on Boston Common, because she said *thee* and *thou*, or was guilty of some like offense. She lived in a house yet standing a furlong or so south of the village on the east side of the old post-road, a fur-

long or so north of the old Bull house. When I went into school, master called me up and made me take off my breeches and hang them up to dry just back of the school-house on old Miss Nichols' clothes-line. I thought then that I would never again wet my breeches wading after bottom fish, and to this day I never have. When I came back, Master Noyes told me to take a seat with black Suke Watson on one side of me and yaller Bet Hawkins on the other. Now black Suke had a spite against me because I once smooched her face with lamp-black, such as is used for marking sheep, which made a sort of dingy whitish-looking streak on her right cheek, whilst *Bet* had always been mad with me from the day I beguiled her into old Stephen Hull's orchard, and by dint of coaxing and kissing, got her to hold still while I sawed with a dull case-knife nearly all the hair close off one side her head. As I sat with each eye a little askance, I could perceive that yaller Bet was *snickering* at me, whilst at the same moment black Suke slily stuck a pin half an inch into the lower and hinder part of my bare right hip. This made me jump clean out off my seat, when in an instant Gust Tifft, who had been watching his chance, because he also held a grudge against me for nick-naming him "Spider," sprang over the benches, seizing me by the neck, dragged me up to Master Noyes, for, as he said, looking off my lesson. For some reason Master Noyes did not ferule me that time, but told me to stand up in front of his desk and study my lesson, without once taking my eyes off.

Now it so happened that my shirt was very short, and my jacket shorter still, whilst both my hands were

required to keep my old dog-eared broken-back'd spelling primer in place, and hold fast to my *thumb* papers, which were always used in those days, when books were both scarce and dear, and there were no rings formed as now to furnish new ones every school term. This, as the reader must see, put me in a most pitiable plight, and necessitated me to exhibit to the whole school all the nether parts of my person in their native state of nudity. To say that I felt kind of queer, does not express a tythe of my feelings. In fact, I felt so desperately ashamed that I resolved, from that moment, I would never again smooch a black *gal's* cheek with a marking stick, nor cut a yaller gal's hair off with a dull case-knife, nor nick-name a school *jackall* "spider," so long as I lived, and as yet I never have. Glad indeed was I when school was let out, and Master Noyes told me to get my breeches and go home.

But now I found that my troubles had but just begun. As I was hanging my wet breeches on old Miss Nichols' clothes-line to dry, I thought I saw Jim Case peeking at me from the other side of the stone-wall, where he was making believe work in his grandmother's garden. It did not, however, occur to me that he meditated any mischief against me. Now Jim was considered by all the school-boys and girls to be a very bad fellow. Bob and (*Stringer*) *Bill Brown*, *Sam Helme* and Ol. Perry (who afterwards whipped the British on Lake Erie), and the other big boys that could lick Jim in a fight, used to call him "Sea Clam," because he had so big a mouth, which reached from ear to ear. Now it happened that Jim had held for some time a grudge against me, which originated after this wise:

I had carried with me one morning to school, a big scarlet gilliflower, which I showed to some of the boys, Jim Case among others. He at once asked me for a bite. I looked at his mouth and told him I was afraid he would take too big a bite. He promised that he would not take more than *half a bite*, and I let him shut his teeth on my apple. Instead of taking only *half a bite* as he promised, Jim took into his big mouth half of my gilliflower. I said nothing, but made up my mind that I would before long *get even* with Jim Case. So I got another big gilliflower, and cut out a plug from one side, and filled the hole nearly full with red pepper. I covered this with the outer part of the plug so nicely fitted that the apple looked as sound and whole as before. I took the apple with me to school, and at noon sauntered with it in my hand over to Jim's, and asked him to lend me his scoop net to go a crabbing with at Narrow (Pettaquamscutt) river the next Saturday. Jim spied my big apple and said, "Gimme a bite." I reminded him how he had cheated me before, upon which he promised, by Samson and Goliath, that he would not serve me so again, and, moreover, he declared that unless I would give him another bite of my apple he would not lend me his crab net. I had now got Jim where I wanted him, as I knew he would take as big a bite as he could. Suffice to say, he opened his mouth so that his head was more than half off, and with his great jaws took in a full half of my apple and *all* of the red pepper. As I run away with the smaller half in my hand, I looked over my shoulder and saw Jim shaking his fist at me and mumbling "you bet." He was very mad, and would have said more only the

red pepper would n't let him. I afterwards learned that just after I left my breeches on Miss Nichols' clothes-line to dry, Jim Case sneaked over the wall and snatched them away, and hid them under a big gooseberry bush in the Case's garden. As it was, I had to make my way home without my breeches, which, to avoid as much as possible being seen, I did by cross-lots, in one of which (the Gould lot), as I hasted along, I espied behind a bunch of bushes Wilson Pollock's old run-at cow, just as I was about half way across the lot. I run for life, you may depend, for I saw the old sarpent look my way in seeming wonder for a few moments, and then toss her head and tail in the air, and make furiously for me at the top of her speed. Luckily, however, I reached the dividing wall, and just made out to get over it by help of a boost from the old cow's right horn, which landed me on the other side in the middle of a great bunch of bull blackberry briars, which scratched my bare legs so that they bled all over. As I hurried along a bright idea entered my mind in connection with the old run-at cow, should other resources fail me. My plan was to get around to my grandmother's window before anybody saw me, when I knew all would be made right, as I was her especial pet. But this plan was frustrated by the following circumstance: There lived in my father's family a colored boy by the name of Abram. His mother was a Spanish mulatto by the name of *Rit*. No one could tell exactly who his father was, but those who knew him best said he was a son of the Devil's begetting. As I came down the lane with gingerly pace, I was horror-stricken by seeing Abe standing in the wash-room door

looking towards me with eyes standing in wonderment, at least two inches out of his head. When this imp of Satan recognized me, he roared out at the top of his hideous *chuckle*, "Why, here comes Massa Tommy down the lane with his breeches off!" This brought everybody in the house to the back door, and in answer to my mother's and grandmother's inquiries, why I came home in such strange plight, I resorted to the fable I had been forming in my mind, and told them that Neighbor Pollock's old run-at cow chased me so hard that I was forced to run out of my breeches to get away from her. My story did not, however, stand cross-examination and I was finally forced to acknowledge, much to the grief of my best friends, that I had recourse to falsehood in the vain attempt to cover up the real facts of my humiliating case.

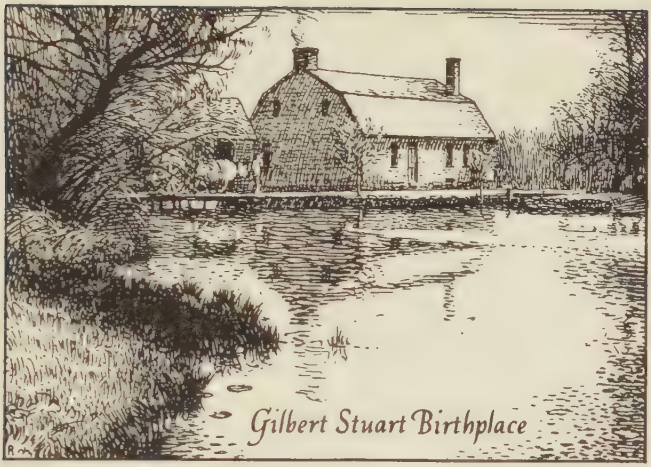
I played truant all the next day in company with Niles Gardiner, who got mad because Master Noyes threatened to whip him for breaking down the widow Brown's young pear tree in the door yard in front of her house. In the meanwhile my father had taken Abe with him to bring his horse back from Franklin's ferry (now South ferry) on his way to Newport. In coming home that precious limb of Satan got to Tower Hill (as he had no doubt planned) just as the forenoon school was let out, and he soon had every boy and girl around him listening to his version of my adventures, which doubtless lost nothing of their significance in his telling.

On the next day I was forced, very much against my will, to go to school again, and no sooner did I show myself, than all the boys and girls shouted as

loud as they could, "Why, here comes Tadpole Tom, that Wilson Pollock's old run-at cow chased out of his breeches." To tell the truth, I was so thoroughly cow'd and dumbfounded by my misfortunes that I could hardly say boo to a goose, and I know not what would have been the results, if my father had not providentially just at that time arranged to send myself and elder brother to old Elisha Thornton's boarding-school in Smithfield, where neither Abe nor the story of the breeches and run-at cow ever followed me. Once away, I solemnly determined to profit by my misfortunes, and resolved never again to try and get even with a bad boy like Jim Case, nor in any dilemma, however grievous, resort to falsehood to sustain myself.

In looking over the foregoing narrative I find that the leading facts, on which others are claimed to be founded, are all correct, and as a whole, I believe it will compare, in point of veracity, with the general tenor of history, whether ancient or modern, sacred or profane.

The Jonny-Cake Papers



First Baking

White Indian meal is very nice, as all Rhode Islanders know, but we should like to ask Thomas R. Hazard how much his cost him in his farming days? *Providence Journal, January* 16, 1879.

AND where, let me ask in turn, did the Journal learn that white Indian meal is very nice? Not certainly outside of Washington and Newport counties, for nowhere else on the globe was the real article ever to be found. The Southern epicures crack a good deal about hoe-cakes and hominy made from their white flint corn, the Pennsylvanians of their mush, the Boston folks of their Boston brown bread, whilst one Joel Barlow, of New Haven, or somewhere else in Connecticut, used to sing a long song in glorification of New England hasty pudding; but none of these reputed luxuries are worthy of holding a candle to an old-fashioned Narragansett jonny-cake made by an

old-time Narragansett colored cook, from Indian corn meal raised on the southern coast of Rhode Island, the fabled Atlantis, where alone the soft, balmy breezes from the Gulf Stream ever fan the celestial plant in its growth, and impart to the grain that genial softness, that tempting fragrance and delicious flavor, that caused the Greeks of old to bestow upon Narragansett corn meal the name of Ambrosia, imagining it to be a food originally designed and set apart by the gods exclusively for their own delectation.

But alas, since the introduction of coal fires, cooking stoves, common schools, and French and Irish bedeviling cooks, the making and baking of a jonny-cake has become one of the lost arts. And yet I can remember when its preparation and completion deservedly stood at the very acme of the fine arts of Rhode Island. My grandfather used to have in his kitchen an old cook by the name of Phillis, originally from Senegambia, or Guinea, who probably made as good a jonny-cake in her day as any other artist known, whether white or black, or in short, as was ever made outside of heaven. Her process, so far as I could gather from observation, was as follows: — premising that she always insisted on having white Narragansett corn, ground at what is now called Hammond's Mill, which is situated on the site of the elder Gilbert Stuart's snuff mill, just above the head of Pettaquamscutt pond or lake.

Nor could Phillis be induced by any persuasion to touch meal ground at any other mill, for the reason, as she averred, that the mills in the more immediate vicinity made harsh feeling round meal, whereas that particular mill made soft feeling flat meal. I may per-

haps just as well here digress to say that there are no other mill-stones on earth that will grind corn meal fit for a genuine jonny-cake, except those made from the Narragansett granite rock, most of which is of a peculiarly fine grain, varying, however, in quality, from which arose the distinction of round and flat meal. For instance, the mill-stones at Coon's old mill, now Wakefield, being coarse grained, made round meal, and for that reason amateurs in jonny-cakes, who lived within a few rods only of that mill, used to tote their grists on their shoulders, or on horseback, way off to Hammond's or Mumford's mills, some eight to twelve miles distant, where the grain of the mill-stones, being of a finer grade, made the flat meal. The idea that a burr stone can grind meal even out of the best of Rhode Island white corn, that an old-fashioned Narragansett pig would not have turned up his nose at in disgust, is perfectly preposterous. Rushed through the stones in a stream from the hopper as big as your arm, and rolled over and over in its passage, the coarse, uneven, half-ground stuff falls into the meal box below, hot as ashes and as tasteless as sawdust. I am sure it would have done the Journal's heart good to have stood by and watched the proceedings of an old-fashioned Narragansett miller, after he had turned the grist he, the Journal, had just brought on his back to be ground. The object of the miller then was not to see how much corn he could run through his mill in a given time, but how well he could grind it, let the time required to do it be what it might! See the white-coated old man now first rub the meal, as it falls, carefully and thoughtfully between his fingers and thumb, then graduate the feed

and raise or lower the upper stone, with that nice sense of adjustment, observance, and discretion that a Raphael might be supposed to exercise in the mixing and grinding of his colors for a Madonna, or a Canova in putting the last touch of his chisel to the statue of a god, until, by repeated handling, he had found the ambrosia to have acquired exactly the desired coolness and flatness — the result of its being cut into fine slivers by the nicely-balanced revolving stones — rather than rolled, re-rolled, tumbled, and mumbled over and over again, until all its life and sweetness had been vitiated or dispelled.

I used to be told when I was a boy, how old Benny Rodman, whose buttonwood horsewhip may now be seen growing in the mill-dam at Peace Dale, just a few steps from the north-west corner of where his grist mill then stood, used to turn his bushel of grist in the hopper of an afternoon, and after graduating the mill-stones so as to make flat-fine-nice-cool meal, walk leisurely to Tower Hill, two miles away, where he would take tea with the widow Brown and do an hour's courting, and then return in time to turn up another grist before the other was all out of the hopper. And this was the kind of meal that since my remembrance used to be carried by the farmers of Narragansett and sold in the Newport market, in preference to selling their corn at the same price, for the reason that a cent or two per bushel was gained by the difference of weight, allowed by law between the two, over and above the two quarts taken for toll per bushel. Now in the same market the farmer gets seventy cents per bushel for his corn, and the consumer pays to the

grocer at the rate of more than twice that price, thirty-five to forty cents per peck, for the meal into which it is ground, to remedy which evil a strike for higher wages is all that seems to occur to the mind of the mechanic and laborer who purchase by the pound, neatly put up in paper bags, delivered at their door in a two-hundred dollar wagon drawn by a three-hundred dollar horse, and driven by a young common school memory educated scion of some honest farmer, who has been taught to despise the agricultural calling of his fathers, to ape the manners and reckless expenditure of snobbery, and to suppose that the chief end and aim of life consists in sporting a shoddy suit of dandy clothes, driving a fast horse, and smoking daily half a dozen ten-cent cigars, to say nothing of the inevitable allowance of beer and bitters. Since my remembrance, mechanics and laborers, after their twelve hours day's work was done, used to take their own meal bag to the common market on Ferry wharf in Newport, purchase a bushel of most delicious Indian meal fresh from Hammond's or Mumford's or Clark's mills, for seventy cents, a little over or under, tote it home on their backs, and pour it into that long inherited heirloom, the family meal chest. Now with corn at the same price as then, men and striplings go loafing after their ten hours make believe day's work is done, and leave it for the grocer to send their family meal at more than twice the price the farmer gets for the corn from which it is ground, and then wonder why it is that with the wages of former times more than doubled, they find it so difficult to provide for their wives and children.

Let me here say that I have been practically and thoroughly conversant with the wages of labor in Rhode Island, the price of products, and the cost of living for more than sixty years, and I can aver without fear of my asseveration being disputed, that never within that period has there been a time when the wages of labor would purchase so many of the necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life as at this blessed present moment. A man's day's work will now buy, if wisely applied, full twice what it would fifty years ago, whilst a woman's will purchase, of an average of her ordinary expenditures, from three to five times, and of the most essential articles of clothing more than twelve times as much as it would within the reach of my memory. In fact, I have myself hired hundreds of young women at periods when it required full four weeks of their earnings to purchase ten yards of calico. Now the same amount of a young lady's time will purchase two hundred and fifty yards of prints and calico of equal or better quality. If the same thrift, thoughtfulness, and frugality prevailed now that did half a century ago, every healthy and industrious family might, without depriving themselves of a single comfort of life they now partake of, acquire a competence in ten years. But then they must cease living out of grocers' tin cans, ornamental packages, and paper bags! nor must they purchase sour flour and alum made in loaf shape at ten cents per pound — or at the rate of thirty dollars per barrel for flour and water — when they can buy purer flour for one-fifth that price. So, too, the young women, I beg pardon, I should say the young ladies, must spend less of their time in the perusal of dime

novels and drumming on the "Piany," and devote more of their attention to household duties and the baking of jonny-cakes, which brings me back to Phillis' old-fashioned mode of practicing that sublime art.

As I said before, after Phillis had taken from the family meal chest her modicum of meal ground at Hammond's Mill, which brings suddenly to my mind a circumstance that occurred some few years ago, which I will digress a moment to relate. Some few years ago, accidentally hearing Mrs. William S. Patten, of Providence, lamenting that she found it impossible to obtain eatable Indian meal in the city, I took occasion soon after to call at Hammond's Mill, and obtain a peck of fresh-ground ambrosia, which I sent to Mr. Patten by express, at the same time dispatching a letter by mail, informing him from whence he could always obtain the luxurious article in perfection, with some suggestions as to the proper mode of making and baking jonny-cakes. Some weeks after I received a letter from him, filling in close writing four pages of large-sized letter sheet, thanking me in the most grateful terms for my invaluable present of real Indian meal, which he said his wife prized so highly that she used it only on extraordinary occasions. Mr. Patten also expressed great gratification in the description I gave him of the old-fashioned Narragansett method of making and baking jonny-cake, an art which he thought should by all means be preserved, if possible. He told me further that he had seriously thought of depositing my descriptive letter with the Rhode Island Historical Society, but could not bring

himself to part with so valuable a document, and so had placed it for safe keeping in his archives with his most valued papers.

As I was saying, Phillis, after taking from the chest her modicum of meal, proceeded to bolt it through her finest sieve, reserving the first teacupful that fell for the especial purpose of powdering fish before their being fried. This brings to my recollection the vast difference there was in the old-fashioned way of frying fish, especially smelts, from that now in vogue in Providence, Boston, and such like outlandish places, at least so far as hotels and restaurants are concerned. There smelts are now-a-days, without preparation, simply thrown pell-mell into a pan with raw hog's lard of questionable purity, which they absorb before it is half cooked, imparting thereby a greasy, slippery savor to the dear little fish too horrible to mention or abide. On the contrary, Phillis used always to keep a kettle of pure leaf lard, from corn-fed hogs, thoroughly boiled, set apart for the especial purpose of frying smelts during their season. These were always obtained each morning from the Saucatucket smelt weir, and delivered to her alive and flipping, the kettle of lard being on the fire boiling all the time. Each delicate little fish was, after being washed, rolled carefully in the meal until every hair breadth of it from the tip of its head to the end of its tail was coated in the flour of ambrosia; then taking the caudal extremity of each smelt between her thumb and finger, she dropped it head foremost into the boiling kettle, and there left it until it was thoroughly done and crisp. No epicure who has never tasted smelts cooked by that method

knows anything of what a smelt is, nor after having once tasted of such can he ever be induced to put into his mouth one of the vile things bearing the name, that has been, minus the meal, half fried in less than half-cooked hog's lard, thereafter.

It is said by some that the Narragansett smelt, cooked in the only proper way, was in pagan times one of the two relishes or condiments that the gods alone indulged in whilst reveling in jonny-cake made of Narragansett white corn meal, the other being Pettaquamscutt eels caught in the months of January and February with spears thrust into the mud beneath the ice, where they lie. The glorious excellence of these eels, prepared in the old-time way, I am sure no poet —not even Homer or Byron, with all their glowing powers of description—can portray, much less a simple writer of prose. The method was as follows: A basket of fat, yellow-breasted eels being brought fresh from the frozen river, were first saturated with a handful of live wood ashes. This loosened the coating of slime so that they were readily cleansed. Next the head was taken off, and the eel split down the entire length of the back. They were then washed in clean sea water and hung up the kitchen chimney, with its wide, open fireplace, for one night only. Next morning the eels were cut in short pieces and placed on a gridiron, flesh side next to sweet-smelling, glowing coals, made from green oak, walnut, or maple wood. When sufficiently broiled on that side, they were turned on the gridiron and a small slice of fragrant butter, made from the milk of cows fed on honey-laden white clover and aromatic five-fingers, put on each piece of eel. By this

time the family were seated at the breakfast table in the great-room, waiting impatiently for the all-but-divine luxury, the exquisite aroma of which penetrated every nook and cranny of the house. In due time it appears, on a China plate, you may say; by no means! but on the identical gridiron, hot and luscious, with little transparent globules of dew-like nectar sparkling on each piece. Every guest or member of the family helps himself from the hot gridiron, which is then returned to the glowing coals, and again and again replenished until the appetite is surfeited or the supply of eels exhausted; probably the latter, as I never heard of but one instance wherein a fatal surfeit was produced by the dainty dish, which was the case of one of the kings of England, who died from eating too enormously of broiled eels, speared under the ice at the mouth of the river Humber. I am aware that history charges his death to gormandizing on stewed lamprey eels — a transparent mistake — as no man could be tempted to indulge his appetite exorbitantly on eels of any kind — stewed or fried, but only on yellow-breasted eels, speared under the ice and prepared and cooked after the Narragansett mode.

There used to be an old man in Narragansett by the name of Scribbins, who was a great favorite of my grandfather because of his simplicity and honesty. When a small boy, I remember Scribbins's breakfasting at our house, one winter morning, when we had broiled eels. The old man helped himself from the gridiron seventeen times, a steady smile playing over his features every moment that passed between the first and last mouthful. He then looked my grandfather—

Uncle Toby like—blandly and steadily in the face, and significantly nodding his head sideways in the direction of the kitchen door, remarked: "Them 's eels, them is."

As I was saying, after Phillis had sifted a cupful of the flour of the meal for fish coating, she continued with the same sieve to bolt about one-half of what remained for her jonny-cakes, and then transferred the balance to a coarser sieve to be used minus the bran in the making of Rhineinjun bread. This bread, vulgarly called nowadays rye and Indian bread, in the olden time was always made of one quart of unbolted Rhode Island rye meal to two quarts of the coarser grained parts of ambrosia, well kneaded and made into large round loaves of the size of a half-peck measure. There were two ways of baking it. One way was to fill two large iron basins with the kneaded dough, and late in the evening, when the logs in the kitchen were well burned down, to clear a place in the middle of the fire to the hearth and place the two basins of bread, the one on top of the other, so as to inclose their contents, and press them into one loaf. The whole was then carefully covered with hot ashes with coals on top, and left until morning. The difference between brown bread baked in this way with its thick, soft sweet crust, and that baked in the oven of an iron stove, I must leave to abler pens than mine to portray. Another way was to place a number of loaves in iron basins in a long-heated and well-tempered brick oven —stone would not answer as the heat is too brittle —into which a cup of water was also placed to make the crust soft. The oven door was then closed and

plastered up. When the door of the oven was opened in the morning it was customary to raise one or two windows in the kitchen, the fragrance from the bread being so enrapturing as sometimes to affect persons whose nerves were not very strong.

Even before the Boston brown bread had become utterly worthless by the introduction of Western corn meal, made often of damaged corn, and tasteless Western rye to match, I remember bringing home with me, after a visit to that city, a loaf of the famous material, that my children might compare its quality with our family bread. They were all delighted at the prospect of tasting the famous luxury they had heard so much of; but after the first mouthful, not one of them seemed disposed to take a second. After breakfast I took the loaf and placed it in the trough for an old Berkshire sow to eat, that I knew was very fond of our Rhine-injun bread, a piece of which I used almost daily to treat her with. The old creature — which had not been fed that morning — dove her nose greedily into it; but at the first taste she dropped the morsel, and regarding me askance, with a suspicious and sinister expression in her eye, she hastened to a stagnant, muddy pool in the corner of the yard, and rinsed her mouth.

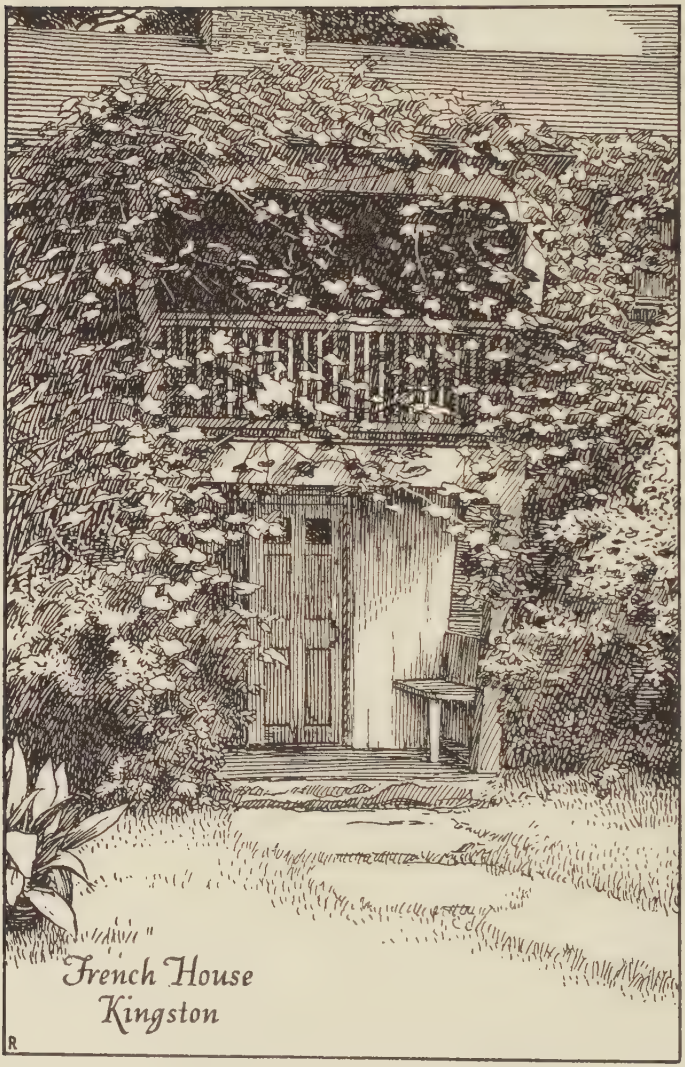
As I was saying, after Phillis had sifted the meal for her jonny-cake, she proceeded to carefully knead it in a wooden tray, having first scalded it with boiling water, and added sufficient fluid, sometimes new milk, at other times pure water, to make it of a proper consistence. It was then placed on the jonny-cake board about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and well dressed on the surface with rich sweet cream

to keep it from blistering when placed before the fire. The red oak jonny-cake board was always the middle portion of a flour barrel from five to six inches wide. This was considered an indispensable requisite in the baking of a good jonny-cake. All the old-time colored cooks without exception, hold that the flour barrel was first made for the express purpose of furnishing jonny-cake boards, and that its subsequent application to the holding of flour was merely the result of an afterthought. Be this as it may, no one I feel certain ever saw a regular, first-rate, old-time jonny-cake that was not baked on a red oak board taken from the middle part of the head of a flour barrel. The cake was next placed upright on the hearth before a bright, green hardwood fire. This kind of fire was indispensable also. And so too was the heart-shaped flat-iron that supported it, which was shaped exactly to meet every exigency. First the flat's front smooth surface was placed immediately against the back of the jonny-cake to hold it in a perpendicular position before the fire until the main part of the cake was sufficiently baked. Then a slanting side of the flat-iron was turned so as to support the board in a reclining position until the bottom and top extremities of the cake were in turn baked, and lastly, the board was slewed round and rested partly against the handle of the flat-iron, so as to bring the ends of the cake in a better position to receive the heat from the fire. After a time it was discovered that the flat-iron, first invented as a jonny-cake holder, was a convenient thing to iron clothes with, and has since been used for that purpose very extensively. When the jonny-cake was sufficiently done on the first side,

a knife was passed between it and the board, and it was dextrously turned and anointed, as before, with sweet, golden-tinged cream, previous to being placed again before the fire.

Such as I have described was the process of making and baking the best article of farinaceous food that was ever partaken of by mortal man, to wit, an old-fashioned jonny-cake made of white Rhode Island corn meal, carefully and slowly ground with Rhode Island fine-grained granite mill-stones, and baked and conscientiously tended before glowing coals of a quick green hardwood fire, on a red oak barrel-head supported by a flat-iron. With proper materials and care, a decent jonny-cake can be baked on a coal stove, though by no means equal to the old-time genuine article, for the simple reason that wood fires in open fireplaces have become, as a general rule, things of the past, and good, careful, painstaking cooks extinct.

I may at some future time return to the subject of jonny-cakes and old-time cookery, and state some circumstances that would seem to go to establish the fact that Phillis, my grandfather's cook, was the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. But enough for the present.


"
French House
Kingston
R

Second Baking

To the Editor of the JOURNAL: Mr. Thomas R. Hazard, in his very entertaining letter to the Journal upon johnny-cakes and cognate subjects, intimated that his grandfather's famous cook had something to do with the French Revolution. If Mr. Hazard knew with how much interest near a hundred thousand people have read his commendations of the famous cook, he would rescue her character from any imputation that she overthrew governments in Europe with the same facility that she manifested in manipulating the johnny-cake on the red cedar barrel-head in Old Narragansett.

OLD COVE.

Journal, Feb. 12th, 1879.

"ANGELS and ministers of grace" defend me from the Old Cove who insinuates that my grandfather's incomparable cook baked her jonny-cake on a red cedar barrel-head board. Let Old Cove be advised by one who knows something about such matters, as well as the difference between red oak and red cedar, and henceforth look to it, that every bell in his domicile is muffled, every door-knocker chained, and every shutter well fastened at night, for if the spirit of the Journal of the 12th inst. should happen to fall in her way, he may rely upon it, that the moment Old Cove admits a spirit "mejum" in his house, whether by accident or design, old Phillis will allow no sleep to his eyelids, nor rest to his bones, until every bell wire under his roof is snapped, and every pane of glass in his windows broken by her exasperated ghost.

Then again, in the very same paragraph, to desecrate the name of Rhode Island's chiefest luxury with an "h" sticking up in the middle of it! This proves

Old Cove's entire ignorance of the patriotic derivation of the Christian name Jonny as applied to the far-famed cake, made only in perfection in the South counties of Rhode Island, of soft-feeling, fine, flat meal, ground from pure white floury Rhode Island corn, in Rhode Island granite stone mills. Old Cove, if to the manor of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations born, should have known that the original spelling of the name of the favorite food of the gods was journey-cake, so called, because of the facility with which it could be prepared, to gratify the impatient appetites of those heathen deities, on their annual arrival at the delightful summer resorts or watering-places on the southern shores of the Atlantic, the chief of which were situated where the Narragansett Pier and Newport now stand. This name journey-cake was retained until the close of the War of Independence, about which time, in compliance with the prayers of memorials from the women of Connecticut and Rhode Island to the respective Legislatures of these commonwealths—the term journey, as applied to the favorite food of the gods and of the Yankee nation, was abrogated by sovereign authority, and that of jonny substituted in its place, in honor of Gov. Jonathan Trumbull, the honored and trusted friend of General Washington, who always addressed the sterling patriot with the affectionate pet name of *Brother Jonathan*. It was for this latter reason that the whole Yankee nation, and especially New England, became finally sobriqueted, characterized, and identified in the person of Brother Jonathan Trumbull, a plain, unassuming, honest, common-sense man, who resided in Lebanon, which is situated in the

south-eastern part of Connecticut, over which colony he presided as Governor throughout the War of Independence, he being the only civil appointee under the Crown in all the thirteen colonies who retained his office until after the close of the war. When in full official dress, Brother Jonathan Trumbull looked very much as he is now represented, in what is generally supposed to be caricature. He was of a tall, gaunt form, and wore a swallow-tail homespun coat, manufactured in his family, out of wool raised on his own farm, and colored with maple bark procured from his own woodpile, the dye being set with iron filings obtained from the blacksmith shop in the neighborhood. The coat was cut and made after the latest fashion, by the village tailor, who, traveling five miles on foot, brought his own goose and shears to Brother Jonathan's house, the latter finding wax, thread, and board, as was rulable in those primitive days, and receiving in kind for his labor, one dollar for the making of a full dress coat, fifty cents per pair for trowsers, and twenty-five cents for each waistcoat, after which he, the ninth part of a man, cheerfully wended his way home as he came, with a bag of meal on one shoulder, a couple of pieces of salt pork slung on the other, and his goose and shears, with divers farm products, stowed about his person. Uncle Jonathan's shirt ruffles and necktie were spun, woven, bleached, and made by the hands of his wife, from flax of his own raising. His genteel, tight-fitting trowsers, reaching some six inches short of his ankles, were made of striped linsey-woolsey, likewise prepared and spun in his own family. His silver-buckled shoes were made by the hereditary shoemaker, who, like

54934

the family tailor, brought his own lapstone, lasts, and shoe hammer on his back, from neats-hide sole leather and calf-skin, tanned with white oak bark to the halves at the neighborhood tanyard, from hides of the Governor's own raising. He, the shoemaker, received farmers' produce in exchange for his work, at the rate of from a peck to three pecks of corn or its equivalent in kind for each pair of shoes made, according to size. I may just here remark that not even excepting the annual visit to their homes of the tailor, the yearly autumnal visit of the shoemaker was looked forward to by all the little boys and girls of the olden time with the most unalloyed pleasure, and with raptures of delight not conceivable by the young masters and misses of modern days. I can remember when the remnant of a wax end or a shiny piece of calf-skin leather of the size of a silver dollar thrown to me by the old shoemaker, was more precious in my eyes than a bit of gold of the same size would be deemed by an average modern boy of this fast age. The only imported article of the court dress worn by Brother Jonathan was an exceedingly short, scanty, yellow nankeen waistcoat, the stuff for which was obtainable only at the "quality" stores, in exchange for flaxseed or some one or other of the very few products of the farm that were, in his and also in my early days, available for export to foreign markets. Everything then imported from Europe went by the name of boughten goods, which signified that they were entirely beyond the reach of the laboring classes, as they could only be obtained, as a general rule, in exchange for hard money, a thing not to be thought of by the vast majority in commu-

nities where all hand and farm work was paid for in kind—that is, in farm produce.

I perceive that some dozen or less of the Journal correspondents have taken occasion to comment on my Rhode Island jonny-cake article that was printed in the paper of January 27, to none of which I think it absolutely necessary to demur except to some remarks made by an East Greenwich correspondent in the Journal of the 30th ult. I am perfectly willing to admit that the white corn meal ground at the Old Forge Mill in Potowomut, must have been some pumpkins, as Grinnager, by implication, asserts. Otherwise, General Greene, who was raised mostly upon that semi-ambrosia, could never have reached the second position among our Revolutionary worthies; but when your Grinnager goes on to charge that the Old Forge Mill fine soft meal is altogether better for jonny-cakes than the ambrosia of the sea-shore counties of Rhode Island, I hurl back the disparaging imputation with scorn. The fact is, had General Nat Greene first seen the light a few miles further south in Washington, instead of Kent county, where he could have been nurtured on the pure article, the probability is that he would never have let George Washington get ahead of him, who was raised on Indian cake made of coarse round meal, ground from Virginia corn and baked on the blade of a plantation hoe. Talk about Old Forge Mill ambrosia being superior to that made in Newport and Washington counties! Fudge! Why, it is but a few months ago that I handed a package of four pounds of ambrosia to a clerk in the Providence post office, and told him I wanted it forwarded by mail to my sick

daughter in California. He regarded the package with a look of surprise amounting to wonder, and then told me that it could not pass, as the article was not known in that office, nor could he find it named in the table of postage rates. Refusing to listen to my remonstrances, I next proceeded to the sanctum of the postmaster, who I think was born in Kent county, and made known to him my grievance. He at once arose in great excitement and confronted his delinquent subordinate. If I heard correctly all Mr. Brayton[1] said, he upbraided his clerk in unmeasured terms for his stolid ignorance in not knowing the head under which ambrosia should be classed in the postal tariff of prices, and sternly ordered him to forward my package by the first fast express mail, and sooner, if possible, and place it on his books under the head of double refined gold-dust, adding that if he ever knew him to be guilty of so flagrant a misdemeanor in the future he would turn him out of the office, even if he was necessitated to fill his place — for want of a better — with a Greenback Democrat! At the time my daughter received the ambrosia she was confined to a sick bed, but such was the exhilaration of spirits inspired by the sight of the package, that she immediately sat up, and being bolstered with pillows, proceeded at once to mix a jonny-cake, laughing and crying, as she subsequently wrote me, through emotional delight all the time she was doing it; next she called for a spirit lamp and tended its baking entirely herself, still continuing to laugh and cry by turns until it was nicely done. She then ate every mouthful of the precious ambrosia, laughing aloud after every swallow. When the feast was over,

she sank back on her pillow and cried, because she had not another Rhode Island jonny-cake to eat; just as we read that after Alexander had subdued one world, he wept aloud because he had not another to conquer. I may just say here that Atlantis was not then known to the ancients.

What, let me ask, has Grinnager got to say about his Old Forge Mill being superior to the ambrosia of the southern counties of Rhode Island in the face and eyes of such testimony as the foregoing, including that of a citizen of Warwick in his own county.

What your Old Forge Mill correspondent farther alleges about Warrick and Grinnage being not only "the legitimate home of the jonny-cake, but the clam also," I might very properly defer to the senior conductor of the Journal, the long time-honored chairman of the Rhode Island fish committee, and the patron and defender by immemorial usage and divine right of that inestimable institution, the Rhode Island clambake, commencing at a period in shell-fish history to which the memory of man reacheth not back. But now that my dander is a little raised by Grinnager's pretensions respecting the qualities of ambrosia, I will remark for the benefit of those whom it may concern, that the clams dug on the Warrick and Grinnage flats are not a whit superior, if they are so good, as those obtained at Wickford, in the South County, called formerly Clamtown, for the reason of the abundance and excellence of its bivalves, whilst they no more compare with the delicate lusciousness—round, plump, fat, sweet little blue shelled clams that are found, like angels' visits, few and far between, imbedded among clay and stones, on

the shores of the east passage of Narragansett Bay, than a New York Saddle Rock, Shrewsbury, or Blue Point compares in exquisiteness with the "great bed" Providence River oysters of the olden time, before Rhode Island waters had been desecrated by trash brought from Chesapeake Bay and dumped therein. On looking closely at your correspondent's communication I have placed at the commencement of this article, I think I discern a sort of a sinister leer hidden under its fair seeming words, as if Old Cove would insinuate that he don't believe I can show how Phillis, my grandfather's cook, "overthrew governments in Europe," &c., to all of which I may say with Sancho Panza, "Hurry no man's cattle," "there is a time for all things," and with honest Jack Falstaff, that I will not give reasons "under compulsion," though they hang about me as thick as huckleberries in a Narragansett sheep pasture. Still I mean when the proper time arrives to make good my implied promise, and show that Phillis, the colored Narragansett cook, was, provided the authorities I shall quote can be relied upon, a remote, and, perhaps, a proximate cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

But this important branch of my subject I must defer to a future paper, and will conclude this by simply observing in relation to what the Boston Post says about the prayer he proposes concocting with the view of obtaining a furlough from heaven when he gets there, to be allowed to come back to the southern shores of Rhode Island and feast on jonny-cake and the other good edibles nowhere else to be found, that

unless he minds his political p's and q's better in the future than he has done in the past, I think he had better frame his supplication with the view of keeping out of quite another place, where the atmosphere is said to be entirely too warm to bake jonny-cakes without blistering.

Third Baking

HAVING, as I presume, annihilated in my last communication, Grinnager and his Old Forge Mill bogus jonny-cake, I will now proceed to show how my grandfather's cook, Phillis, was instrumental in inaugurating the French Revolution that led to the death on the scaffold of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette! It was after this wise—but now I must pause a few moments, as I perceive on reading the last paragraph in my first communication, that I intimated to the readers of the Journal that "at some future time I might return to the subject of jonny-cake and old-time cookery," as practiced by my grandfather's accomplished colored cook, before proceeding to relate the mode or manner of Phillis being the "remote cause of the French Revolution," &c. So, to be as good as my word, I will return to the subject just where I left off, viz.: where the jonny-cake was left, which was thoroughly done, still resting on or against the red oak board before the blazing fire. From this position it was removed by Phillis, and cut into six pieces. These were placed carefully and symmetrically in two even packages, the one on top of the other, on a pewter plate, and conveyed by Margaret, the black waitress, hot to the breakfast table, without a moment's loss of time.

Mark! I say, "pewter plate;" none of your china or earthen dishes, for pewter has the quality of keeping things hot and nice, that is not inherent in any other known metal or material, besides possessing many other peculiar culinary and domestic qualities of great

value, among not the least of which is its not being liable to take the edge off the knives. The importance of this fact can only be fully comprehended by those unfortunate hosts who have been compelled by circumstances to dissect in a hot day certain aged birds, or antediluvian joints, with a dull carving knife, in the presence of an appreciative company of strange guests. I remember being present in my early days on an occasion of this kind, wherein the trial of patience was too great for a highly approved member and high-seat elder of the self-denying Society of Friends to sustain, and who in the agony of spirit inspired by a dull carving knife and a tough bird, gave way to a hasty, not to say unseemly expression, greatly to the annoyance and even consternation of the Friends present. It was after this wise: When in my seventh year, say about 1804, my father was moved to take me with him to Friends quarterly meeting, held on the first fifth day after the second first day of the week in the eighth month, in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, in the old meeting-house in which that really great light of the world, George Fox, preached as "the spirit gave utterance," more than two centuries ago, I rode on horseback behind my father to the South Ferry in South Kingstown, a distance of seven miles. It was my first lengthy journey, and I remember that I was lost in wonder at the great extent of the world. We passed over the two ferries, a distance in the aggregate of seven miles, which impressed me beyond description with a sense of the sublime grandeur and perils of the deep. But how shall I describe my sensations when we landed on the Ferry wharf in Newport, and walked up Thames street to

friend Ann Carpenter's, who lived in the north part of the brick house that is still standing not far from the Parade, the next south of the house and dry goods shop then occupied by honest old Job Sherman, and since then by his sons. I confess I was for a time beside myself with amazement! Such lofty buildings! I have since seen the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, and the top of Mont Blanc, neither of which I feel were half so high as was Trinity church steeple at that time. Such a magnificent display of goods of every description in the shop windows, and, above all others, the wooden rocking-horses, stuffed monkeys, spinning tops, red morocco play balls, marbles, and countless other curiosities then so highly prized by boys, all huddled together! I had ten coppers in my pocket, and longed to ask a man I saw standing in the door of a toy shop the price of his rocking-horse and stuffed monkey, but I could not muster courage enough to put the question to him, so deeply was I impressed with a feeling of awe, inspired by a sense of the grandeur of the owner of so many things of inestimable value. I have since seen Paris and London and divers other great cities on either continent, but not one that compares in magnificence with what Newport then was, any more than East Grinnage now compares with the city of New York. If any of the Providence readers of the Journal should, out of envy of Newport's former glories, question the truth of my assertions in these respects, I will obligate myself under heavy penalties to prove the truth of all I say, provided they will produce a witness to gainsay my averments under oath, who had at that period arrived at the legal age of twenty-one.

The next day, which was the fifth of the week, my father hired a horse and chaise of one friend Shaw, in Broad street, with which we proceeded to the Friends meeting-house, situated about eight miles from Newport, on the north-western declivity of Quaker Hill, in Portsmouth. I had seen a good many Quakers before, both at my grandfather's and our Tower Hill meeting-house, which used to stand in the elbow of the road near the present Tower Hill summer hotel; but the innumerable company that was there assembled, all, of both sexes, arrayed in neat drab costume, gave me a glowing impression that the Quaker society was the most extensive, as regarded numbers, of all religious denominations in the world. I remember being deeply impressed with the reverential expression that rested on the countenance of the old man who sat at the head of the gallery, who, as will be perceived in due time, I afterwards learned was no other than the highly valued Friend and elder and excellent citizen, Christopher Almy, otherwise known to his neighbors as "old Kit Almy," father of the late William Almy, of the firm of Almy, Slater & Brown, who first introduced the manufacture of cotton into Rhode Island and America, and grandfather of the late Anne Almy Jenkins, who, as I know by ocular proof and demonstration, dwells among the brightest angels in heaven, not because she was a good Quakeress, but for the reason that she was a good, kind, sympathetic woman, and a friend to the poor and all those who were in want or distress, without regard to their creed, color, condition, or nation. I most vividly remember that William Crutch, a traveling public Friend from England, sat with his compan-

ion next below old Christopher Almy in the high seat, and that I was almost scared to death, while in holding forth he signified there might be some present who had outlived the day of grace, and that a door of mercy might peradventure be no longer open for their repentance. Among such an assemblage of holy men and women as all appeared to be, I fancied I alone was the black sheep of the flock who had committed the unpardonable sin, in many instances now brought in detail vividly to my remembrance, and I cried with fear and trembling until my handkerchief was so wet with tears, that I was afterwards ashamed to take it out of my pocket in company, not even when I sneezed. After meeting[2] Friend Almy asked my father to go home with him, and dine with the English Friends before he returned to Newport, which invitation was accepted. I well recollect that the day was excessively hot, the atmosphere partaking of that fervent, stifling heat, that often precedes thunder showers. When my father and I arrived at Friend Almy's, who lived on his ancestral farm now known as the Portsmouth Grove estate, instead of going into the great-room with my father and confronting the dreaded English Friend, I proceeded, boy fashion, to the garden, where I ensconced myself behind a big spreading gooseberry bush, and commenced whetting my appetite for dinner with a goodly supply of luscious red gooseberries, such as in these degenerate days are seldom to be found. As I was so employed, I saw, not without apprehension, Friend Almy making directly for the barn, and heard him mutter to himself as he passed, luckily without observing me, in rather a deprecating tone, something

about a "dozen Quaker horses in his cow pasture." When Friend Almy got to the barn, he found that his hired mowers and men had taken advantage of the extraordinary occasion and were recreating themselves for an hour or two before proceeding to the hay-field, with a fiddle and jews'-harp. This, of course, was very trying to the old man's feelings, as his best ten-acre lot then lay in swath, and the white cap of a thunder-cloud was just rising above the north-western horizon. When on his way back to the house, I was horror-stricken, on my hearing the exemplary and plainly dressed old Quaker soliloquizing in an undertone as he passed me, "These are heavenly times, I swear; a house full of Quakers and a barn full of fiddlers!"

The better to prepare readers to understand and appreciate what follows, I will here say that what are called green geese—that is, gosling geese that have been fattened mostly on green grass—have always been esteemed a luxury appertaining solely to the islands in Narragansett Bay, notwithstanding anything that Grinnagers and Warrickers may advance to the contrary. The eighth month being in season for this luxurious edible, Friend Almy had it in his mind that the English Friends whom he expected to dine with him should have an opportunity to partake of one of Rhode Island's greatest luxuries; not perhaps without a streak of vanity passing through his mind, that they could not fail to acknowledge that there was no feathered fowl in all England whose flavor would compare with a Rhode Island green goose. With all this in view before leaving home on the previous day, to go to Newport to meet and dine with the English Friends at David

Buffum's, called the Quaker Bishop, because of his portly form, fine Quaker costume, and commanding figure and address, the old man had given orders to his Irish valet of all work to prepare a green goose for dinner next day. Now it so happened that Friend Almy had been the possessor of a famous East India gander for more than the quarter of a century, that next to his wife and children he set more by than any other creature or thing on earth. So poor, unpractical man that he was in a knowledge of the Irish character — he thought it no more than prudent to caution Patrick by telling him to be sure and not hurt the old gander, which, as there was no goose in the flock any greener in plumage than the designated individual, was equivalent to a death warrant accompanied with a merciful caution to hurt the poor creature as little as possible in the killing.

A sumptuous dinner had been provided for his numerous guests by Friend Almy, around which they were all seated, myself next to father. It may not be known to all the gentile readers of the Journal that it has always been the practice of Friends not to return thanks for the good things God has provided, in words, before meals, but by sitting for a season in perfect silence, during which it is to be presumed the thoughts of all present mount upward in reverential gratitude for the good things before them. From what I had recently witnessed, readers may readily divine that my eyes though rather sideways and slily were riveted on the extraordinary countenance of our hospitable but sorely tried host, during the whole period of silence, and I am sure that were I to live to the age

of ten Methuselahs, I should never forget the awful expression that rested on Friend Almy's features as he sat at the head of the table intently gazing on the carcass of the extraordinary green goose before him. It was an expression that Hogarth I know would gladly have given the world to have been able to immortalize with his pencil, but at the same time with a positive conviction that the achievement must be one beyond the power of either mortal or angel artist to accomplish. After an expressive sigh from the English public Friend, indicating that sufficient thanks had been returned for the luxurious repast set before the Friends, Friend Almy hesitatingly arose from his seat, as was customary in the olden time for carvers to do, and after two or three stalwart and persistent efforts succeeded in planting the tines of a big fork midway in the breast of the goose before him, but unfortunately when he came to use the hereditary family carving knife, he found its edge had been so blunted by repeatedly coming in contact with china and earthen-ware platters, that with all his efforts he was not able to make it penetrate through the skin of the breast preparatory to removing the wing. Again and again the sorely tried host returned to the charge, changing occasionally in his desperation the back for the edge of his knife, but all in vain, while the perspiration rolled off his face in huge drops. The old man's trials were fast getting to a stage past the endurance of a Job. The thoughts of the fiddlers in the barn, of his ten acres of uncocked hay, of the troop of horses in his cow pasture, of the stupidity of his Irish valet, of the loss of his favorite pet goose, capped with the dull carving knife and tough

bird before him, had been all struggling in his breast like the seven devils in Mary Magdalene, when a clap of thunder, sounding the knell of his lost ten acres of hay, suddenly burst on his ear. This put the climax on all his troubles, and making one more despairing effort to saw through the leathery skin of the goose, he dropped the knife, and in agony of spirit sank back in his chair with the unseemly valediction, "D—n the Old Gander."

Fourth Baking

NOBODY but a Narragansettee can tell how many good dishes were made in the olden time out of Indian and rye meal. Jonny-cake, when placed on the table, exhibited many phases. There was the plain jonny-cake before described. Then it was made by Phillis into nice, plain, buttered toast, and again into toast covered all over with delicious curdled cream, butter, and milk, that made one's mouth water to look at it. Then there was the bannock, made of eggs, milk, and fine Indian meal, mixed thin and baked in a pan over the fire. By some, the bannock made of ambrosia is thought to rival and even exceed in exquisiteness of delicacy and flavor the jonny-cake. I have already spoken of the grand old Rhineinjun bread of southern Rhode Island, but not of the toothsome dry and milk toasts made with it. Then again, there was the Rhineinjun jonny-cake, and the all-rye jonny-cake, the rye doughnut, all-rye hasty-pudding, and rye gingerbread, prized above rubies by the school-boys and girls of the olden time, when such things as children existed on earth. The rye raised on the sea-coast of New England, here let me remark, and especially that grown on the southern coasts of Rhode Island, in the range of the balmy, soft Gulf Stream breezes and atmosphere, is entirely different grain from what is grown in the South and West, the former being deliciously sweet to the palate, while the latter has but little if any taste at all. New England rye seems to correspond in some respects with the delightful sweet-corn raised in the same sea-

coast latitudes, both in taste and complexion, the grains of both, the rye alike with the Indian sweet-corn, being shrunk or shriveled. South of about the forty-first degree of latitude, the sweet-corn of New England becomes an exotic, it being necessary that the seed should be obtained annually from the north to insure even an approximate degree of sweetness to that which attaches to the grain spontaneously when raised in New England's congenial clime, and especially on the southern shores of the Ancient Atlantis, viz.: Washington and Newport counties in Rhode Island. People living in cities can know but little of the exquisite flavor of the early red-cobbed sweet-corn, or of the later white-cobbed evergreen, for the reason that the market is supplied with ears of corn gathered some hours before it is eaten. Old Phillis' method of boiling green-corn was first to set her pot of water boiling, drawn fresh and sparkling from the bubbling well,[3] whilst she took the outside husks from the ears of corn just gathered by old mill-boy, fresh from the stalk in the green-corn patch, back of the barn, leaving a few of the inside husks on the outside of each ear, and then plunging them instanter into the boiling water before the sweetness had departed. How many ears of Phillis' corn, prepared after this fashion, a small boy could eat with a fair amount of sweet, fragrant, aromatic butter, I cannot say, for although Phillis always boiled a bushel pot full of green-corn at once, I could never manage to get enough fully to satisfy my appetite. As for the green sweet-corn, when nicely roasted before a green hard-wood fragrant fire, I used to think when a small boy that I could have eaten at least two bushels of it could

I have got all I wanted. So, too, with succotash, the Indian for dried sweet-corn and beans, which my grandmother used to always caution me about eating too much of, as she had once known a naughty boy who burst asunder in the middle from having eaten too heartily of the tempting dish. If possible, the heavenly old cook's rye griddle-cakes, as well as her wholly rye jonny-cakes, were sweeter than newly gathered boiled or roasted green-corn. It used to be said by the old negroes in my grandfather's kitchen that in time of the War of the Revolution the old women of Narragansett used rye jonny-cake instead of sugar to sweeten their hard-hack tea with.

Then again, in the olden time, we used to have the suet jonny-cake and the half and half flour and Indian jonny-cake, both very delightful for a change. But oh, them pumpkin jonny-cakes, to say nothing of the famous old-time pumpkin pies and the nice little round pumpkin griddle-cakes, which would be held cheap in this day at a silver dollar of the same weight avoirdupois apiece. Talk about your Hubbard and other sweet squashes as you will, I say upon the best authority, no less than that of Phillis, my grandfather's accomplished cook, that the little sugar pumpkin of Rhode Island is as far superior in sweetness and divine flavor to any squash that ever grew out-doors or in a hot-house to boot, as a sweet watermelon is to a cucumber. I remember when a horse dealer from Virginia by the name of Walkins came to my grandfather's to buy Narragansett pacers, whilst riding down the lane he chanced to see a nice looking sweet pumpkin in the corn-field, which, mistaking for a melon, he got over

the fence and using his jack-knife, cut and ate every mouthful of it, rind and all, except the seeds, which he put in his pocket to carry home, at the same time declaring that he never tasted so delicious a melon south of Mason and Dixon's line.

But above all other edibles, in the estimation of the olden-time children of Narragansett, loomed up the huckleberry jonny-cake, which, to be first-rate, must be made half and half of meal and fresh gathered ripe berries. Phillis used to say there was nothing she "'spised" more than a huckleberry jonny-cake with no huckleberries in it. It used to be held in Narragansett that the faces of little boys and girls that were fed during the whole berry season on half and half huckleberry jonny-cake grew into the shape of a smile that remained until berries came again the next summer.

In fact, I remember when a small boy calling with my father on an errand at Mr. Stedlar's, whose wife had just mixed and put on the barrel-head board a huckleberry jonny-cake, which lay unbaked on the table, preparatory to being placed before the fire. No less than eight children of all sexes and sizes soon entered, whom I had observed making mud-pies near the sink gutter as we approached the house. Each of these by turn gave the cake several affectionate pats with their dripping hands as they looked me blandly in the face and exclaimed in triumphant tones, — Huckleberry-jonny-cake! accompanied with a self-congratulatory, telling smile. On my father remarking on their happy expression of countenance, the mother told him that the year before she had fed all her children for six entire

days wholly on huckleberry jonny-cakes, and that she found a smile had remained on their countenances every moment of time both when awake and asleep for just six months thereafter. Mrs. Stedlar further said that she had intended to feed her children on huckleberry jonny-cakes that summer for twelve days in succession, so that they would continue to smile the twelve months round, but that she should have to give it up after that day, which was the ninth since she began, as she found they laughed in their sleep so loud and long that they kept their old grandmother awake all night!

Then again there was the Indian baked pudding made of ambrosia, milk, and eggs, with a trifle of Muscovado sugar or Portorique molasses. I can remember when I could eat near upon a six-quart pan of this delicious viand and then cry for more. Still again there was the huckleberry and blackberry baked and boiled pudding, and the green fox-grape boiled pudding, none of your tasteless catawba or Isabella insipids, all eaten with luscious brown sugar sauce. I can remember when the thought that I was to have a green fox-grape pudding for supper after my return from school would make me hop, skip, run, and jump all the way home, more than two miles, without stopping to take breath. But then these were days when boys and girls had a childhood, not like the present times, when every little defaulting devil is born with the idea that he is to be a member of Congress, a lawyer, a doctor, a minister, a millionaire thief, or a jailbird of some other sort, before he is squarely out of his swaddling-clothes. In fact, it is not many years

since, that old nurse Gardiner, after making the remark that children were now born with their eyes wide open, instead of closed like kittens, as formerly, told me of an instance wherein she went as a three weeks' nurse of a young devil who was born at nine o'clock of a Saturday evening, whom she observed at daylight on the next morning, criticising the portrait of his mother that hung on the wall opposite, evidently making odious comparisons between it and the lady at his side, to whom the ten-hour-old gentleman had condescended to surrender the occupancy for a limited period of a small portion of his bed. When the precocious chap caught nurse Gardiner's eye, she said he clapped the fore-finger of his left hand on the side of his nose and with a knowing wink pointed first to the picture and then to his mother, with his right hand, and signified in pantomime, that he considered the former a very much flattered likeness.

Then again, there was the hasty pudding, not the half-cooked knotty stuff of modern days, but nice faithfully stirred, well-boiled pudding without any two particles of ambrosia sticking together in it. Phillis used to say there was "nothing on airth she 'spised so as lumpy, half-raw, half-burned hasty pudding." People nowadays don't know how to eat hasty pudding and milk. A spoon should be dipped into the milk before it lifts the pudding, to keep it from sticking, which should then be dropped into the porringer of milk, so as each mouthful shall remain separate.

When cold, Phillis used to fry her hasty pudding in the nicest fresh butter, which made it a dish, as she said, fit to set before a king. She used to say there

was "nothing she 'spised more than nigger cooks who used rancid butter for cooking," and that for her part, if she had to use bad butter at all, she wanted to set it in separate pewter plates on the table, so that folks might eat it or not, just as they chose, and not mix it with all the dishes in cooking, so that they would be obliged to eat it or starve. I would like to resurrect Phillis and take her to one of our first-class hotels where hasty pudding is fried in half-raw patent clarified lard. I was in Philadelphia a few years ago when several barrels of this clarified lard were seized by the police while in transit to the New York market. A Frenchman who manufactured the lard was then put on trial, when it was disclosed in evidence that his method was to visit all the western railroad depots on the arrival of freight trains, and drag the wounded, sick, and dead hogs out of the ankle-deep filth in the cars, and throw them, unwashed, into great steam boilers, and thus extract the lard, which was afterwards skimmed and separated from the refuse, &c., and clarified, when it was labeled as the purest and best of lard, and sent to market to regale the appetites of the snobs and epicures in our great cities. A friend of mine told me that he was personally cognizant of the same process being practiced on a great scale in Cincinnati, as it probably is in many other places.

Then again, there was the never-absent dish in good families of old, milk porridge, a luxury of surpassing excellence when rightly concocted and cooked, that must be reckoned among the lost arts in these hurrying, money-getting and universal-thievery, food-spoiling and food-bolting days. Many a time have I sat by,

when a boy, watching old Phillis as she made this delicious beverage. First, she boiled the water, always drawn fresh, buoyant, and sparkling from the well; none of your poison leaden pipe, or wooden pump, dead and alive wells, or water works, but a real old-fashioned well, every stone of which was coated with life-given green moss, with a frog or two seated near the bottom, which was ever vitalized and kept alive and fresh by the plunges and splashings of the old oaken bucket hanging at the end of the pole of a big, long well-sweep, balanced at the further end with a pile of stones. Into the boiling water she carefully sifted through the fingers of her left hand the flour of ambrosia, if for the sick, and if for common purposes the second sifting, which she stirred with a pudding-stick, held in her right hand, so artistically, that no two grains of the meal were ever known to adhere together. Phillis used to carry a magnifying glass of some twenty-five hundred or as many thousand horse-power, I disremember which, with which she from time to time surveyed the boiling compound, nor did she commence adding the rich new milk until every separate minute particle of the ambrosia had become transparent and sufficiently expanded in dimensions to enable her to discern the image of her own nose fully reflected therefrom. So exquisite was this compound that I have known one pint porringer of Phillis' milk porridge to work a complete and instant cure of the blues, and that of the worst kind. In fact, the old woman used to tell a story of Sol Smith, who once stopped in my grandfather's kitchen to warm, whilst on his way to hang himself on the limb of a sour apple tree in our lower

orchard, about some love affair, just as she was finishing off a pot of porridge. Phillis said he looked so woebegone-like that she gave him a porringer of her porridge, which was not more than half finished, when he took a rope with a noose braided on one end out of his pocket and threw it to Phillis to mend her clothes-line with as he said, accompanied with the remark that Almira might marry as many other fellows as she wanted to, and he would n't mind, so long as he could get "such porridge as them was." In such high esteem was the milk porridge of the olden time held by Narragansettees that since my memory they always spoke of it in the plural number. No ordinary man or woman in Narragansett ever said in those days, "Please give me a little more of that porridge," but, "Please give me a few more of them porridge."

Then again, there was the samp—coarse hominy pounded in a mortar—and the great and little hominy, all Indian dishes fit to be set before princes and gods. But what shall I say of the hulled corn of old? None of your modern tasteless western corn, hulled with potash, but the real, genuine ambrosia, hulled in the nice sweet lye made from fresh hard oak and maple-wood ashes. I remember when a bowl or porringer of hulled corn and milk was a thousand times more relished by me than any dish I can now find at any hotel in the United States. Narragansett hulled corn and beans was in those days ten thousand times as good, as I remember, as the best pork and beans ever cooked in Boston town of that day, or in Boston city of the present dishonest, defaulting age. Then again, there was the great Indian dish called no-cake,

in which was concentrated such inexpressible sweetness and life-sustaining power that the aborigines of New England, when hunting or on the warpath, could carry forty days' provisions each on their backs without inconvenience.

The No-cake family, the last survivors of the famous Narragansett Indians, have recently, I think, with one exception, become extinct in Washington county, where the scanty remnants of the tribe were located, on the Indian reserve in Charlestown.

No-cake was made of pounded parched Indian corn. Curious enough, I can remember when the eating of no-cake and milk was considered somewhat a test in Narragansett of good breeding. To be eaten gracefully, no-cake must be placed very carefully on the top of the milk, so as to float, and a novice, in taking a spoonful of it to his mouth, is very liable to draw his breath, when the semi-volatile substance enters his throat in advance of the milk and causes violent strangling or sneezing. An expert in the art places the spoonful of milk with the no-cake floating upon the top, carefully into his mouth, and mixes them together without drawing his breath until he swallows. I well remember the old no-cake mortar that used to stand in my grandfather's kitchen, upside down when not in use, so as to serve for a seat. I think it would hold half a gallon of parched corn, or more, which was pounded with a heavy double-headed pestle, for lack of one made of stone, as used by the Indians. This mortar was made of unsplitable wood, known as gumwood or hornbeam, the heart of which is absolutely without grain running in any direction. Old Tom Griswold once de-

scribed horn-beam, after burying every wedge at the woodpile in a short log without cracking it, as being made of "double and twisted lignum vitæ sawdust, spun cross-banded, wove kairsy, cussed at both ends, and damned in the middle."

It was Themillboy's — the mill-boy — only work to shell the corn for family use; go once a week every Friday to mill, and pound the no-cake. These comprised all his duties. Themillboy's age was uncertain. He had gone by the name during at least three generations of the family. When queried with, all that could be got out of the old darkey was that he never had any name but Themillboy. Nor did he know where he was born, if in fact he was ever born at all — rather thought not — guessed he was landed on Pint Judy out of his father Noah's ark; guessed he was the only nigger aboard; did n't see no other; did n't see no nigger woman there; guessed there might have been and not seen her, as it was pretty dark, and he did n't move about much for fear of the crocodiles and snakes. My grandfather always had a number of Bible chapters read in his kitchen every Sunday afternoon, which renders it possible that Themillboy may have confounded the ark with the hold of the slave-ship in which he may have been brought from Guinea. Themillboy said he remembered going to mill for my grandfather's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, and always went to mill on Old Baldface, whose fastest gait was three-quarters of a mile an hour. A hundred years ago Themillboy said he used to carry a bushel of corn on Old Baldface in one end of a bag and a big stone in the other to balance it. As near as could be gathered from

his incoherent words, about that time an innovation was made by which the use of the balancing-stone was abolished, greatly to Themillboy's annoyance, who said that after that he was obliged to shell an additional bushel of corn every time he went to mill to balance the other bushel, instead of using the old meal-bag stone as he had always done before. Themillboy said that the poor folks alike with him complained of the change, for the reason that when they had worked to buy a bushel of corn they were obliged to work as much longer to buy another bushel to balance it with on their shoulder before they could go to mill, whereas they formerly used a stone that cost them nothing. That balancing-stone was made of granite. The mill-boys, or rather mintboys, of this day propose making one of silver.

Phillis always put the parched corn in the gumwood mortar and set Themillboy to pounding it as he sat in the corner in an armed easy-chair. Whether sleeping or waking, when Themillboy once began pounding he never ceased until Phillis touched his right arm, when the mortar was emptied and again replenished with parched corn. Phillis touched Themillboy's left arm, when he would again begin to pound. On one occasion Phillis forgot her no-cake and went to bed, leaving Themillboy pounding. In the morning she found him fast asleep and still at work. One Friday Themillboy went to mill with his grist as usual. Old Baldface arrived home and went up to the accustomed horse-block the same as ever. When black Pomp went to help Millboy off with his grist, he found him sitting bolt upright on Old Baldface, stiff, stark, and dead.

My grandfather had Themillboy decently buried in the family negro burying-ground.

The next Friday, Themillboy not going to the pasture bar-way to call Old Baldface as usual to go to mill, the affectionate animal came to the house to look for his friend and long-time companion. Not being able to find Themillboy, Old Baldface refused to eat or be comforted, and was found dead beside the horse-block the next morning. He was buried close beside Themillboy.

Abe, who, though reputed to be a begotten son of the Devil, was nevertheless a born preacher and knew the Old Testament by heart, performed the funeral services at the grave, taking his text from Samuel 1st chap. 23d verse: "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: *They were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions.*" Abe's sermon on the occasion was very touching and eloquent, he dwelling mostly on the words of the text I have italicized. To show our high appreciation of Abe's discourse, the six little niggs and niggresses and I made up for the preacher a stocking full of pop-corn and roasted red potatoes. After Themillboy's decease, Phillis' jonny-cakes fell off considerably in quality and were not so good as before. She gave as a reason that nobody but he and Old Baldface could get as good meal from the mill as they did.

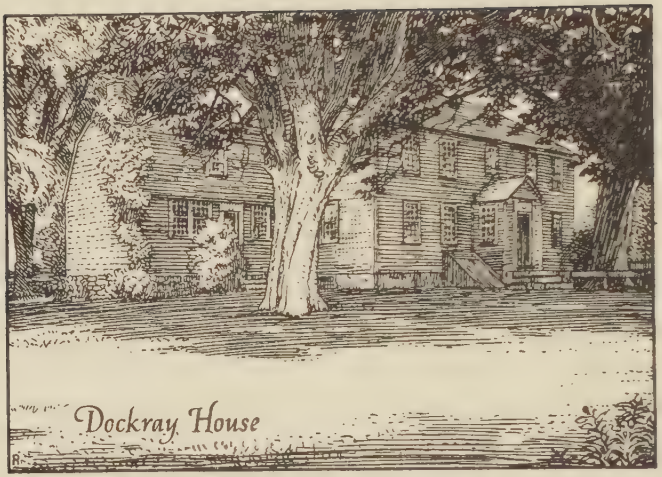
Corn biscuit, or pound cake, another Indian meal luxury, used to be made with one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, ten eggs, and a pint of new milk, with enough ambrosia to mould it into thin cakes. Then there was the whitpot, differing but little from the com-

mon baked Indian pudding, except that it is mixed very thin, and baked very slowly and a great while, so that the milk, eggs, and molasses form a jelly throughout the whole pudding. Then there was the pop-corn, made of four-rowed ears that were chosen because they were the driest thrown out of the corn that was shelled in the kitchen one evening in every week by Themillboy, Abe, myself, and the six little niggs and niggresses who were always on hand to assist. After the corn was all shelled, we each and all built a house on the kitchen hearth with our own cobs, and named it "Cob Town." The one who counted the most cobs was then crowned with a pewter porringer by Themillboy, and declared King of Cob Town. When I happened to be crowned king, I felt enough sight bigger than old Grant or Bonaparte, especially when I came to order my soldiers of both sexes to storm and set fire to every house in the town, which was done with a will amidst loud cheers and hurrahs.

Then came the popping of the corn — a quantity of which being buried by Pomp and Scip in piles of hot wood ashes, soon began to fly in all directions over the kitchen floor. Such a tumbling, romping, and scrambling for the white caps, such a yelling, roaring, shouting, shrieking, scratching, and screaming with excitement and delight as burst from the very hearts of the little niggs, niggresses, and I, cannot be conceived of in this fast age of proprieties and absence among children of all that is natural, delightful, and lovely. Why, let me tell you, quality folks, there used to be in the olden time, when I was a boy, more real, genuine, live fun in a Narragansett kitchen of a long winter evening,

than there is now in all the ball-rooms, opera houses, and theatres in North America in a twelve-month.

When I come to speak of the Indian meal dumpling, that indispensable adjunct of all roast meat dinners in the olden time, I cannot but perceive that I am drawing nearer to the time when I must tell how Phillis was the "remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette," which I must defer to another paper.



Fifth Baking

INDIAN dumplings were, in the olden time, held to be such an indispensable accompaniment of all roasted dishes that Lewis Clarke, known as the Quaker Friar, because of his epicurism, used to say, that if he had nothing but a roasted potato for dinner, he should want an Injun dumpling with it.

It used to be said by those who knew, that Lewis Latham Clarke was about the same height in person as the late Jack Falstaff, but a good deal fatter. To reduce his weight so that his horse could carry him from Peleg Gardiner's, where he boarded, to Friends meeting on first days, and thence to John Dockray's, John Robinson's, and Rowland Hazard's, where, in those hospitable days, he was accustomed to dine from five to seven days in the week, old Doctor Aldrich advised him to take exercise by working in the garden. A few

days after this in passing by Mr. Gardiner's, I observed Lewis sitting in a cushioned arm-chair in the garden, weeding cabbages with a pair of kitchen tongs. It was said that through the Lathams, Lewis was connected by descent with Louis XV of France.

There used to be, in the olden time, three old Irish school-masters in Narragansett, all noted for their good breeding and gentlemanly manner, by the names of Master Kelly, Master Ridge, and Master Slaughter. An anecdote used to be told of one of these, I forget which, who happened to call for a dinner at some tavern on Little Rest Hill, where the waggish landlord, to try his politeness to the utmost, sat before him nothing but cold Indian dumplings. On his apologizing to his guest for the meagreness of the fare, the old gentleman remarked, in reply, that he had "eat a better dinner than the one he was partaking, and he had eat a worse."

Speaking of roasted dishes brings to my mind the old-fashioned way of roasting meats and poultry, as practiced in the height of perfection by Phillis, my grandfather's pattern cook. Narragansetters of the olden time, who could not afford to keep a turn-spit boy, used to suspend their joints of meat or poultry against the fire with a string, one end of which was fastened to a nail driven into the ceiling above, and the other tied around the meat or to the legs of the fowl or bird, so as to bring them into the right position before the fire. It was the housewife's duty, as often as she basted the viand in her charge, to give this string a good twist with her fingers, so that when she let go her hold the roasting meats would fly with the rebound

in a contrary direction, and continue to vibrate to and fro until the momentum contributed by the twist was exhausted, by which time the busy housewife would be ready to baste and repeat the twisting again. This mode was found to have a serious objection that attends the imperfect roasting or rather baking process of meats in modern iron ovens, viz.: The juices, of course, settling down into the lower portions of the roast, rendering it greasy, whilst the upper portion became dry and tasteless, something like, though not so bad, as we find roasts at most tables the present day, including those of merchant princes, rich railroad lawyers and receivers, and our first-class hotels. To obviate this sore imperfection incident to the string roasting, an old sinner by the name of Ephe Hazard, who had a palate inside his mouth, invented what was called the "double string meat roaster," whereby the bight of a small cord was passed over a smooth round piece of wood arranged horizontally just below the ceiling above, whilst its two pendant ends were fastened the one to the leg and the other to the neck of the fowl, or to the lower end and upper extremities of the joint of meat. A small stick some three inches in length was tied to one of the strings, so as to make it very convenient for an attendant, with its aid, to put a sharp twist into the machine without much trouble, always preceded by drawing the strings downward and upward alternately so as to reverse the ends of the joint or bird, and thus cause the juices to constantly pass to and fro.

But Phillis managed matters differently. In my grandfather's huge kitchen fireplace there always stood,

as I remember well, a pair of high iron dogs, each furnished with three turned-up lips some three inches apart, so as to raise or lower the spit which rested upon them. On the spit was skewered the roasting joint or fowl and placed a convenient distance from the blazing fire, made of green oak, maple, or walnut wood, with a back-log, if my memory serves, ranging in length and size with a boiler of a seventy-five horse-power locomotive, except on holidays when the Christmas back-log was a heap sight bigger. Behind the spit of roasting meat was placed a pewter platter to reflect back the heat rather larger in circumference than the hind wheel of the eight-horse Concord coach. This spit was always from the first start slowly and regularly turned by the boy Abe, old Pomp, the nigger fiddler, sitting on the hither end of the back-log with a hoe handle in his hand, with which he gave Abe a poke in the ribs as often as he forgot himself and turned the spit too slow; whilst Scip, the black fifer, used to sit on the farther end of the log armed with a long rake-stail with which he gave Abe a punch in the midriff whenever he turned the spit too fast, Phillis in the meantime constantly basting the meat without a moment's relaxation, except when she fetched Abe an occasional swipe across his eyes with her dishcloth as a sort of general reminder. When tin ovens began to come into vogue, my grandfather thought to lessen Phillis' work and bought one for her use; but she, at first sight of the machine, roundly declared that she would never spile a good joint of meat in such a stifled-up thing, which she believed was an invention of the Devil that he kept in his kitchen to roast cooks in who blistered jonny-

cake and made bad coffee. Next, in order to lighten Abe's, Pomp's, and Scip's onerous duties, my grandfather had a smoke-jack put up in the kitchen chimney to turn the spit. But this, too, Phillis utterly eschewed, maintaining that Abe was a good enough smoke-jack for her, and if there was anything on airth she "'spised more than another, it was a shut-up tin oven and an everlasting creaking smoke-jack;" so my grandfather submitted to Phillis' dictation with the best grace he could, and sold the jack for old iron, whilst he swapt away the tin oven with a peddler for half a dozen milk pans, which had just begun to take the place in dairy work of the good old-time sweet cedar keelers.

Talk of the roast meats, roast poultry, and roast wild duck and other feathered game of these days of sulphurous coal and iron stoves, and French and Irish cooks! Why the comparing of Hyperion to a satyr is as wide as the poles are apart from conveying a proper idea of the difference between a second cut or sirloin of fat, juicy beef, roasted by Phillis, with a Yorkshire pudding beneath it to catch the drippings, and the same article as it is baked or burned rather than roasted by most of the professional cooking artists of the present day. So too with a roast saddle of mutton, a brisket of nice, fat, six weeks old veal, — next to a Rhode Island turkey the best roast dish in the world, — a quarter of a lamb, or a haunch of venison. No one living who was not born in the last century has any proper conception of the amount of good things that God has provided for man, for the reason that for three-quarters of a century or more, the Devil has busied himself in insinuating modern labor-saving machines, and

foisting upon us a host of foreign cooks of his own breeding. Then when we come to poultry and game! I will for the present forbear speaking of that king of all birds, whether of the wild game or farm-yard species, the Rhode Island turkey! Should I ever feel myself at all competent to do that glorious thing justice after it had passed through the hands of Phillis, I may venture on the sublime theme again before I close this part of my subject. Then Phillis' roasted ducks! Their juiciness, the divine exquisiteness of their seasoning, for, as Lewis the Quaker Friar was wont to say, even a duck without stuffing was nothing but a duck; their ravishing sweetness, their enrapturing flavor, and, above all, their glorious fascinating complexion when immediately after Abe's last turn of the spit they were brought by Margaret smoking hot to the table.

If Titian, the great Venetian artist, had not died two centuries before Phillis was in her prime, I would have sworn he could nowhere else have obtained a knowledge of the exquisite tint he has imparted to the coloring of his beautiful female brunettes that grace the picture galleries of Venice and Bologna, but by a close inspection and a profound study of the complexion of Phillis' roasted ducks. Nor was she less successful in preparation and roasting of all kinds of game, wild and domestic, fish and fowl, large and small. I cannot recall to mind the exact time when a young friend of my grandfather chanced to pass a night at our house. He was fond of shooting, and prided himself on his skill as a sportsman, and his discriminating taste in respect to the quality of game and the pleasures of the table. He arrived past the middle of the afternoon, and

shortly after went out with his pointer and gun to reconnoitre. After an hour's absence he returned with two birds in his bag, the one a woodcock, the other a crow. My grandfather handed the birds to Abe and told him to prepare the woodcock for Phillis, that she might roast it for the young gentleman's breakfast, he intending to leave the next morning at an early hour. Abe, who, as I have related before, was a begotten son of the Devil, took in, as he supposed, the situation at once, arguing in his own mind that as the young man would be up and gone in the morning before any of the "great-room" folks were stirring, he might safely keep the woodcock for his own delectation, and have the less fragrant bird roasted for the stranger guest. In the meantime my grandfather had given orders to Phillis about getting his young friend's breakfast ready at an early hour, with a charge that she should do her best in the matter of roasting the woodcock. Accordingly Phillis was up at dawn of day, and taking the game bird, which she thought had a wonderful suspicious look, from the larder, she proceeded to stuff and anoint it for roasting, after her very best fashion, Abe in the meantime turning the spit as usual, although as Phillis several times remarked to him, he seemed to be in an uncommon grimacing humor. It would have done a philanthropist's heart good to have seen the youthful New York sportsman enjoy the game he had bagged, every mouthful of which he swallowed with a gusto, picking the bones and grinding the smaller ones with his teeth until there was scarcely a vestige of the bird left in the dish. When he took leave of Phillis and Abe, he handed each of them a quar-

ter of a dollar and remarked that he had never tasted so exquisite a dish of any kind of game before in all his life, and that if Phillis would come to New York and cook for his club at Tontine Coffee House, he could insure her wages enough to drive a coach and six, attended by some half a dozen colored footmen and outriders. Nor was this all, for a few days afterward my grandfather received a letter from his young friend in which he dwelt enthusiastically on the great treat he had received in Narragansett, closing with the request that my grandfather would accept from him a pair of canvas-back ducks that he had just forwarded via Newport by packet, as a trifling acknowledgment of his hospitality and of the wonderful skill in the preparation and roasting of woodcock possessed by his inestimable colored cook.

The canvas-back ducks arrived safely in due season, and were roasted by Phillis in her best fashion to supplement a dinner, the chief ingredient of which was a saddle of real home-raised Rhode Island wether mutton, which, as everybody knows, is by all odds a thousand times better than any other mutton in the world. After the mutton was removed, the canvas-backs were brought on the table smoking hot, and done to a turn and a charm, in every particular. The mutton, however, had proved so delicious, that none of the great-room folks did more than taste a morsel of the game ducks, and the whole of one and more than half of the other went to the kitchen table. In less than a quarter of an hour thereafter all six of the little niggs and niggresses came to the great-room door, every one sniveling and complaining to my grand-

mother that cross old Phillis would n't give them any mutton to eat and wanted them to make their dinner on them old canvas-backs!

As I have got too near the close of this paper to finish telling how Phillis, my grandfather's cook, was the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, I will defer that interesting topic to another paper, and go back to the Rhode Island turkey, which, as everybody knows, as well as other readers of the Journal, sells in the Boston market for three cents per pound higher than any other turkey. This is owing, in part, to the manner of raising, feeding, and dressing the turkey in Rhode Island, and in part to the salubrious and genial Gulf Stream atmosphere, let Grinnager say what he may, that prevails in the southern part of the Ancient Atlantis, now called Newport county and Narragansett. The real Rhode Island turkey is large in size, and black and shiny in aspect. He eats plentifully of milk curdled with rennet when in infancy, and in boyhood feeds largely on grasshoppers, better known in the olden time as *hoppergrasses*. The curdled milk, whether sour or sweet before adding the rennet is immaterial, keeps the infant turkey from the gasps and the bowel complaint, which in its absence, or if fed on milk that sours itself, with no rennet added to rectify, carries off great numbers of the younglings at about the age of three or four weeks.

After the season of grasshoppers is over, turkeys should be fed to the full on hard, sound Rhode Island corn, which is incomparably richer and more oily in quality than the western chaffy stuff, two bushels of it,

as I am informed by those who have carefully tested it, containing as much fattening material as three bushels of western corn. If turkeys can run in the fall months where they get a plentiful supply of Tallman sweetings and other nutritious sweet apples, the fruit will add to the juiciness and flavor of the flesh. To be first-rate, turkeys intended for the Boston market, or for anybody with a palate in his throat, should never be fatted on meal, not even if made from ambrosia, for the reason that when ground a larger and grosser portion goes to the flesh than when fed in the grain, and consequently the bird is not of so delicate a flavor. This rule holds good in an eminent degree in the making of pork and hams, one pound of hard corn and pure water-fed pork or hams being worth to a person of taste, and who knows what is what, full ten pounds of soft pork fatted on meal, and at least five hundred pounds of greasy, slushy, soft, nauseous swill-fed pork such as is often seen on the tables of the foremost hotels in the land.

When the turkey is well fattened, say anywhere from Thanksgiving to Christmas, before being prepared for market or home use, he should be shut up and kept without food for some eighteen hours. Then suspend the sacred creature from a spike above, carefully by a stout cord or string tied around both legs, and holding the head downward reverently but quickly cut asunder the jugular vein, and just as soon as the breath leaves pluck off the feathers before the body gets cold. This done, remove the crop and entrails without loss of time, restoring the liver and gizzard, when the latter is cleansed of the gravelly contents and its inside skin. Then tie a string around the body and both wings and

also around both legs, and hang him up in a cool, dry place for from two to three days. You will then have a superior dish, if properly seasoned and roasted, to any other known animal, fowl, or fish, whether wild game or domestic, on this or any other terraqueous globe within the scope of man's knowledge. A bird that I am sure Jove must prize far above his eagle, and as little like the still-swill, barley-meal, potato-fed turkey of New York and other cities and states as possible, which, as a rule, are first stuffed with foul feed to repletion and then soused into scalding water to save a minute's labor in plucking the feathers, and again often suffered to lie sweltering for weeks, until they become hideous through the foulness of their own fermenting ordure, and lastly dry baked in an oven and placed before the nabobs of New York, a large portion of whom have no more palate in their mouths than a lobster. To such a foul bird as I have last described, the Rhode Island dry-dressed angelic turkey is as totally unlike and more so than the Dutch bedeviled turkey of New York is unlike a roasted carrion-gorging turkey buzzard stuffed with its own foul offal. To illustrate, I disremember the exact time when my father and I accepted an invitation from a former Mayor of New York, a family connection, to dine with a Milord and Milady, friends of his who had lately arrived from England. There was a magnificent looking baked turkey on the board that seemed ready to burst with a superabundance of stuffing. My lady, being helped to a plentiful supply of the seasoning, politely expressed a wish after tasting it, to get a receipt for its making. Our host accordingly summoned Biddy to the door of the dining-room and asked

her to explain to Milady the secret of her turkey seasoning and to reveal to her its component parts.

"And is it after the inside fixings her ladyship is axing, your honor? Why then shure and her ladyship must axe the haithen Dutchman who sent the animal home by your honor's nagur! For didn't I prepare as illigant a mixture as was ever set before a peg in old Ireland, and when I come to apply it to the insides of the bird, didn't I perceive that before the blackguard biled the poor thing's feathers clean off its back and all, and all, he had crammed it so full of his own bad smelling engradients before it was dead, bad luck to the thaif, that the deil of a tayspoonful of my foine mixture could the blessed Vargin herself, not for the love of Jasus and all the saints, have forced into aither end of the craythur, at all, at all!"

Sixth Baking

I SUPPOSE impatient readers may think it about time I told how it happened that my grandfather's super-excellent cook, Phillis, was the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and so after dwelling a little longer on the unequaled excellences of the never-enough-to-be-praised, corn-fed, dry-dressed Rhode Island turkey, I will proceed to gratify their harmless curiosity, on that point.

Singular enough, it was doubtless mostly owing to the superlative flavor of a well-fattened, well-killed, well-picked, well-dry-dressed Rhode Island turkey, that caused almost every species of wild fowl in the olden time to multiply in Narragansett almost beyond belief. My brother Joseph just now writes me from London that he remembers when tens of thousands of marsh birds, yellow legs, plover, kill-willetts, &c., &c., used to be on the marshes of the Narrow Pettaquamscutt river and Salt pond all through the autumn, and vast multitudes of wild ducks therein until the ice drove most of them out, after which every airhole would be full of them all winter, and of wild geese in their season, especially in the night and on stormy days. I have myself seen of a morning on the farm on which the Tower Hill House now stands, flocks of wild geese, and as many black ducks or more, gathered under the bushes on the edge of the marsh, whilst the more isolated and smaller ponds abounded with summer duck and teal. In still earlier times so immense were the

flocks of teal, the best water fowl known when roasted by Phillis, not excepting even the boasted wild, celery-fed canvas-back of the Chesapeake, that it used to be told when I was young, that Thomas H. Hazard, of Little Neck Farm, and hence called Little Neck Tom, the father of the late Sylvester R. and Dr. R. R. Hazard, of Newport, once shot with a single sweep of his long duck gun in the North Narragansett Pier pond fifty-one teal that he got, and then followed the remainder of the flock to the south pond, where he again raised them, and with another sweeping shot of his gun brought down forty-nine more, making just one hundred teal at the two shots. My brother writes further, "I remember very well when black ducks built their nests on Point Judith, and I have often flushed them among the huckleberry and other bushes. I have also seen a partridge at roost on my barn at Sea Side. I have seen as many as twenty English snipe at one time about your upper pond reservoir in Rocky Brook, since 1825." Again, my brother says, "I can remember when there used to be acres of wild ducks, widgeons, broadbills, dippers, &c., &c., in the salt lake that bounds Point Judith on the west, whilst the marshes and hills on its borders swarmed with countless green-headed plover, black breasts, canvas-back plover, curlews, meadow larks, &c., &c., &c. Why! even as late as 1835, I can remember there were multitudes of teal and other duck in almost every stream, pond, and even mud-hole in Narragansett. Partridges and quails were plenty everywhere. I remember that the late Benjamin Hadwen, since 1837, kept his horses in a barn that stood a little south-west of Saunders Coates' house at the North Pier.

He had to walk from his house to his barn — about 250 yards — to attend to his horses, and habitually took his gun in his hand to shoot such game as he might see on his way. Benjamin told me that he killed ninety-two quail on this short beat in one winter.

"I recollect that a partridge, the pheasant of Pennsylvania and grouse of Long Island, was found one morning at roost in a coil of rope on the deck of the pier sloop, as she lay at the wharf.

"Bob Billington, now 80, who is a reliable man about such things, told me some few years ago that when he was a boy he could kill more ducks in the little ponds in Point Judith, with stones, than can now be killed with a gun."

I remember when many years ago the late Captain Jeremiah Whaley, of Narragansett Pier, arranged with a neighbor to go shooting for one week, Sunday excepted, for sea-fowl at the season they were passing from North to South. They stood on the rocks that bound the shore a little south of Narragansett Pier, and shot the birds on the wing as they followed the coast line. The two bagged in the six days six hundred head. On one day the weather proved very cold, and to keep his dog who swam off the rocks to bring in the game, from freezing, Captain Whaley covered him up with his pea-jacket or coat, taken off his own shoulders.

And now methinks I hear some captious reader, whose powers of analysis are not sufficiently acute to enable him to trace effects to causes and *vice versa* to exclaim, "What upon airth had a dry-dressed, corn-fed, well-cooked Rhode Island turkey to do with making wild fowl so abundant in the olden times?" Well,

let me answer, has not *Sir Knowall* yet learned that the mightiest effects have generally, if not always, flowed from causes apparently trivial and disconnected with great results that follow in their train? Was not, let me ask, the cause of the famous island in the Tiber simply a bull's hide lodged by accident in the stream? Was not the firm land in the midst of the river Seine in Paris, on which the great temple Notre Dame apparently so firmly stands, caused simply by the accidental lodgment of a shock of wheaten corn? Was not one of the longest and most bloody wars that ever devastated Europe caused simply by a diamond necklace? Was not the thoughtless biting of an apple by mother Eve the cause of consigning a thousand million of myriads and more of human beings to an ever burning hell of fire and brimstone?

Was not, in short, the terrible bloody revolution of France and the death of Marie Antoinette caused simply by my grandfather's famous and inimitable cook Phillis in—but I forget that I have not yet told how the Rhode Island corn-fed, dry-dressed, nicely cooked *à la* Phillis roast turkey caused almost every species of wild fowl to multiply in the olden time in Narragansett almost beyond belief. To make the explanation and tell the whole story, as it were in a nutshell, I will say it was after this wise: In the good olden time, society in Narragansett and mostly elsewhere was divided, very much like Sancho Panza's family relatives, into two classes, viz.: The "Have Somethings," whom that doughty Squire averred he greatly respected and loved, and ever clung to through thick and thin, and the "Have Nothings," whom the same discriminat-

ing individual held in supreme contempt and always avoided. Now it so happened that the first named of these classes in Narragansett, having the wherewithal to luxuriate on corn-fed, dry-dressed, nicely roasted Rhode Island turkeys, became by second nature so fastidious in their taste that they had no desire to partake of less dainty game, and therefore never troubled themselves about the numerous tribes of wild fowl that abounded in its waters, forests, swamps, and marshes, and on its plains and hillsides. Powder and shot being high in price, and cash articles, were wholly out of the reach of the "Have Nothings," and consequently the only way the meaner sort of livers could obtain the inferior kind of game, such as snipe, woodcock, teal, wild geese, and ducks, &c., when compared with the corn-fed, dry-dressed, nicely roasted Rhode Island turkey was after the manner pursued by Bob Billington, as described by my brother Joseph, by shying stones at them, either out of the hand or sling. After the manufacturing business became established in Narragansett and fourfolded the wages of the laboring class, and Gust Hazard, a Narragansett boy, had gone to Enfield, Conn., and cheapened the price of gunpowder, every factory boy in South Kingstown was enabled to pass his holidays and Sundays roaming about the country with a gun in his hand—and now so scarce is game thereabout that scarcely a chippen bird or ground sparrow is to be seen, nor can they hardly light on a stone heap without being fired at, whilst nearly every other species of game has become extinct, unless it be the woodchuck, which, owing probably to his wonderful cunning, and little value of his hide or carcass, seems

to defy all attempts to exterminate his race. I will narrate, as a specimen of his wily ways, the following circumstance: I was many years ago riding along in the driftway that used to run on the west side of Apple Tree Plain, a little north of Peace Dale, when I spied a woodchuck, and a freak of fancy incited me to give chase to him on horseback. He had ventured some considerable distance from his hole, and before he reached it I came up with him and was preparing to dismount and seize him, when he suddenly fell as dead as a door nail. I took him up and laid him on the pommel of my saddle, and carried him home and into the house. None of us could discern the slightest sign of life in the creature, but as his limbs and body remained supple and warm, I thought it possible he might be playing possum. So I took him out into a field near by and threw him on the ground some ten rods or so from a stone wall. I remember he fell with his head partly doubled under his body so that he must have lain in a very uncomfortable position, but still I could not see that he made the least movement. I then hid behind the wall and peeked through it to watch the result. After a few minutes the chuck slowly worked his head out from beneath his body, and very slily raised it and took a general survey of the situation. Seemingly satisfied that no enemy was cognizant of his presence, he started to run for the wall directly where I lay behind it, which was the nearest point. I jumped over the wall when, finding himself headed off, down he dropped again as dead as a hatchet. So after repeating the experiment again and again, with like result, I thought I would let the knowing creature live, and leaving him to find

his way home as best he might, I went about my business. I will just here say for the benefit of such readers as may not be acquainted with the reach of ground that was some fifty years ago called Apple Tree Plain, that it lies a little south-east of the narrow causeway that passes over a western arm of the Peace Dale mill-pond on which the late Hon. Elisha R. Potter once chanced to meet a pedler with his tin cart near the centre of the causeway. It being impossible to pass each other, and neither party seeming disposed to back out, Mr. Potter took a newspaper from his pocket and settled himself back in his seat as if he had the design of staying until the pedler gave ground to him. After continuing to read for an hour or so, the pedler at length broke silence and commenced conversation by ejaculating in an interrogatory tone, "I say, Squire?" "Well," said Mr. Potter, "what have you got to propose?" "Nothing," replied the pedler, "only to remark that when your honor has committed that newspaper to heart, you will please allow me a chance to peruse it!" Mr. Potter thought it was no use to contend with such a customer and so backed his horse to the other end of the causeway and let the pedler pass on his way.

Christmas was jolly in the olden time. Three great young gobblers used to be roasted at my grandfather's on that occasion, two for the kitchen folks and one for the great-room folks, with warm cranberry sauce, dumplings, and onions to match. Every darkey in Narragansett who could claim relationship in the ninth degree with one of their race who had belonged to any of my grandfather's ancestors felt that they had as

good a right in the house on Christmas eve and the twelve holidays following, as any of the heirs at law; and oh! did n't they have a jolly time! As I remember, there was, in the good old time, always a terrible snow-storm on Christmas night, and the whole of the next day. But who cared for that! There was a great pile of logs and wood stowed away in the big wash-room to burn, and plenty of roast turkeys, and mince and pumpkin pies to eat, to say nothing of the scores of other good things. As I have before hinted, the Christmas back-log was a heap sight bigger and longer than the boiler of a seventy-five horse power locomotive. Pomp always sat on one end of the log on the occasion with his fife, and Scip on the other with his fiddle! and such music! Talk about your opera music! I have heard it again and again, and I can aver with a clear conscience that it never seemed half as lively as Pomp's fife or Scip's fiddle used to when I was a small boy, while old Mose's Guinea songs sounded in my ear a thousand times more divine than I ever heard from the throat of Jenny Lind or any other nightingale singer. And then the dancing! Why! Old Phillis, my grandfather's cook, was as rotund and fat as any other cook in Narragansett, and yet I have seen her, when full dressed in her big white homespun apron reaching clean round her middle and tied behind, and from her chin down to her ankles; I have seen her, I say, when a small boy, start at the hearth and whirl around in the air six times before she reached the farther end of the kitchen, which was at least fifty feet long, if I remember, and then make a whirl the other way, and so whirl back again in the air just as

she went, to where she started from. And there was long-legged Sam, too, who had a way of his own of fetching a terrific screech like a catamount, and then darting forward to the middle of the floor and striking the ceiling behind him with the heel of one foot, at the same moment that he kicked it before him with the toe of the other foot. I can't say that I ever saw Sam execute this feat, as it was generally performed past midnight, after I was sent to bed, but then I have heard him screech and remember seeing the two holes that Mose told me that Sam kicked in the plastering, that were, if my memory serves, about sixteen feet apart. This seems, it is true, a great distance for any man to straddle, black or white, but then it must be remembered that Sam was uncommonly tall, and most all legs at that. Nor did these Christmas holiday gambols cease with the advent of the sun, which Phillis used to shut out of the windows with curtains most of the time, because she said it darkened the room by stealing light from her blazing fire. The day after Christmas there was always a great snow-bank piled up against the north kitchen window, at least ten feet high. I disremember the name of a burly descendant of one of my grandfather's great-grandfather's negroes, who used to spend his Christmas holidays at our house. The fellow would open a window opposite the big snow-bank and then lay himself flat on his face on the floor beneath it, and raise his head, arms, shoulders, feet, legs, thighs, and all, entirely off the floor, so that he would just bear on a small part of the middle of his belly, and then begin to work the muscles that lie contiguous to the navel until, through their force and ac-

tion alone, he would fetch a sudden spring and throw himself full length through the open window without touching its sides or sill, and bury himself entirely out of sight in the snow-bank outside. I can't say that I ever saw this feat performed with my own eyes, but then I remember seeing the snow-bank and heard Mose tell all about seeing it done, whose word I then had and still have as implicit faith in as I have in that of Moses of the Pentateuch. And, oh, what splendid stories these old nigs, gathered from all quarters of Narragansett, used to tell me and the six little nigs and niggresses! Many a time have I sat scrooched up in the kitchen corner, and trembling all over with fear, listening to their stories of the big lions, snakes a thousand feet long, and giants, in Guinea, with my eyes fixed intently on the great-room door waiting to see it opened by some one, when I would scamper as fast as my legs would carry me so as to get in before it was shut again.

As in everything else, Mose excelled in story-telling. If I was to live through three eternities, I know I should never forget his telling about the black gal who went down into the swamp graping, in Guinea, when she was "cocht" by an old giant who tore her into four pieces and hanged one hind quarter on a swamp oak tree and the other on a maple tree, whilst he hanged one of her fore quarters on a chestnut tree and the other on a walnut tree. Even now that I am in my eighty-third year, I seldom see a wild grape-vine loaded with fox grapes, that I do not think of old Mose's story, which I devoutly believed in, into advanced boyhood. In fact, if it had not been for that born devil, Abe, I

am not sure but that so deeply would my spirit have been imbued with faith in Mose's story about the giant and the black gal, that I should have believed in it to this day, just as thousands of others do in equally marvelous stories merely through the force of early education and then constantly hearing them through life. The way my faith first became shaken in the divine authority of Mose was after this wise: One shiny evening as I stood in the back door looking at the moon, then nearly full, Mose asked me if I did n't want a bit of it. On my telling him that I did, he told me to keep my eyes on the moon, and he would knock off a piece of it for me. Suiting his action to his word, Mose shyed a piece of slate stone at the moon, and then stooping down picked up something yellow which he said he had knocked off one side of the moon, as I could see if I looked closely at it. I picked up the shiny thing at my feet and then observed that it was shaped so as to fit exactly on one side of the moon, off of which I now for the first time observed a small crescent-shaped piece had been knocked by the stone shyed at it by Mose. I kept the shiny piece and showed it to Abe, who made fun of it, and said that it was nothing but a piece of "old yaller punkin rind."[4] This made me mad, and I told Mose what Abe said. To my surprise Mose said that what Abe said was true, and that the moon was nothing but a great yaller punkin that grew on a long vine that dangled down from heaven. This raised the first doubt in my mind of the perfect verity of the word of Mose, but nevertheless I could never bear the sight of Abe afterwards, because he was the means of shaking my faith in what I had imbibed in my infancy as

truth, and still wanted, like all other people on earth, of whatever race, color, or nation, to believe in to my dying day.

In the olden time each dish of meat or fowl had its own special proper fixings, which with all good livers were deemed indispensable. Roast beef, for instance, was always accompanied with a Yorkshire pudding and cranberry sauce; roast mutton with currant jelly; boiled mutton with round turnips; roast lamb with mint sauce and green peas; roast veal with horse radish, lemons, if to be had, asparagus, and dandelions, the best and wholesomest green in the world if properly boiled with a portion of the root attached. Roast turkey was always attended with boiled rice, onions, and cranberry sauce. The specialties of roast goose and ducks were onions and apple sauce, the big cat-head apple being the finest grained, the best, and the tartest of all for the purpose.

Speaking of cat-heads brings to my mind a cat story that I will relate in my next, previous to entering upon my long-deferred account of how Phillis, my grandfather's renowned cook, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Seventh Baking

THE cat story that popped into my head on mention of the cat-head or pie-apple, at the close of my last chapter, was after this wise. There were living at my grandfather's house, in Narragansett, fifteen full-grown cats all told, besides some litters of kittens. One first-day forenoon, when all the great-room folks had gone to Quaker meeting, excepting me, who had torn my breeches purposely that morning so that I might be left at home, Abe and I arranged to have a good time. So we shut the inside shutters of the great-room, thus excluding the light, all but what got through a little heart-shaped hole at the top of each pair of shutters, and then set ourselves to catch the cats and shut them in the dark room. After an hour's work, we succeeded in grabbing and shutting up fourteen of the number, including the great yaller tom-cat, which was nigh upon as big as a catamountain. There was, however, an old black cat that took to the cock-loft of the garret, which Abe finally declared the Devil himself could n't get if he tried to. The cock-loft was very dark, and we could see nothing but the old sarpent's eyes looking like two balls of fire, and when we went softly to the place, they showed themselves in another corner of the cock-loft. So we gave her up, and went down to the great-room, into which we shut ourselves with the fourteen cats, which were of all the colors of the rainbow, including several other shades to boot. Next, Abe and I each got a window-stick and went to chasing the cats like mad around the room, occasionally hitting one on the head or

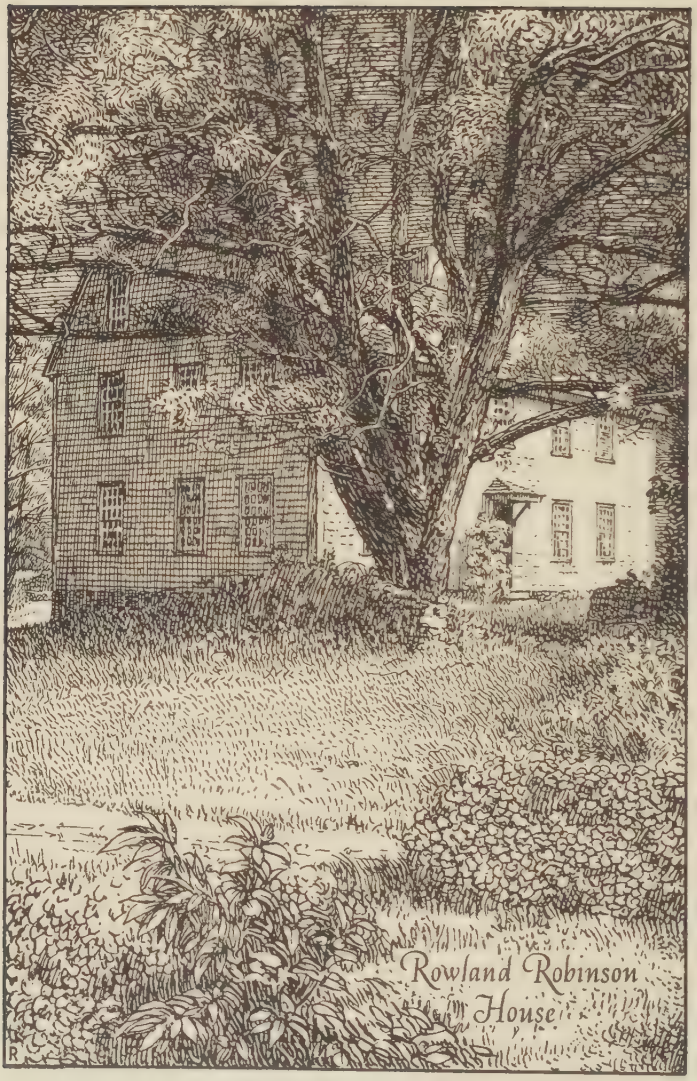
wherever came handiest. After racing round and round a few times, the great yaller cat darted into the fireplace and up the chimney, followed by the whole drove.

Just at this time old Kit Potter, the Tower Hill cooper, chanced to be coming down the lane, and seeing the cats pouring out of the top of the chimney, he hurried back to his house and told his wife that she need n't dispute with him any longer about Hazard's house being haunted, for he had just seen more than five hundred witches sitting on the roof, and more coming out of the chimney.

The cat-head or pie-apple is peculiarly adapted to making apple sauce and pies, inasmuch as it is not only one of the earliest of apples, but has a singularly fine, soft, pulpy grain. In fact, it is by all true Narragansetters acknowledged that the fruits that grow in that latitude are far superior in quality and lusciousness in Washington and Newport counties than anywhere else, with one exception, on this terraqueous globe. This is owing, in a great measure, to the general softness of the Gulf Stream air that there pervades. The exception I make is a district of country lying between the Euphrates and the Tigris rivers in ancient Assyria, where the Garden of Eden was situated. Owing to the bland, soft, warm south-western breezes from the Persian Gulf that fan this delightful region, the climate of the country, for some distance from the sea, very much resembles that of the southern coast of the Ancient Atlantis, though perhaps not quite equal to the latter in its delightful temperature, or in the quality of its fruits and other vegetable productions.

On the north, contiguous to Vaucluse, in Ports-

mouth, R. I., the residence of "Shepherd Tom," there lies the old Isaac Chase farm, which in the olden time was owned and occupied, in the summer season, by Mr. Bowler,[5] a rich East India merchant of Newport. Mr. Bowler had a beautiful garden and took great delight in beautifying his grounds and hot-houses with exotics from all parts of the world. On one occasion a Captain Green Chausan, of one of Mr. Bowler's East India ships, chanced to rescue from shipwreck a prince of the royal blood of Persia, whose father, in the fervor of his gratitude for saving and restoring to him his son, presented to the captain from his own garden, situated on the site of the ancient Garden of Eden, a young apple tree growing in a porcelain tub, which was declared to be one of the few direct lineal descendants of the tree of knowledge. On his arrival in Newport, Captain Chausan as in duty bound presented the young tree to his employer, Mr. Bowler, who was delighted beyond measure with the precious gift, and thought to guard and protect it by placing it in a hot-house, some remains of which are yet to be seen, but was admonished in a dream by an angel, claiming to be Mother Eve, to do no such thing, as the climate of southern Rhode Island was, if anything, a little more favorable to its growth than that of southern Assyria, from whence it was removed. Mr. Bowler had such faith in the vision that he had the tree carefully removed from the tub or vase with the earth attached and transplanted into Rhode Island soil, where it grew and flourished beyond his most sanguine expectations, and finally developed into what has ever since been called the Rhode Island greening.


Rowland Robinson
House

The Rhode Island greening is acknowledged the world over to be the richest and finest flavored apple in the universe, provided it grows on the sunny outside branches of the tree, and is allowed to hang and ripen until the last of October, or middle of November, if possible. I want readers, however, to understand that nowhere else on earth, except in the region I have indicated, viz.: the Garden of Eden in Assyria and the Garden of Eden in Rhode Island, the Ancient Atlantis, can the Rhode Island greening be grown in perfection. It is true that grafts from the genuine Rhode Island Assyrian tree have been widely cultivated in most of the Eastern and Northern States of the Union, but nowhere out of the hallowed limits I have designated can an apple of any kind be found that compares in flavor with the Rhode Island greening of Eden, any more than a swill-fed, hot-water-picked, live-stuffed, French or Irish baked New York turkey compares in delightful delicacy and flavor with a grasshopper, corn, and Tallman sweeting fed, dry-dressed, *à la* Phillis roasted Rhode Island turkey. Until they got to sending spurious greenings to London from New York and Boston, the Rhode Island greening sold by far the highest in that market of any apple known.

During the latter part of the Revolutionary War, the Marquis Lafayette used to stay alternately at Rowland Robinson's in Narragansett and at Mr. Bowler's in Portsmouth. On the occasion of a visit of General Washington to Newport, Mr. Bowler gave him a social dinner party, which in that day was considerately and wisely limited to eight in number, who sat at a round table of the exact circumference required for

the comfortable seating of the guests. These consisted of General Washington, the Marquis Lafayette and his host, Mr. Bowler, Count Rochambeau, Admiral De Tierney, Rev. Ezra Styles, Parson Hopkins, and William Ellery. Thinking to give his French guests an unexpected treat, Mr. Bowler had prepared for the occasion, a dozen bottles of cider, made from the sunny-side half of mellow Rhode Island greenings gathered from the tree in November, which he had labeled Eden Champagne. Mine host had also prepared for the entertainment, a quantity of two kinds of the best brands of French champagne, which Mr. Bowler requested his guests to taste in turn and favor him with their opinion of the separate qualities. A sip was taken first of each kind from full glasses of the French wine, but when the Eden champagne was raised by his guests to their lips, in every instance the glass was drained below the customary heel-tap before it was set down again. The French gentlemen severally testified that they had never tasted anything so divine at any court in Europe as Eden champagne, and speaking wiser than they knew, they one and all declared that it could be no other than the fabled nectar of the gods. When the twelfth bottle was finished and Mr. Bowler apologized to his guests for not being able to furnish any more of the kind, all of his secular guests except Washington shed many tears, whilst the parsons, after draining the last drop from their glasses, both lifted up their voices and wept aloud. In his soberer moments, upon learning that the Eden champagne he had drank with such gusto at Mr. Bowler's table was simply Rhode Island greening cider, Dr. Hopkins was

heard to remark that he should always henceforth have more charity for Mother Eve's unfortunate slip, by which she had been the cause of consigning some millions of myriads of men and women to an endless hell of fire and brimstone, to say nothing of as many more infants, as he was not sure if a bottle of the cider made of the same kind of apple was placed before him when he was dry, that he would be able to resist the temptation of tasting it, even if the penalty attached to his doing so was to be his own everlasting damnation!

The tree of the genuine Rhode Island greening is unique in its manner of growth and of great size. In Washington and Newport counties it often reaches a gigantic size, with its limbs spreading out some thirty feet in every direction from a central platform a few feet from the ground. I remember seeing a greening tree many years ago, in the Captain Phillips orchard, just south of the compact part of the city of Newport, the main branches of which spread so widely and symmetrically from the main stem near the ground, that invited parties used to seat themselves around a table and the platform made by the united limbs, and take their tea. Another peculiarity of the Rhode Island greening tree is the exceeding crookedness of its branches. I have heard travelers who have been in nearly every country on the globe say that nowhere else but in southern Rhode Island have they ever seen apple trees of such gigantic size or such wide-spreading and peculiarly crooked limbs. I remember hearing the late Daniel E. Updike, of East Greenwich, relate that on one of his brothers coming home from college, his father, who lived near Wickford, in Washington

county, thinking to make a farmer of his son, sent him out into Connecticut to buy a dozen cows for dairy purposes. On being asked by his father in the evening of his return, after several days' absence, what luck he had experienced in buying cows, the young college-bred farmer said that cows were rather scarce, but that he had succeeded in buying a score of goats, which he thought might answer the purpose of a dairy as well or better than cows, as he was told they eat less and at the same time gave richer milk. The young man in answer to his father's queries further said that he had turned the flock for the night into the old greening orchard. The next morning the old gentleman, who, unlike his college-bred son, was an early riser, walked out to the orchard to take a view of his new kind of cows, but not seeing anything of the goats, concluded, as he devoutly hoped, that they had scaled the walls and returned home. As he turned to go back to the house, his attention was directed to the top branches of one of the crooked-limbed, wide-spread apple trees by a peculiar sound he heard, when lo and behold, he discovered his son's dairy all perched up in the branches of his favorite greening trees luxuriating on the apple blossoms. From that hour the old man concluded that however well adapted a collegiate education as then—and now—conducted was to the professions of law, medicine, and divinity, it was worse than useless when applied to agriculture.

To return from this digression to the quality of the fruits and vegetables of southern Atlantis, I may say that the old-fashioned wild strawberry that used to grow in my grandfather's cow pasture, on the eastern

declivity of Tower Hill, was as far superior in delicacy of texture and flavor to any coarse garden or cultivated strawberry of the present day as a Narragansett wild high blackberry is to a coarse pulped, tasteless, cultivated Lawton blackberry, which are as wide apart in deliciousness as the North and South Poles are from each other. In the olden times, wild strawberries used to be so plenty in Narragansett that the hoofs of horses taken out of the pasture of a morning would be dyed red, as it were, with their juice. As to that divinest of all berries, the high blackberry, it used to be so plentiful in Narragansett that I remember when Thomas R. Williams, about sixty years ago, embarked in the blackberry wine business and offered one cent per quart for fine high blackberries, such immense quantities were brought him that he had to curtail his orders. These berries were mostly gathered by the young women in the neighborhood, who paid at the time for cotton cloth, if happily able to buy any, fifty cents per yard to make their shifts of, or fifty quarts of blackberries. Thus four yards of cloth to make a shift costs two dollars, or two hundred quarts of blackberries. Now the cloth sells for six cents per yard and blackberries sell for ten cents or more a quart, so that two hundred quarts of berries that formerly bought four yards of cotton cloth to make a poor girl's shift will now purchase — let me see — two hundred quarts at ten cents per quart, amounts to twenty hundred cents, $20, which, divided by six, the present retail price of cotton shirtings, gives three hundred and thirty-three yards and a fraction over for the same work as bought four yards since my memory. Then there were no pub-

lic schools and but few manufactories. Now there are a plenty of both, and the granddaughters of the poor pickers of blackberries at one cent per quart, who were glad in their day to get housework or any kind of menial labor for twenty-five cents per week, are now earning five dollars per week, or twenty times as much in money, or one hundred and sixty times as much paid in cotton cloth for their chemises. And yet these oppressed young ladies are striking work in all directions for higher wages! Surely the millennium must be nearer at hand than is supposed by the bloated manufacturers.

But now methinks I again hear some captious reader exclaim, as before, what in the name of wonder has the baking of a Rhode Island jonny-cake to do with the price of cotton cloth, or how does it help to prove to us that Phillis, your grandfather's accomplished cook, was the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette? I answer in the words of the poet:

> "What differs more say ye than crown and cowl?
> I tell ye, sirs, a wise man and a fool."

Thusly to the latter-named quadruped there is no relevance, as I have before hinted, at all in a Rhode Island jonny-cake and the price of cotton cloth, or in the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, for the simple reason that a biped of this class, especially if educated in one of our present memory-cramming common schools or most approved colleges or universities, know little or nothing but what they have learned like parrots by rote. To such every fact and incident of mortal and eternal life stand isolated

and distinct from each other, they not having natural gumption or understanding enough to analyze subjects or reason from analogy. But not so with the wise man. He, from the resources of his own mind, the god within him, discerns a likeness in all things, and give him but any one fact to begin with, though that be but a Rhode Island jonny-cake, and he will make it a nucleus and leading string, with which he will unlock and penetrate the secrets of all nature. Educate such a man as this, and he will eschew the false and assimilate the good and true to his own understanding, until he becomes a *vox Dei*, or small god. Educate a fool, and I care not how learned and scientific he may become, he can only assimilate his acquired knowledge in the direction of his natural folly, and thereby become a more accomplished fool! This is the main reason why so many of our scientific men, falsely, as Paul truly says, so called, become such consummate though accomplished blockheads! They have nothing within them educated but their memory, and when that has given forth all that has been impressed upon it in school, they have gone to the full length of their ability and are rendered *hors de combat* whether in disquisition or argument.

Again, let me ask what right has any reader to question the relevance of the price of cotton cloth or that of a Rhode Island jonny-cake with the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette? Such readers would doubtless ridicule the idea that the successful termination of the American Revolution of '76 had its remote cause in certain knitting-bees held by the patriotic women of the counties of Washington in Rhode Island and of

New London in Connecticut, and yet this might be maintained thusly:—but I must defer the thusly to my eighth and next Rhode Island jonny-cake paper, as well as the why and the wherefore that Phillis, my grandfather's most consummate cook, was the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Eighth Baking

I THINK in my last paper I gave readers to understand that before I showed how it happened that Phillis, my grandfather's never-to-be-forgotten accomplished cook, was the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, I would explain to them how certain knitting-bees in Washington county, Rhode Island, and New London county, Connecticut, happened to be the remote cause of the successful termination of the War of Independence. If all I have heard is true, it was after this wise: In the severe winter of 1777 and 1778, after the American troops had been foiled and defeated in almost every direction, they took up their winter quarters at Valley Forge, a deep gorge on the banks of the Schuylkill, about twenty miles west-by-north of Philadelphia. Such was the forlorn condition of his little army that even Washington himself became almost hopelessly discouraged. The men arrived in small detachments, more than half naked. The winter was terribly severe, and the ground was early covered with ice and snow. One detachment came into camp from Whitemarsh, nineteen miles distant, literally barefooted, the ice and snow on the line of march being actually saturated with blood from the naked feet of the patriotic soldiers. Lord Howe was then in possession of Philadelphia, and of course no assistance could be sent to the starving and freezing troops from that city. The treasury was bankrupt, and the Continental Congress was paralyzed and helpless. In his dire ex-

tremity Washington had no one to look to but to his dear and ever reliable friend, Brother Jonathan Trumbull, of Lebanon, Connecticut. A trusty messenger was dispatched to make known to him the critical situation of the army, and if possible send a full supply of woolen stockings for the suffering men. The very next morning after the messenger arrived, Brother Jonathan mounted his horse in a snow-storm and rode through New London county, exhorting on his way every woman he could see to lose no time in prevailing on her neighbors to commence making yarn and knitting stockings for the suffering army. Brother Jonathan next passed into the adjoining county of Washington in Rhode Island, and took up his abode for a short time with Jonathan J. Hazard, who was then the most influential man in the state and a sterling patriot. The next morning both the Jonathans sallied forth on horseback and stumped the county. Jonathan J. was decidedly a lady's man. He knew exactly how to approach the fair sex in the most telling way. Not a matron did he see but he complimented her good looks and made moving appeals to her patriotism. Not a little girl did he meet that he did not tell she was almost as pretty as her mother. Not a little boy whose head he did not pat and tell him in presence of his mamma, that he was undoubtedly born to be a general, a colonel, a captain, or a corporal. The two Jonathans were irresistible. The whole county soon became electrified. Knitting-bees were held on every afternoon and evening and in every quarter; and soon the soldiers were all supplied with stockings, and mostly by the patriotic women of the two counties named. By spring the

nice warm stockings had healed the lacerated feet of the patriotic soldiers, who were thus rendered able to march at any moment. The dilatory Howe was removed from Philadelphia, and replaced by General Clinton, who, upon learning the improved condition and spirit of Washington's little army, became panic-stricken and broke up his quarters at Philadelphia and set out on his march for New York by the way of New Brunswick and Amboy, with eleven thousand men. Washington immediately put his now well-stockinged and jubilant army in motion, and came up with Clinton near the village of Freehold, in Monmouth county, New Jersey, and immediately engaged with him in combat. The battle was long and bloody, and ended so successfully for the Americans that Clinton was compelled to alter his line of march and proceed to New York by making a detour to the right by way of Sandy Hook. It is thought that had General Nathanael Greene occupied the dubious General Lee's position on this occasion as second in command, the whole British army under Clinton would have been compelled to surrender and thus brought the Revolution to a close. As it was, that event had to be deferred to Yorktown; but Washington's partial success on the occasion inspired his army with new hope and courage that never left them until the final victory at Yorktown was accomplished. The encounter took place on a Sunday, the thermometer standing at over one hundred in the shade. Scores of men on both sides perished in the field in consequence of the excessive heat of the day.

Right in the height of battle the Rev. Dr. Cussum held forth, as usual, in the Presbyterian Church, in

Freehold, and such, it was said, was the all-fired fervor with which he damned the enemies of his country, that, added to the external heat of the sun, the panes of a glass window immediately in front of his pulpit actually melted out of the sash, and fell inwards toward the Rev. Doctor, the point where the heat was the greatest.

Thus the old women's stockings, made mostly of the soft, silky wool of Atlantis, healed the feet of the soldiers and enabled them to march against and defeat the enemy, at the culminating crisis of the war, and thus those nether garments became the remote cause of the successful termination of our own Revolution, just as I intend to show, if all I have heard be true, before I close these papers, that Phillis, my grandfather's inestimable cook, was the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. But then, as I have, as I think, before said, there is a time for all things, and great bodies move slowly, &c., &c.

I have elsewhere spoken incidentally of the Narragansett huckleberry, which is an entirely different thing when grown in the delicious Gulf Stream atmosphere of southern Rhode Island than anywhere else in either the western or eastern hemisphere. The largest and best flavored huckleberries are usually to be found on the edges of woodlands where the bushes are partially shaded by the sparse branches of old trees. In such localities the bush grows much taller and the berries much bigger than on bleak, unprotected hills. Indeed, in some instances the delicious flavored woodland berries attain to a size almost marvelous, though perhaps

not quite so big as was once reported to one of the British periodicals, the *London Quarterly*, by an English tourist, who happening some years ago to be passing by an old huckster woman in Newport who was seated by a pile of uncommonly large pumpkins she had to sell, remarked to her, "Old woman, we have bigger happles than them in Hengland." "Happles," she rejoined, "do you call them happles? Why, them ain't happles, them's 'uckleberries!" The Henglish correspondent received the witty remark of the sarcastic old woman for gospel, and so entered it on his memorandum book and reported to his principals that huckleberries grew in the warm, salubrious Gulf Stream atmosphere of Rhode Island, the Eden of America, as big as bushel baskets.

When I was in my teens, I used to hear old people say that when they were young, before powder and shot had become so plenty and cheap, birds of all kinds were so numerous in New England that worms, caterpillars, and other hurtful slugs and insects were kept within such due bounds that the most delicious pears, plums, and peaches were as plenty in Rhode Island as potatoes, and nowhere else so good! This I can readily believe to have been the fact, especially as it relates to peaches, which are infinitely finer flavored if produced in northern climates, and especially in the Gulf Stream atmosphere of Ancient Atlantis, than any grown further south, which, as a general rule, have but little other flavor than that of a vapid, sugary sweetness. Vaucluse lies next south of the Bowler farm, now owned by Constant Chase and his sons Isaac and Herbert, where the greenings grew from which the Eden cham-

pagne I have remarked upon in a former paper, was made. Consequently my farm is situated in the very niche in southern Rhode Island, the Ancient Atlantis in the western hemisphere, that corresponds with the former location of the Garden of Eden between the rivers Euphrates and Tigris in ancient Assyria in the eastern hemisphere, and consequently is better adapted for the production of ambrosia and all the fruits of the earth used as food by the luxurious gods of the olden time, than any other locality in America. I will simply relate the following incident to illustrate the superiority of the Bowler and Vaucluse Chausen greenings over all others on the island or elsewhere outside the walls of the old Assyrian garden. One or two summers ago I called to see Mr. L——, of Boston, who has a fine summer residence in south Newport. As everybody knows, Mr. L—— is a gentleman of the old school who is both to the manor and the manner born, and has a cultivated, refined, and discriminating taste in all that relates to the fine arts, including the quality of the good fruits of the earth. It was about the middle of November after my apples had been mostly gathered, and it so chanced that I had a Chausen greening in my pocket that I had that morning picked up just after it had fallen from the tree. If it be asked how I knew that, I answer that it must have just fallen, as I had at the time a knowing horse loose in the orchard, who always got up early in the morning and made a thorough search under every Chausen tree for stray greenings, nor did he ever miss finding any that had dropped during the night. Our conversation turned on the superiority of the fruits of Rhode Island above all others. I gave

Mr. L—— my Eden greening and asked him to taste it before breakfast the next morning, the best time to eat fruit the Serpent revealed to Eve. The apple was small in size and had a nurl on it, as all apples of the highest flavor always have for the reason that the nurl checks its growth, and concentrates all the flavor nature had provided for a large apple into a smaller space. I felt at the time that Mr. L—— had some misgivings about the virtues of my apple, though his habitual politeness prevented him from indicating it. We lived about seven miles apart, and a day or two after my visit as I was driving into Newport, I met Mr. L—— in company with a friend, on the road, driving out to Vaucluse. He apologized for bringing a stranger with him, but said he was in hopes I might be able to bestow upon his friend one more of those incomparable Chausen greenings I had favored him with, which he considered to be about two thousand times the richest and highest flavored apple he had ever tasted!

Some years ago I used to take a great deal of pains in cultivating at Vaucluse peach trees. Every spring I had from two to six forkfuls of green cow manure placed directly round the body of the tree, besides a quantity of coal ashes. This seemed to keep away the destructive worms and insects that prey upon the roots and the tree, and I found no difficulty in raising great quantities, sometimes as many as one hundred and fifty bushels of the finest peaches. Dr. Mercer, of New Orleans, a gentleman of high culture and taste, once picked from a tree on my grounds in my presence a peach which he said on the spot was the best and highest flavored he had ever eaten.

I may here remark that inclosed with my orchard are grounds, planted with trees, of seventeen acres, in which I have never allowed any shooting for forty and more years. The consequence of this has been that great numbers of birds harbor within them, and no doubt protect my fruit from worms and insects, besides rendering the grounds vocal with variegated music superior to any that man or woman can perform or bestow. Whilst almost every orchard on the island is more or less injured annually by canker-worms, I have never known one to trespass on mine.

When the public mind in Rhode Island becomes sufficiently expanded and enlightened to introduce into our public schools the system of moral culture recently recommended in Congress by Senator Burnside, and children are taught to protect and foster the lower animals instead of abusing, persecuting, and murdering them, we may expect to see the feathered tribes that are so essential to the health and productiveness of our fruit trees and the vegetable kingdom generally, again increase to a point of usefulness that will renew the old-time fecundity of our orchards, fields, and gardens, including the pear, peach, and plum, such as was the case a century ago, but not probably before then. While there is a vast difference of flavor in favor of the New England peach compared with that of the Middle and Southern States, there is a still greater difference, if possible, in the melons of the different sections. So marked is this, that when I used to raise the finest flavored melons by the bushel, my children became so fastidious in their tastes, that they slighted everything of the kind that was brought from the South and West.

Not long since, in a conversation with my departed daughter Anna, who when in earth life was passionately fond of Vaucluse melons and peaches, and a born melon thief before she was five years old, she recurred to these facts and answered me that even in spirit life, where she has more delicious fruit of all kinds than I can ever have any conception of until I come to the beautiful home that awaits me beyond the veil, yet she does at times when she returns to earth and controls the organization of a spirit medium, and thereby again assumes, in a degree, her earthly nature and tastes, feel that she would again like to enjoy a feast as in olden times, of the citron and nutmeg melons such as used to grow in the garden behind the barn, and also the little white rare-ripe peaches that grew near the old cat-head apple tree in the orchard.

I thought of devoting the next paper to the matter of my grandfather's transcendent colored cook, Phillis; and show how she became the "remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette;" but the incidental mention of that unlucky cat-head apple tree has brought to my remembrance another cat story that I must relate before proceeding to discuss or elucidate that important historical fact, or that is to be, when it becomes fully known in all its bearings and connections to the world.

Ninth Baking

BEFORE narrating the cat story promised in my last paper, I will say I forgot to mention with due emphasis, that Phillis, my grandfather's never-enough-to-be-lauded colored cook, who, as I think I have somewhere informed the readers of the Journal before, was the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, was just as skillful in preparing and cooking in perfection, dishes in which flour, rice, and all other eatables whatsoever entered as component parts, as she was in making and baking jonny-cake! Never while I live, whether in this world or in the next, shall I forget, I feel sure, Aunty Phillis' apple dumplings, made with a thin crust, and a cat-head apple quartered and cored, in each of them, as big as a good sized pumpkin. For Phillis used to say there was "nothing on airth she so 'spised as an apple dumpling with a crust as thick and hard as a jonny-cake board, with no cat-head in it." And then her rice puddings, which were always made in a six-quart pan, filled chock full, for Phillis used frequently to remark that if there was "anything on airth she 'spised more than another, it was a half-filled pan of rice pudding."

As I think I may have hinted before, when I was a pickaninny, the Guinea word for a small boy, I used to sleep in a big room near upon twenty feet square, and I remember just as well now as I remember anything, how, when on waking in the morning, with an appetite as keen as the frosty air, I used to lie with

my eyes fixed on the ceiling just at the south-east corner of the chamber, and fancy to myself a great platter of apple dumplings, almost swimming in sugar sauce, standing there on a shelf, all of which I devoured, each one at one mouthful! Then I would place next west of the empty platter one of Phillis' huge rice puddings made to overflowing in a six-quart milk pan, which, too, I would swallow on top of the dumplings at one gulp, and so I would follow, in my imagination, another and another platter of apple dumplings, all made of big cat-head apples, and another and another rice pudding, chock full to the brim of the pan, until the south-west corner of the room was reached, devouring each and all in turn, without it satisfying my hunger in the least. So I would turn the south-west corner and arrange the delicious dishes alternately on the shelf until the north-west corner of the room was reached, and so on again to the north-east corner, and down to the south-east corner, the place of beginning, I swallowing greedily every apple dumpling and rice pudding in turn, as fast as I came to them, and then cried because there was no more room, not in my stomach, but on the all-around shelf for any more. Ah, those were glorious days when boys and gals were boys and gals, fit to make men and women of, and not as—but as comparisons are said to be odious, so I will not say what I was going to remark.

Then there were Phillis' muffins! It makes me fetch a long sigh to think of them even at this late day, more than seventy years, the fabled age of man, nothing being said of that of woman, after I have tasted them! But, then, such a taste! A taste that no mortal with a

sign of a palate in his mouth if once tasted can ever forget! Why, I just remember when a genial, bald-headed New York doctor whose Christian and surname, if I remember, began with an F and an S, or with an S and an F, I can't say which, stopped over night at my grandfather's on his way to Newport. We chanced to have muffins for breakfast, and Phillis added a round dozen to the usual batch for fifteen members of our family, great-room and kitchen folks, all told. But such a bolting of muffins no mortal, I am sure, ever beheld before! One, two, three, four dozen were swallowed in quick succession by my grandfather's genial young friend, and he had got far into the fifth dozen when Margaret, the colored waitress, whispered to my grandmother that the mixing was clean gone! Up to this time the doctor had been the jolliest and most loquacious good fellow that ever sat down to a Narragansett breakfast table. But no sooner were the muffins all sped, than a most extraordinary change came over his spirit, and not a word could be got out of him but simply, "Muffins." Said my grandfather, "Doctor, let me recommend these hot Maryland biscuits! Our cook prides herself especially on making the best Maryland biscuits to be found in America." "Muffins!" quoth the doctor, as he stared inquiringly into my grandfather's face. "Let me help you, doctor," said my grandmother beseechingly, "to some of this cream toast; it looks very nice!" "Muffins!" retorted the doctor, "Muffins!" It was no go! Words were wasted on the doctor. Phillis' enrapturing muffins had penetrated and dislocated his brain, and until the doctor's premature death which occurred some months after-

ward, he was never heard to pronounce any other word than muffins. After his demise, the Manhattan Allopathic College of Physicians made a careful post-mortem examination of all the organs of the defunct, and decided unanimously that the death of their illustrious professional brother was caused by the mortal disease set down in Galen's infallible books as *muffina dislocano braineo*, which occurs they said but very seldom, and then only in the Narragansett country in Rhode Island, where colored cooks and witchery are closely allied and most abound.

Touching that Cat Story No. 2, I will here remark that it was after this wise, barring the following necessary preface. In the olden time when Providence, Bristol, and Grinnage were nowhere, Newport, Tower Hill, and Little Rest[6] were the chief compact towns in Rhode Island. After the Revolution, Little Rest became one of the capitals[7] of the state, where the county courts, removed from Tower Hill, sat, and the General Assembly held an annual session. The origin of its unique name is uncertain. Some hold that it originated from the multitude of lawyers that used to reside and assemble there, who made it their chief business to involve everybody they came in contact with in quarrels and law-suits, that they might profit thereby, thus giving their clients Little Rest. Others say that the name was not conferred on the village until after the General Assembly held its annual session, at which time the public accommodations were so limited, that the members of both houses were obliged to sleep four in a bed, heads and points, to make better stowage. Of course there could be but little rest under such cir-

cumstances, and hence the name Little Rest. From all I can learn, I think, however, the name was of earlier date than the creation of the General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and grew out of the fact that in the olden time, Little Rest was the home and headquarters of a class of men who were peculiarly addicted to inflicting practical jokes not only on one another, but upon all temporary visitors to the village, and thereby giving their victims but little rest. I could fill many volumes with scores of Little Rest anecdotes of this kind that rival in "bodily wit," as lawyer Joe Aplin would designate it, and humor, anything to be found in Cervantes, Smollett, Fielding, or Scott, had I their genius to relate them with fitting terms and accompaniments. Conspicuous among these practical jokers since my memory were Elisha R. Gardner, Deputy Sheriff; Abel Cottrell, Sergeant in the Courts; Matthew Waite, who for very many years was clerk of the Supreme Court; one Cook, a journeyman hatter in the employ of old Cyrus French, and several others of like kith and disposition. I will just here remark in parenthesis, that I see by a supplement of the Bulletin of November 7, 1874, kindly loaned me at my request by the Hon. E. R. Potter, that among many scores of interesting reminiscences connected with Little Rest, now Kingston, contributed by Mr. J. P. Helme to the Journal, in a valuable four-column article, is a notice of the death of Abel Cottrell, who I know was a most amiable and conscientious man, respected and beloved by all who knew him well. One morning Abel opened the court as usual, with the ringing summons to all comers—

"Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! all persons having business before the Supreme Court now being held for and within the county of Washington, draw near and they shall be heard. God save the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations." This was the Court Crier's last proclamation, for immediately on its conclusion Abel sat down in his customary arm-chair, dropped his chin on his breast, and immediately expired without sigh or groan. As I should not have space to finish my Cat Story No. 2 in this paper, I will e'en defer it to another, and give the outlines of a few of the pranks of the Little Rest Club of Good Fellows, hence the name since adopted, as a sample of scores of others I have heard related or been cognizant of.

There used to live in the north-west corner of the town of Exeter, in Washington county, one Willard, who was held by the Narragansetters to be the loudest laugher in the state, if not in New England. It so happened that some Tivertoners from Newport county attended the court on some occasion, who contended with the Little Resters that one Durfee, of their town, and not Willard, was the champion laugher of Rhode Island. It was finally agreed by the rival contestants that at the next term of court, Willard and Durfee should be induced to meet unbeknown to each other, under some convenient pretext, at the Tom Potter[8] red house, then a tavern, that still stands on the south-west corner of the cross-roads, some fifty or more rods from the court-house. Accordingly, at the next term of court, the two disciples of Democritus were on the spot, each attended by his special friends and backers, who understood exactly how to draw their respective *protégés* out.

After the glass had circulated freely, a story was told by a friend of Willard's to suit the occasion, that caused an explosion from his lungs that fairly shook the house. When Willard had subsided, a Tiverton man told another appropriate story that caused Durfee to explode in a key that fully equaled Willard's outburst. Judge Wilcox was then holding a term of the Common Pleas, and when he heard the two loud reports from Willard and Durfee, thinking it must be the rumbling of distant thunder, he beckoned Sheriff Sam Allen to his side, and whispered in his ear to go out and see from whence the thunder came from apparently a clear sky. Allen quickly returned and told the judge that there was not the least speck of a cloud to be seen in any part of the heavens. Just at that moment the object was revealed to Willard and Durfee that was had in view in bringing them together — on which announcement such a concurrent burst of laughter broke from both of them in unison, that the court-house shook and Judge Wilcox, panic-stricken, supposing an earthquake to be on hand, informally adjourned the court and darted out of the house, fearing it was about to fall on his head.

I remember when there used to live, some forty or fifty years ago, in a tenement belonging to the late Hon. E. R. Potter, that stood on the west side of the road leading south a short distance from the aforementioned Tom Potter house, an old Irishman by the name of Benjamin Storer, a day laborer. Storer kept a pig, of course, and the finest, in his own estimation, of any on Little Rest Hill. So proud was Storer of the beauty of his pig that wherever he went he made it the chief

subject of conversation, so that Storer and his pig became a by-saying in the village. Storer worked a great deal for his landlord, in his garden and otherwise, and often interceded with him to bring some of his friends to his house, that they might admire his pig. So one day, whilst the General Assembly was sitting at Little Rest, Mr. Potter announced to Storer that Governor Fenner and some half a dozen or more of the most distinguished members were to dine with him on the next day, and that he would invite them after dinner to go over and look at his pig. Storer, of course, was highly gratified at this announcement, and so soon as the sun set, the then limit of a day's work, he went through the village, telling everybody he met of the honor that was to be bestowed on his pig by the Governor and his friends. Among others, Storer imparted a knowledge of his good luck to Squire Matthew Waite and Deputy Sheriff E. R. Gardner. When the morrow arrived, the services of both Storer and his wife Hannah were required at Mr. Potter's, so that the pig was left alone. After dinner Mr. Potter called Storer from the garden, and told him the Governor and his friends had concluded to go over and look at his pig. So the delighted old man started off a few minutes before his distinguished visitors to make all things ready. Soon after, Mr. Potter accompanied by Governor Fenner and his other guests arrived on Storer's premises, where a most extraordinary sight met their vision. There they beheld the usually courteous, staid, and self-poised old man, storming with rage as he tore the hat from his head and stamped it into the ground. "What," said Mr. Potter, "is the matter, Storer; are you crazy?" To this query no in-

telligible answer could be got from Storer, who tried to reply, but could only give utterance to a jumble of unintelligible words, in which "Gardner," "Waite," "Lunt," "shave," and "pig" were the chief burthen. On looking into the pen, the mystery was quickly explained. There stood Storer's beautiful pig, shaved from his snout to the tip of his tail as clean as the palm of a baby's hand. Not a hair nor the ninth part of a hair, nor the stump of a hair, was left upon the animal's body, head, ears, limbs, or tail. The provocative to laughter was irresistible, and such a roar went forth from all the company present, that soon every man, woman, and child within a mile, including the members of both houses of the Assembly, rushed to the spot to find out what was the matter with Storer and his pig.

I suppose some may think that it was not possible anybody should laugh loud enough to be heard a mile off. Such ignorant persons should remember that the men of that day, especially in Rhode Island, were not such weak-lunged creatures as those of the present degenerate times. Mr. Potter was a man full six feet high, and weighed more than two hundred and fifty pounds, whilst old Fenner, though not quite so tall as Potter, was more than twice as big round, and of course held twice as much wind, whilst they were both gifted with stentorian lungs. Some faint idea of Potter's power of blowing, and consequently of loud laughing, may be guessed at by the fact that one day whilst a little snipper-snapper who sat about ten feet back of him, in the General Assembly, then in session at Little Rest, was speaking, he made some saucy remarks touching the

South County, when Potter, without leaving his seat, merely turned his head round, and at one puff blew the little fellow clean out of an open window, although the impertinent chap could not have weighed much less than seventy-five pounds avoirdupois. It was a two-story window, and the poor fellow might have cracked his skull were it not that in his fall he lighted directly on top of old Prince Robinson's gingerbread and apple stand. Prince said that when he first came down he thought it was the Demerara monkey that had just arrived on the hill in the show, but on observing his pate, he said he saw at once he had not enough brains for a monkey, and was only a Providence-county lawyer.

In the sequel it came out that when Storer, the evening before, revealed to Squire Waite and Sheriff Gardner the fact that the chief dignitaries of the state were to make his pig a complimentary visit the next day, they thought it a good time to have a little sport at the old man's expense. As if to favor Waite and Gardner in their wicked design, there lived at the time a little west of the Corners, on the north side of the main street of the village, old William Lunt, who held two responsible offices during the Revolutionary War, being a major in the army and General Washington's barber, both at the same time. After the war, the major settled in Little Rest and made a very comfortable living by his trade, as every man who came to the village was willing to pay for at least one shave by Washington's barber, especially when it was done with the identical razor that Major Lunt took especial care to inform his customer had smoothed the face of the Father of his Country hundreds of times. It so chanced that the major, though an

honorable and honest man — my brother Joseph erected a monument over his remains — was somewhat jealous of his neighbor Storer's pig, because he took great pride in one he himself possessed, regarding which Storer had been heard to make invidious comparisons when contrasting it with his own beautiful animal. The consequence was that when Waite and Gardner went over to the shop and tempted Washington's old barber with a ninepence, the price of four shaves, to go with them and denude Storer's pig, he readily consented. So the three conspirators went over to Storer's house whilst he and his wife Hannah were doing a day's work at Mr. Potter's, and after dosing his pig with a delicious mixture of milk and molasses, sweetened with a pint of new rum, Waite and Gardner seized the unconscious animal and held him handy, whilst Lunt, with his George Washington razor, shaved him from the tip of his snout to the end of his tail, as clean and smooth, as before said, as the palm of a baby's hand.

Speaking about getting a pig drunk so as to keep him still whilst being shaved, makes me think of old Deacon Brown, who used to live on the other side of Chipuxet river, about a mile and a half south-west from Little Rest, making his hogs drunk to keep them still while being whipped. Coming home from meeting, one Sunday, he found his hogs had broken out of their pen into his corn-field, where they had made sad havoc. The deacon was dreadful mad, and getting his big ox lash he chased the devils round and round, without being able to get them out, or even to hit them one fair lick. So the deacon, nursing his wrath, waited until night when the hogs returned to their bed to sleep. He

then shut them fast in the pen, and the next morning mixed two quarts of New England rum with some sweetened milk, and made them all drunk, when he whipped them to his heart's content.

Speaking of Deacon Brown brings to my mind Timothy Crumb's courtship of his daughter, Sally Brown.

Tim had hired by the month to Squire Champlin, who lived on a farm a little north-west of where the Kingston depot is now situated. Tim had taken a shine to Sal, and after three or four sittings up with her, had engaged to wait on her to meeting the next Sunday. So Tim got up early in the morning, and after getting through his chores and breakfast, he thought before dressing up to wait on Sal, he would go to the river and wash off. Accordingly he went down and undressed, hanging his red shirt, which was a little sweaty, in a swamp blueberry bush to dry while he was in the water. It so happened that Deacon Brown's old bull Wrinkle was lying on a little knoll near by, unnoticed by Tim. The sight of Tim's red shirt was not at all pleasing to old Wrinkle, who now got up and began to paw the ground and bellow. This did not, however, move Tim, as he had heard Wrinkle making pretenses of the kind several times before. Bime'by, however, old Wrinkle made for the red shirt, and before Tim could interfere, the enraged beast tossed it in the air and then stamped it into the ground, and when Tim started to the rescue of his under garment, the old sarpent, not apparently recognizing him with his clothes off, gave chase to the naked biped, following Tim on the run, bellowing and shaking his horns as he went, right into the river. Things began to look

rather squally, and just as the old varmint seemed getting ready to make a dive with both horns set for action, Tim seized the branches of a swamp white oak that hung over the water, and swung himself on a big limb out of reach of old Wrinkle, who now placed himself just beneath where Tim sat, roaring at the top of his voice and making sundry other threatening demonstrations. Tim, however, felt safe where he was, so far as Wrinkle was concerned, although he had some misgivings whether or not Sal Brown might not, in consequence of his enforced neglect to keep his engagement, permit that other fellow, Jim Arlington, who, too, was after her, to wait on her to hear Elder Northup preach. All at once, Tim heard a buzzing over his head, and looking up, saw, to his horror, not more than two yards above his head, a hornets' nest, nigh upon as big as a bushel basket, covered all over with the worst kind of black hornets, who, he could readily see, were getting ready to attack him. Tim took in the situation at once, and saw plainly that there was but one chance for him, desperate as it was. So seizing, with both hands, the limb on which he sat, he lowered himself quickly down a-straddle of old Wrinkle's neck, seizing a horn in each hand at the same moment, the better to enable him to retain his uneasy position. Just as he lighted on the neck of old Wrinkle, about two quarts of hornets dropped on Tim's bare neck and shoulders, about half a pint of which slopped over and fell straight into old Wrinkle's left ear. This did not help matters at all, but made the bull madder than ever, who now started off on the run for the deacon's house, plunging and roaring as he went. Sally Brown

had dressed herself to go to meeting, and was waiting in the great-room for Tim, when hearing old Wrinkle making such a catouse, she stepped to the front door to see what was the matter. Just as Sally with her arms akimbo had placed herself in the open door-way, Wrinkle and Tim reached a high chestnut rail fence that was within about two rods of where she stood. Sal recognized Wrinkle at first sight, but was somewhat doubtful of the identity of Tim, as she exclaimed: "For the Lord's sake, is that you, Tim, or the dev—" She meant to say devil, and would have done so had she been allowed time, but before Sal got the last syllable out, old Wrinkle made a desperate dive through the fence, making kindling splinters of the big chestnut rails, and ejecting Tim with such velocity from his neck and horns, that, after making three complete somersaults in the heavens, the nether parts of his body struck Sally Brown about midships, a big toe just grazing each side of her diaphragm as they passed, more like a forked thunder-bolt or streak of lightning, than anything with human legs, and knocked her clean through the kitchen door, where she fell flat with her face towards the ceiling. As for Tim, he gathered himself up without saying a word, and rushed out of the back door into the big swamp near by, and pursuing a circuitous route in the bushes, recovered his red shirt and other clothes, and then made a bee-line west. A week afterwards, Jim Knowles, who had been out West to reconnoitre, reported that on his return from the Genesee country, in crossing the Connecticut river below Hartford, he passed Tim paddling a white pine log with a piece of bark, in an opposite direction, which

was the last ever heard of Timothy Crumb in Narragansett.

Should nothing prevent, I hope to be able to tell Cat Story No. 2 in my next paper, and then proceed to show how it came to pass that Phillis, my grandfather's inimitable colored cook, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Tenth Baking

SPEAKING of pigs, I may say that the pig has always been a very interesting quadruped to me. I presume my predilection grew partly out of the fact that one of the first lasting impressions made on my mind in infancy was the sight of a litter of young red and white pigs that old black Peggy brought into the kitchen one chilly morning, in her apron, to warm by the fire. I don't think I have ever since seen any kind of *young uns* that looked so pretty to me as these little striped darlings did. Then again, the first long narrative I remember to have heard in all my born days is that of the old woman and her "wee wee pig." Before my grandmother[9] told me that delightful story, I thought there were but two real pretty compositions in the English language. One of these was:

"Rock o'by baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle does rock,
When the wind lulls the cradle does fall,
Down comes baby, cradle and all!"

The other charming ditty ran thus:

"Ride a jack-horse to Banbury Cross
To buy little baby a plum;
When we got there the trees would n't bear,
And so we came jogging home."

I may here remark in parenthesis, that home used to be pronounced "hum," so as to make it rhyme with "plum." For one, I am free to say that I don't think all the poetry ever made by Homer, Byron, or Longfellow has conveyed so much unalloyed delight to the

human senses, or received such spontaneous and unqualified praise from admiring millions as have those two little poems. To every unsophisticated infantile mind of the olden time, both of the ditties were indeed "like apples of gold set in pictures of silver." But nevertheless, I thought when I first heard the story of the wee wee old woman and her wee wee pig, that it transcended in beauty either the "Rock o'by baby," or "Ride a jack-horse," even when they were sung with the exhilarating accompaniments of being tossed in the arms in the first instance or ridden on the foot in the last.

As wee wee pig involves a striking moral cognate to the main subject of these papers, inasmuch as it proves the truth of the poet's words, and shows beyond a question what great effects sometimes from little causes rise, just as I expect before concluding these rambling discussions to show how my grandfather's incomparable colored cook, Phillis, was the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, simply from the fact of her—but I forgot, I was going merely to say at present, that for the reasons named, I am more than half a mind to relate the wee wee pig, just as it used to be told in the olden time by every grandmother in Rhode Island to babies who then had a childhood, and always came into the world with their eyes shut, and not as now with them both wide open and disposed to examine and criticise everything they see, or hear told. So I will narrate the charming story just as it used to be told to me by my grandmother, whose especial favorite and pet I was in my childhood, and still remain

to be, as I most assuredly believe and know, notwithstanding the removal to her beautiful new home in the spirit world more than seventy years ago! So here goes. There was, once on a time, a wee wee old woman who lived in a wee wee house near Cockermouth in old England. One day when the wee wee old woman was sweeping her wee wee house with a wee wee broom, she found a wee wee sixpence. So she took her wee wee sixpence and went to market and bought a wee wee pig, and started her wee wee pig on the road to her wee wee home. The wee wee pig went along very well till they came to a bridge, which the wee wee old woman could not persuade, coax, or force her wee wee pig to cross. So the wee wee old woman left her wee wee pig, and went back until she came to a stick. Said the wee wee old woman, "Oh, stick, do beat wee wee pig; wee wee pig won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!" But the stick would n't beat wee wee pig! So the wee wee old woman went along until she came to a fire. Said the wee wee old woman, "Oh, fire, do burn stick; stick won't beat wee wee pig, wee wee pig won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!" But the fire would n't burn the stick! So the wee wee old woman went along till she came to some water. Said the wee wee old woman, "Oh, water, do quench fire; fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat wee wee pig, wee wee pig won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!" But the water would n't quench the fire! So the wee wee old woman went along till she came to an ox. Said the wee wee old woman, "Oh, ox, do drink water; water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat wee wee pig, wee wee pig

won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!" But the ox would n't drink the water! So the wee wee old woman went along till she came to a butcher. Said the wee wee old woman, "Oh, butcher, do kill ox; ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat wee wee pig, wee wee pig won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!" But the butcher would n't kill the ox! So the wee wee old woman went along till she came to a rope. Said the wee wee old woman, "Oh, rope, do hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat wee wee pig, wee wee pig won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!" But the rope would n't hang butcher! So the wee wee old woman went along till she came to a rat. Said the wee wee old woman, "Oh, rat, do gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat wee wee pig, wee wee pig won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!" But the rat would n't gnaw the rope! So the wee wee old woman went along till she came to a cat. Said the wee wee old woman, "Oh, cat, do kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat wee wee pig, wee wee pig won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!" But the cat would n't kill the rat! So the wee wee old woman went along till she came to a dog. Said the wee wee old woman, "Oh, dog, do kill cat; cat won't kill rat, rat won't gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, ox

won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat wee wee pig, wee wee pig won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!" But the dog would n't kill the cat! So the wee wee old woman went along till she came to a bear. Said the wee wee old woman, "Oh, bear, do kill dog; dog won't kill cat, cat won't kill rat, rat won't gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat wee wee pig, wee wee pig won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!" But the bear would n't kill dog! So the wee wee old woman went along till she came to a lion. Said the wee wee old woman, "Oh, lion, do kill bear; bear won't kill dog, dog won't kill cat, cat won't kill rat, rat won't gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat wee wee pig, wee wee pig won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!" But the lion would n't kill bear! The poor old wee wee woman was now in a dreadful quandary. The lion was king of beasts, and the wee wee old woman did n't know anything that could kill the lion. So the wee wee old woman sat down on an old stump, discouraged and all tired out. Presently the wee wee old woman saw a wee little black flea, on her checked apron. So just in joke and for nonsense the wee wee old woman said, "Oh, wee wee flea, do kill lion; lion won't kill bear, bear won't kill dog, dog won't kill cat, cat won't kill rat, rat won't gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't

beat wee wee pig, wee wee pig won't go over bridge, and I shan't git home to-night!'' Now the wee wee flea was a kind-souled, womanish little wee wee flea, and no sooner was she made acquainted with the poor old wee wee woman's trouble than the wee wee flea gave a spring and lighted just inside the lion's right nostril, out of the reach of his paw. Here the wee wee flea began to bite the inside of the lion's nose so sharp that he got dreadful mad, and just out of spite began to kill the bear, whereupon the bear began to kill the dog, the dog began to kill the cat, the cat began to kill the rat, the rat began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher, the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the wee wee pig, the wee wee pig began to go over the bridge, and the wee wee old woman got home time enough to go to bed that night. Thus the insignificant little wee wee black flea became the remote cause of getting the poor old wee wee woman out of all her troubles, just as I intend to show how Phillis, my grandfather's illustrious colored cook, through a concatenation of mighty events, set in motion through her means, became the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. And yet, such is the innate ingratitude of human nature, that I scarce doubt if that wee wee flea, after doing so much for the wee wee old woman, had attempted to get into bed with her that night, so as to warm herself a little, the wee wee old woman would have pinched her; that is, provided she could have caught the flea napping!

In addition to the above gems, I may here remark that before I was three years old my mother had taught me to say that beautiful little prayer of four lines, "Now I lay me down to sleep," every night just after I got into bed, and on all occasions of anxiety and trouble to repeat that beautiful embodiment of all prayer, "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name," and I don't think I ever lay down once at night in the first ten or twelve years of my life without at least beginning to say the first-named prayer, although I must say that I sometimes did fall asleep before I finished it. Sometimes I repeated it on other sudden occasions when I had not time to repeat "Our Father who art in Heaven." I remember when I was a school-boy, nigh upon ten years old, I got on the bare back of old Bob, one of farmer Truman's big plow horses, to ride him to water, Jim Sykes having mounted his mate, Suke, and started a few minutes before me. Bob was stone-blind, and just as I set out, one rein of my bridle broke, and Bob, hearing the clatter of Suke's feet a good way ahead, broke into a full run to catch up with her. I thought my time had about come, and calling to mind my good mother's oft repeated injunction, blessed be her holy name, always to pray when in danger, I threw myself forward flat on Bob's neck, and clung to his mane with both hands for dear life, whilst I repeated in my haste:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
And if I ne'er again awake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

I had hardly finished the last word of my heart-felt, though seemingly inappropriate prayer, when old blind Bob plunged headlong into a deep gully, that was close to the side of the path, as it passed through a gateway, and pitched me some four rods, more or less, over his head, the small of my back fetching up like the middle of a chain shot against a big white oak gate-post, so that as farmer Truman said, my head and heels came together on the other side of it. The strangest part of all was, that I was not hurt one atom, and jumped up as well as ever! Now I have a firm and abiding faith in the efficacy of prayer, and am just old fool enough to believe that the earnest childish aspirations that went forth on the occasion from my heart and inmost spirit irrespective of the mechanical expressions with which they were clothed, were sufficient in the divine economy and beautiful simplicity of God's laws to penetrate the spirit realms, and create, as it were, a telegraphic communication, through which loving, ministering angels were enabled to descend and shield me from harm, as they do in myriads of instances wherein the preservation of mortals is attributed to blind chance.

To return from this digression, I may say that I knew old Major Lunt, Washington's barber, who shaved Storer's pig, quite well, and used to be fond of talking with him about Revolutionary times and General Washington. I disremember the time when the Major told me that the General excelled all other men in everything, not excepting swearing, whatever the ministers might say to the contrary. He said if I did n't believe him, I ought to have been present when the General first met Lee on the battle-field at Monmouth, the latter

having for some time kept out of the fight purposely, not because he was a coward, but to throw obloquy on Washington, whose place as commander-in-chief Lee aspired to. Major Lunt said he was standing close to Washington at the time, acting as his aid. Two six-pounders, one on each side of them, were playing on the enemy, and all the way Lunt said he could tell when they were discharged was to watch the mouths of the cannon and see the fire and smoke go out, for he could no more hear their report for the quarter of an hour Washington was damning Lee than I could hear the finest cambric needle fall on a hay mow in a thunder-storm! I used also to know Squire Matthew Waite — Mat Waite, as he was commonly called — who, among many other accomplishments, had a remarkable faculty of scaring a hog — simply by catching its eye with his and then making a quiet under-breath hissing sound. I also knew old James Helme, — Jimmy Helme, — a son of Judge Helme, who removed from the homestead on Tower Hill to Little Rest when the state and town capital was removed to the latter place, he being, for a great many years before his death, Town Clerk, whilst his brother, Samuel Helme, — Sammy Helme, — was for a long time clerk of the Court of Common Pleas. They were both red-hot Republicans, in contradistinction to Federalists, but men of sterling probity and unblemished character, like their father, Judge Helme. It used to be said that Jimmy Helme, though a married man and housekeeper for half a century or more, never once took tea out of his own house. Mr. Helme lived in the large gambrel-roofed house[10] now standing on the north-east corner of the road-crossing, which

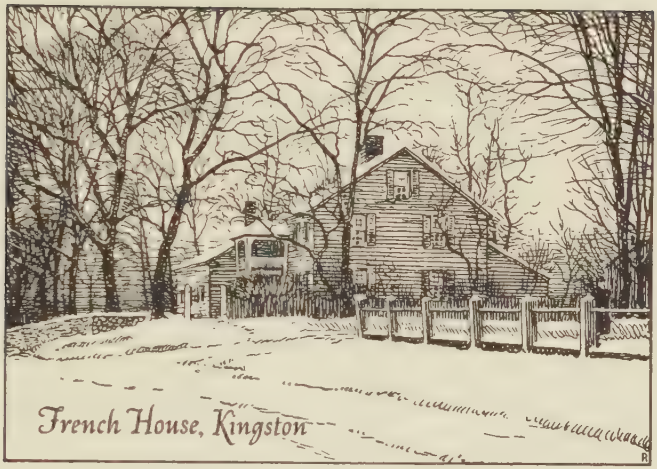
was built after the pattern of the old Judge Helme house on Tower Hill, which is also still standing. I remember, when I was young, that Jimmy Helme built a strong, high-fence hog-pen for an old sow and pigs, he had just purchased, which were of the land-shark breed, then common in some parts of the South County. This genus of swine were peculiar in some respects, being remarkably slab-sided and of great length of body, which was attached to the hinder part of a head and peaked snout some two yards or more in length, with legs of corresponding dimensions. Mat Waite[11] happened to be passing just as Jimmy Helme had got his new purchase secured into the high board pen, and Jimmie called him to come and see what a nice hog house he had just finished off. "Yes, Mr. Helme," said Mat, "you have a nice high pen there, but I can drive that old sow and pigs out of it in less time than you can say Jack Robin." "You drive my old sow and pigs over that fence, Mr. Waite? Let's see you do it!" "Oh, no," said Mat. "I don't want to give you the trouble to get them back again, but I can do it, Mr. Helme!" "You can, can you," retorted Mr. Helme. "Well, I will believe you when I see you do it, and not before." Thus urged, Mat fixed his eye for a few moments intently upon that of the old sow, and then made a peculiar sort of hiss. Upon this the old sow backed into the further corner of the pen with her eyes still fixed in fear and wonder on Mat. On the repetition of the wonder-working hiss, the old sow shrunk, as if within herself, and put another twist in her already tightly-curled tail. Another hiss, and away she darted like a streak of lightning over the high board fence, followed

by every pig in the pen. As for Jimmy, who always dressed like a gentleman of the old school, as he was, Mat said he laid right down and rolled in the dirt, declaring between his laughing spells that he would n't have believed the Devil himself could have scared the old sow and pigs out of that pen, if he had not seen him do it with his own eyes. As for the future of the old she land-shark and her litter of pigs, the last that was ever seen of them was about a mile south-west of the village, just as they passed with the speed of the wind the Little Rest cotton manufactory,[12] erected in 1809, and were entering the Potter swamp, it being an off-shoot of the great swamp where the big Indian fight occurred in 1675, which was instigated against the rightful owners of the soil, solely by the cussed godly Puritans of Massachusetts and their hell-bound allies, the Presbyterians of Connecticut, whom, though charity is my specialty, I can never think of without feeling, as all Rhode Islanders should, somewhat as Judge Potter has recently expressed himself in the Journal, and as old Miss Hazard did when in like vein she thanked God in the Conanicut prayer meeting, that she could hold malice forty years. I could go on and tell enough of these Little Rest stories to fill ten thousand or less Journals, but I must forbear, or I shall never live to tell how it was that Phillis, my grandfather's never-to-be-forgotten accomplished colored cook, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Even now I have got myself in such an episodical maze, that I feel like taking an observation, as Frank did, to find out where I be. Frank, whom I re-

member well, was a well-educated scion of a good Rhode Island family, who had acquired dissipated habits, and used to loaf about the South Ferry in Narragansett, which was then owned and kept by Ezekiel Gardiner, son of Peleg. Frank used sometimes to tend the ferry-boat, and I remember an occasion when the late honorable William Hunter was passing over to South Kingstown from Newport with the British Minister on a trouting expedition. Their conversation happened to turn on the correct reading of a passage in Virgil, in regard to which they did not agree. The wind was very light, and Frank, who was tending the boat, was lying flat on his back steering with one foot thrown over the tiller. After the discussion had proceeded some time between the two gentlemen, both of whom were thoroughly read in the classics, without a satisfactory conclusion being arrived at, what was the Englishman's surprise to hear the ragged, red-faced boatman, after rolling a huge chaw of tobacco from the left to the right side of his mouth, repeat at the top of his voice, set to a camp-meeting tune, the disputed passage in the original Latin, and then give its correct translation in the vernacular. The English Minister never took his eyes off Frank until the boat reached the shore, an hour afterwards, when, on his expressing surprise at the ferryman's classical knowledge, Hunter told his friend that such instances as he had witnessed were not rare among the laboring classes in Narragansett, whose every-day talk was seasoned with scores of cant expressions acquired from the reading of Shakespeare, such as "to rights"[13] for directly; "other gates house than that," as a threat; "on it," for it, &c., &c. It so happened

that a couple of Little Rest wags, whose names I will not expose, chanced to get wind bound at Franklin's Ferry, now South Ferry, on their way to Newport, and knowing of Frank's besetting weakness, they thought they would beguile the tediousness of time by passing off a bodily joke at his expense. So they plied Frank through the afternoon with all the liquor he would hold, until he became dead drunk. In the evening they carried Frank up into the cock-loft of the old tumble-down ferry house, and put him into a huge old-time nigger meal chest that had been there time out of mind, placing a corn cob under the lid, so as to give him air. A grown-up black boy by the name of Jonah slept in the cock-loft, whose complexion was so dark that in the dim twilight of his sleeping apartment, lighted by one six-by-eight dingy pane only, a round piece of ebony placed beside his face would have looked like a snow-ball. The wags bribed Jonah with a quarter dollar, or pistareen, I forget which, to let them ornament his face and head in a most fantastic style, prominent in which was a pair of bull's horns still attached to a part of the hide, and to report to them the next morning what might occur. It seems that Frank slept sound until about three o'clock in the morning, when on waking, he managed to raise the lid of the meal chest with one hand a few inches and make an observation, as I have before hinted. Just discerning something in one corner that looked like a sleeping place, he called out, "You sur?" Receiving no answer, Frank repeated in a louder tone, "I say, you sur?" "What you want?" said Jonah. "Where be I?" inquired Frank. "In hell," replied Jonah. Upon this fact being announced, Frank raised

the lid somewhat higher, so as to get his full head outside the meal chest, whilst peering more keenly into the surroundings of his room-mate, he queried of him, "Be you the Devil?" "No," responded the black boy. "Who be you?" again asked Frank. "I be Jonah!" said the darky. By this time Frank's vision had become more reconciled to the dim atmosphere, and scanning Jonah's head-dress, complexion, and features more closely, he remarked, "Well, I don't wonder the whale spewed you out;" adding, "Look yer here, Jonah, you have been in these parts longer than I and must be better acquainted. Can you show me where I can get my bottle plenished with old Jamaike?"



Eleventh Baking

I SEE nothing serious now in the way to delay my telling Cat Story No. 2, after which I propose narrating how it came about that my grandfather's super-excellent colored cook, Phillis, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. To begin: there used to live in a house situated on the south side of the Ferry wharf, in Newport, where Charles P. Barber now keeps an extensive grocery, an odd character by the name of Charles Comstock, who kept a boarding-house, principally for the accommodation of Narragansett farmers, who were in those primitive times frequently obliged to stay a week in town before they could find purchasers by the bushel or less for the fifty bushels of the divinest kind of ambrosia they had carted with their ox-teams to and from the mill, then ten to twenty miles

distance to the South Ferry, and thence by water to Newport via Conanicut. Old Comstock, as he was familiarly called since my remembrance, had for his tavern sign swinging on hinges over the sidewalk, the full-length picture of a thick-set, squat-built man, holding a big tom-cat aloft by the tail in his left hand, whilst he grasped a hot iron in his right, in the act of branding the quadruped. I think I remember seeing this sign hanging in position when I was a boy. Robert Sherman, who keeps the A No. 1 grocery next west of Barber's, tells me that he remembers seeing the sign, but not until after it had been taken down and removed into the inside of the house. But then Robert is not so old as I am by some years. Beneath the picture of the man and cat was printed in large capitals, "'Lisha Garner, Cat Inspector." The cause of old Comstock's adopting so singular a sign I will relate, premising my narrative with a few remarks by way of preface. The well and always favorably known tavern,[14] now called hotel, on Little Rest or Kingston Hill or Potter's Hill, now kept by John N. Taylor, successor to his father, the late Philip Taylor, was founded more than a century ago by Joseph Reynolds, a host of such surpassing genius in his professional line that his house became as famous a resort for the wits and good fellows in Rhode Island as Will's Coffee House was in London in the days of Queen Anne, when it was the habitual gathering place of Addison, Steele, and the literati and wits of England in general. I never knew the even tenor of Joe Runnells to be broken in upon but once, and that was when he struck, in about the year 1815, for a higher price for a dinner, which

had always been twenty-five cents from a time anterior to the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The whole of

The Cat Inspector.

the Town Council had been accustomed to get a sumptuous dinner at Joe's at the monthly meeting, and when

Joe struck for the high price of two shillings, 33⅓ cents, Rhode Island currency, the council also struck, and refused to dine at all on Little Rest for some months and until Joe succumbed and put back his price to twenty-five cents instead of thirty-three. After Joe Reynolds' decease, his son John, one of the most genial and amiable men I ever knew, succeeded his father as landlord. Some men have a habitual smile that exhibits itself on the cuticle of the face only. Such can smile and smile again and be a villain. Not so with John Reynolds; his habitual smile emanated from the heart and exhibited itself in the eye, which never deceives, so far as I am aware. John never left his house to go abroad but once in the year, and that was to attend 'lection in Newport in May, which he was sure not to miss. The old Joe Reynolds tavern looks about the same as it did when I first knew it, some seventy years ago, with the exception of the honey locusts that still stand in front of it, which I remember Jonathan Whitman brought from Providence and set out for his friend Joe, some fifty or more years ago. That was the third innovation in the order of time that occurred on Little Rest. The second was the Hon. Elisha R. Potter's new house, which was built something after a new-fangled style not previously known in Narragansett. The first innovation I remember well. I think it was made about the year 1805, by Cyrus French, who made a bank of earth supported by a rough stone wall against the lot adjoining his house on the road running down the hill west, and planted it with a row of trees still standing.

I well remember old Cyrus French, who carried on the hatter's trade, and after him his son William, the

R
Village Street
Kingston

genial, loud-talking, fat man. Old Cyrus was a tall, bulky man, who came to Little Rest from Grafton, in Massachusetts, where it was said he had been an active participant in the Shays rebellion. Like his son William, old Cyrus French was a capital story-teller. I disremember the exact day when he related of a winter's evening to the company that usually gathered at Joe Runnell's, a remarkable adventure he had whilst on a sleigh ride, wherein his horse ran away, and after breaking the harness all to tatters, left him and the sleigh buried in a snow-bank full ten feet deep. After extricating himself, he proceeded on foot some distance, looking, without success, for assistance, until he came to some men mowing grass in a field, who went with him and helped lift the sleigh out of the snow-drift and reinstate his horse. After Cyrus had finished his story, Capt. Bill Rodman, who happened to be present, remarked in a way he had, "Stranger, I never saw you before, and I don't know as I shall ever see you again, but this I will say, that I should like to know whether grass is grown fit for the scythe in Massachusetts when snow lies all around in banks ten feet deep, as you have stated?" "I stated no such thing," retorted Cyrus. "The snow-bank was in Massachusetts, as I said, but the men were mowing more than a mile this side of the Rhode Island line!" The answer was satisfactory to all present, and French was at once installed by a unanimous vote, a member of the "Little Rest Club of Odd Fellows."

I may here remark that Capt. Bill Rodman was a character! He was once overtaken with a sudden and violent squall of wind as he and another man were

crossing the Point Judith salt pond in a canoe, when their lives were actually in jeopardy, but all the concern the captain expressed was his vexation that one like him, who had safely navigated and circumnavigated the globe in every direction, should at last come home to be drowned "in a d—d little duck-puddle!"[15] A pompous English traveler once put up for the night at "Joe Runnell's," who sought to entertain the usual evening company with the relation of many hair-breadth escapes from death he had experienced in many ways. Finally he gave an account of a remarkable duel that had taken place in Holland, in which he was second to one of the parties. I forget the circumstances that brought the seconds in danger of their lives, but they were so awful that the Englishman wound up his relation of the affair with the remark, "To tell the truth I did then feel a little afraid." Capt. Bill, who had hitherto remained silent, put in his oar and remarked: "Stranger, I never saw you before, and I don't know as I shall ever see you again, but this I will say, that them last words of yours rattled in my ears the most like truth of anything I have heard you say yet." Upon this the stranger subsided for that night.

Speaking of old Cyrus French makes me think of Timothy Peckham, father of Nathaniel C. Peckham, who owned and occupied the house that used to stand next to the court-house on the east by north. Timothy Peckham was a man of the true Rhode Island grit, who would contend for a principle if it amounted to but the ninth part of a hair. I also well remember his father, who nearly a century ago owned and lived on

the farm lying north of the Rocky Brook manufactories. His head was as white as snow, and he was one of the most venerable-looking old men I ever saw. Old Cyrus French and Timothy Jun. got involved in a law-suit some sixty years ago about a bar-post that one or the other of the litigants, I forget which, charged, extended full two inches over his side of the line. Neither party would give way, so at it they went, until the lawyers and judges as usual kept the parties in court until they had nearly bankrupted both, and when finally, after years had passed, and the jury was sent by the court to examine the situation of the bar-post, it was found that during the period of litigation the part in dispute had so rotted away that the alleged cause of action no longer existed, and the case was dismissed with costs for defendant. I do not remember what effect the expenses of the law-suit had on French, but if I remember rightly they were so heavy against Peckham that he was obliged to sell a considerable part of his real estate to enable him to foot the bills. Whilst my hand is in, I will just say that at the eastern corner of the court-house lot and the main road is situated the saddler's shop and house that was owned and occupied in the olden time by John T. Nichols, the saddler, one of the kindest and most innocent men that ever lived in Little Rest or elsewhere. Nichols kept a boarding-house for a great many years, during which he charged one dollar per week for board and lodging only, and gave his guests good fare, including fine Rhode Island turkeys in their season. If readers ask how it was possible to board men at so low a price, I answer the fact of its being done proves it was possi-

ble, whatsoever modern wasters of the good things of earth and impracticable theorists may say. In those days money was scarce and farmers paid their saddler's bills, as well as most others, in kind, that is, in the produce of their farms, which Nichols, by taking boarders, turned into money. William P. Newell, the former law partner of Nathan F. Dixon, of Pawcatuck Bridge—now Westerly—boarded with John T. Nichols for many years. He used to sit at one end of the table, which was long and narrow, and Nichols at the other. Newell was very tall and scraggy in his build, with a wonderful prominent hooked nose, which, it used to be hinted, was the cause of Nichols placing him at the end of the table, as it was found, when he was seated on one side, his olfactory member would occasionally get entangled in the lady's stomacher who sat opposite him, the table being but four feet wide. John T. Nichols died a violent death, being murdered with a lancet by Dr. Sangrado. His blood got into an impure, morbid state, which on occasion of his one day pricking his finger with a saddler's needle caused the foul matter in his system to concentrate in that direction, so that his hand and arm swelled double its natural size. Instead of giving his patient a dose of bilious pills, and a powerful hot water and hot lemonade sweat,[16] which would have removed the trouble in a few hours, Sangrado applied as usual the lancet, thus drawing from his veins the purest part of the blood, and leaving the remainder to congest and putrefy in the body until death ensued, as the natural consequence. A few days before Nichols' death, Sangrado had also slain a poor woman who resided a

little north of Little Rest, in the same way, who had scratched her hand with a blackberry briar, her arm swelling in consequence, as Nichols' did. A few days after Nichols' death, I chanced to call at Benjamin Hull's on Tower Hill, the then post-master, and found him sitting despondent in the daily expectation of death, from having knocked off a small chip of skin from his knuckle with a piece of iron. He had evidently given up to die. I asked Hull what he did for his arm, which was swollen to the shoulder and supported in a sling. He said Dr. Sangrado had been there two or three times and bled him. Said I, in a rage, "Ben, if you want to live, the next time that ignorant doctor comes to see you, order him out of your house or death will surely be your fate!" I gave him my prescription, which he took, and declined being longer treated by Sangrado. It is needless to say that in a few days Hull was well again and about his business as usual, just as Nichols and the woman would have been under like treatment. If the graveyards in Rhode Island, especially the south part, could speak, they would tell us that thousands upon thousands of the young men and women who were cut off in the prime of life during the first half of the nineteenth century were sent there before their time by the Sangrados that, until a very late period, have been a curse to mankind, and now do nearly as great execution in the killing art by the deceitful action of benumbing and stupefying morphine and other opiates and narcotics.

Speaking of M.D.'s, I well remember old Dr. Aldrich, who lived some fifty years or more ago in the Tom Potter House, that stood at the south-west corner

of the roads running east and south over Little Rest. He was a kind-hearted, good old man, whose patients were very apt to get well simply for the reason that he did little or nothing for them farther than any old woman could have done as well or better than he. I remember once when old Miss Jinny Wilson sent for Dr. Aldrich and related to him a host of symptoms sufficient to warrant a first-rate scientific physician in exhausting an ordinary apothecary's shop with prescriptions, and the patient of the last dollar, though they might be as rich as Crœsus. "And, now, doctor," said the old lady, "do tell what is the matter with me?" "God knows, madam," replied the honest old doctor, "I don't." Doctor Aldrich[17] made a pill of his own invention that used to be sufficient of itself to cure most bilious or congestive maladies that occurred in his rounds of practice.

I well remember an instance when a mulatto wench who lived in my father's family was taken with what were then deemed the fatal symptoms of the fall fever, that under the blood-letting and opium treatment of the Sangrados used to prove fatal in a vast majority of instances. My father sent for Doctor Sangrado, who lived in the two-story house still standing at Curtis' corner. He came to South Kingstown from Connecticut, and was held to be the most accomplished and scientific physician for the first few years of his practice in the South County, never having been known to enter a single house in the way of his profession without sending from one to five of its inmates to their graves. He attended the famous medical lectures in Philadelphia, and had become a thorough proficient in the Dr. Rush method of healing the sick, which was in all cases, let

what might be the symptoms, first to draw every drop of blood that could be got out of the body, and then inclose the patient in a close, hot room, and, above all things, command that not a drop of fresh water should be given them to drink—for the reason that the vile natural fluid might interfere with the action of the calomel and jalap, Dover's powders and opium doses, and other death-producing prescriptions, and thereby effect a cure of the malady, by an unscientific method not permitted by the medical schools. In at least nine cases out of ten under the Sangrado treatment patients sank into a fever, in the olden time dubbed typhus, which, if we are to believe the morphine practitioners of the present day, has changed into typhoid, God only knowing the difference, both simply being, in a majority of cases, the low fever that precedes death caused by malpractice. The excessive mortality among Sangrado's patients was the real cause of his acquiring such renown in the art of healing, as about one in ten of his patients wholly or partially recovered, which of course was credited by an ignorant community to the skill of Sangrado, who attributed the death of the other nine to the virulence of the mortal malady; whereas the truth was, as was in later years fully exemplified, the nine were actually slowly tortured to death by the physician, whilst the tenth got well in spite of his death-dealing practices. This Curtis' Corner Sangrado was undoubtedly the rider on the pale horse referred to in the Apocalypse, who went about with his lancet and saddle-bags stuffed with mercury, jalap, Dover's powder, opium, and other abominations, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed after him.

It was not until the Curtis' Corner Sangrado had decimated the neighborhood that Shepherd Tom, then scarcely out of his teens, succeeded in convincing his fellow townsmen, that nearly every death by typhus fever in South Kingstown was caused by his murderous practices, and he was finally obliged to leave the town and return to the wooden nutmeg state,[18] where his father, the Devil, had held sway for more than a century, and is not yet expelled from his favorite churches and medical schools.

But to return. When Dr. Sangrado arrived and examined his patient, the mulatto girl, he pronounced her case extra serious, but thought it possible she might be carried through by his consummate skill. My father objecting to the use of the lancet, its most potent aid was deferred until the next visit of the renowned doctor. After he left, my father gave the girl a dose of Dr. Aldrich's bilious pills, and the next day she was well and about her work as usual. In the afternoon Sangrado came trotting up to the door on the pale horse, with his Pandora saddle-bags, stuffed as usual with all the vile poisons of the M.D.'s death-dealing trade. After paying the compliments of the season Sangrado inquired after his patient. My father told him he had given her a dose of Aldrich's pills the night before, and that she was now well and at work in the kitchen. I wish the whole world could have been present on that occasion, so as to have seen the expression of the doctor's countenance when notified of the health of his patient, and the consequent loss of a profitable case. After looking, as it were, nine or more ways for Sunday, he seized his saddle-bags that lay

beside him, with a convulsive grip, and as he arose from his seat to depart, remarked in a soliloquizing, absent tone: "Those pills are devilish things." Sangrado never entered my father's house thenceforward, nor did he ever send in his bill for professional services in the case of the mulatto girl, which, in those moderate-charging days, would have amounted to one dollar for the two visits, although at that time there resided in New Bedford an old doctor of wide fame as a successful physician, who used to charge but fourpence halfpenny, 6¼ cents, for all visits not exceeding a mile, and died rich at that.

The Hon. Elisha R. Potter [father to Judge Potter, Lawyer William, Dr. Thomas, and James M. B. Potter] was a constant visitor at Joe Runnell's, where he could be seen sitting on the stoop nearly every pleasant afternoon. He was, while in his prime, the autocrat, not only of Little Rest, but of the town and county in which he resided, and for many years the most influential man in the state, being a natural born great man. His four sons are more than an average of the cultivated men, but their father in debate, whether in Congress, the General Assembly, or in town meeting, could put more lightning into twenty words than either of his sons ever compressed into as many pages. He was a true Rhode Islander, as tender-hearted as any woman, and a firm and reliable friend, but woe betide the unlucky wight who opposed him in politics, as Lawyer Newell and Squire Mat Waite ventured to do, whose eyelids thenceforth knew no slumber, neither did their bones know any rest. For many years Elisha R. Potter, of South Kingstown, and Benjamin Hazard, of Newport, were by far

the most able debaters in the General Assembly, and this, too, at a period when I fearlessly assert there were more able men versed in the science of government within its halls than can now be found in the Congress of the United States. Whatever might be their political or partisan differences, whilst Potter and Hazard controlled the General Assembly, the honor and interests of Rhode Island were safe, and deeply is it to be regretted that with all their faults, their places can no longer be filled by men of equal talent and patriotism.

The estimation in which Squire Potter was held may be judged by the fact that the negroes, these nice discerners of character, of the olden time, who not only held their annual elections for Governor and other officers after the manner of the whites, but instituted a debating society, which met to discuss subjects of interest on Little Rest Hill, the first subject for discussion that was entered upon being, "Who makes thunder?" which, after some three hours' debate, was, by a written resolution, decided as follows:

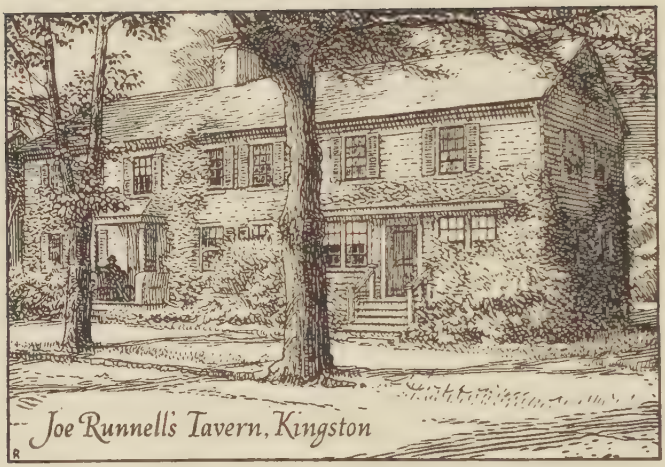
"*Resolved*, Magnanimously by this here meeting, that "while Gor ormighty make the litenin, it takes Massa "'Lisha Potter to make thunder.

(*Signed*) "CAPTAIN GUY WATSON, ESQ.,

"Moderator, Chairman and President of this here Bating "Siety, held in the Siety's room, on Little Rest Hill, this "here 4th day of July, one thousand eight hundred and "fifteen, and in the year of our Lord, Hannah Dominy, "1815."

I think the foregoing will about suffice as a necessary preface to Cat Story No. 2, which I will, should nothing prevent, try to conclude in my next, after which I hope

to be able to satisfy my readers how it happened that Phillis, my grandfather's world-wide-famed colored cook, happened to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.



Joe Runnell's Tavern, Kingston

Twelfth Baking

I THINK I told my readers in my last chapter that I would, should nothing prevent, try to conclude Cat Story No. 2 in my next number, after which I hope to be able to relate the remarkable circumstances that rendered Phillis, my grandfather's superlative colored cook, the remote cause of the French Revolution and the death of Marie Antoinette. So not to be tedious I will take up the thread of that story just where I diverged from it in my last number. I was about to tell how it happened that old Comstock adopted as his tavern sign the picture of a fat man holding up a cat by the tail with one hand, whilst he brandished in the other a red hot branding iron, with the letters "Elisha Garner, Cat Inspector," printed in large outlandish capitals beneath. It was after this wise: Old Comstock used to peddle various Yankee notions in Narragansett out of

his horse-cart, there never having been up to his day a single four-wheeled vehicle in all the Narragansett country, the gentry both male and female as well as all others esteeming it more manly and womanly to journey on saddle and pillion than in any other way. It is true that the wealthier classes had for the convenience of their wives and daughters when in delicate health, the old-fashioned one-horse "shay," imported at great cost from England, but up to the time that Squire 'Lisha Potter drove home from Congress in a covered two-horse carriage, no other four-wheeled contrivance, not even an ox wagon, had ever been seen in the Old South County.

The next covered four-wheeled carriage, I think, was brought into South Kingstown by James Robinson, the father of William, Edward, Atmore, &c., somewhere between the years 1813 and 1815, on the occasion of his bringing his wife home from Philadelphia. I remember Jimmy Robinson's coming home in this new-fashioned carriage from the circumstance that one morning my father sent me and Sam Rodman, now of Rocky Brook, down to the old pier to spread some sea-weed that had been tipped up in separate ox-cart loads on the lot now owned and occupied by Saunders Coates. The sea-weed was of the kind called ribbon weed, which to my recollection grew some hundred if not thousand feet in length, so that when tangled up in the heaps, Sam and I found it very difficult to unravel. So we concluded to let the ribbons remain until they got more mellow with age, and both of us went down to the pier dock and got into a boat, aboard which we found a long-handled pair of grains, such as are used

for jabbing flounders. We were not acquainted with the habits of these fish, but as we pushed off the boat into the dock, I chanced to jab the grains into a flounder that lay on the bottom, just sprinkled over with sand, and hauled it into the boat. Profiting by this hint, we were soon able to perceive that the whole bottom of the sea was paved, as it were, with flounders, that had a way of covering their bodies lightly with sand, leaving nothing but their eyes visible. Before leaving, we caught eleven of these flounders, weighing from three to seven or more pounds each. There were no ten-hour men in that day, so Sam and I loitered about the beach until near sunset, so that father might not think we left off work much before dark. We then strung our flounders on an old piece of rope we found washed upon the shore, and hung them on a fence stake, I taking one end on my shoulder and Sam the other. Although I favored Sam in adjusting our load, he found it hard work to keep up with me, I being the oldest and, though I say it, just the smartest boy that was ever raised in Narragansett or anywhere else; so I went ahead and Sam followed in my wake as best he could, stumbling and crying, and every now and then tumbling on all fours, all the way home. We tried to make a bee-line for Rodman's Mill,[19] now Peace Dale, right through Ben Robinson's rocky cow pasture, then across the south-west corner of Jimmy Robinson's sheep pasture, now a part of the Canonchet estate[20] belonging to nobody knows who; next over Nat Mumford's pollypod bog, now drained and made into a fine meadow by its owner, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague; then over the head of Pettaquamscutt Cove, where old Miss Mumford was mur-

dered by nigger Jim, some two centuries ago, and her body sunk in the mud under the water in the cove, where it was found some days after by a fisherman who chanced to pick up a little ball of knitting-yarn on the marsh, which had fallen from old Miss Mumford's pocket when she was struck by the nigger's club because she spoke cross to him the day before, she being knitting as she journeyed along in the evening on her way home from neighbor Clark's, on Tower Hill, where she had taken tea. The ball of yarn had unwound as the nigger dragged Miss Mumford's body along, the unfinished mitten and knitting-needles still remaining with her held by the knitting-sheath, the unbroken thread thus affording a clue to the exact spot where she was sunk and weighed down with stones in the mud. From thence we struck across a corner of the Clark farm to the Bowler lot, or Hill pasture, some fifty or more rods south of Dorothy's Hollow, where old Aunt Dorothy, the Indian squaw, got lost and perished under a snow-bank in the great snowstorm of 1780, and half as many rods or more east of where the Tower Hill house now stands, and past the old tumble-down hovel where the old crazy Frenchman then lived, who was thought, from his martial bearing and other circumstances, to have been an officer in Bonaparte's army, and so on by the crying bog in Kit Robinson's ground at the head of the Hill pasture brook, where the Indian squaw murdered and buried her two little children, and where her ghost used to be seen and heard every stormy night when I was a boy, in the near neighborhood of where their bones lay, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly. From thence we turned a little

to the right and struck the old Tower Hill post-road, over which old Ben Franklin used to pass on horseback twice a year on his way to and from Boston and Philadelphia, just opposite the Major Jeremy Niles house, who, if I remember rightly, was the last of the old Narragansett gentry I ever remember to have seen riding on horseback in a scarlet coat, with a sword by his side and a mounted black servant behind him. It was at this point we met Jimmy Robinson, just as he was about to turn, with his new-fangled carriage and all, into the Pint Judy drift-way. I shall never forget it, because of the circumstance that he stopped his horses, and asking Sam what he was crying about; the little, sniveling scamp laid all the blame on me, and he said he was crying "'cos Tommy made him walk so fast!" If it were not that I know my impatient readers are dying to hear the conclusion of Cat Story No. 2, I would just narrate in a forty to sixty column parenthesis, how, when I first began to manufacture, I used to carry for years and years wool-rolls about the country to be spun on hand-wheels, then bring the yarn home and carry it to old Rit Perry to be scoured, and then again carry the yarn to Asa Stedman's[21] to be colored; then again carry the yarn all about the country to be wove in hand-looms, and then again bring the cloth home, and all this done on horseback. How many thousands upon thousands of miles I have ridden in that way with bundles of rolls and yarn on each side and before me, through sunshine, rain, snow, and storm, over bogs, stone walls, rocks, swamps, and the devil knows what —it would be hard to tell. But readers may get some idea of the distance by supposing me to start on the de-

gree of latitude nearest Rhode Island and then follow in succession every parallel degree round and round the outside of the world to the North Pole. Then pitch into Symmes' Hole and follow every corresponding degree round and round on the inside of the world, going south, until I reached the South Pole, and then again out and round and round in succession every parallel degree, going north, on the outside, until I reached the Benny Rodman Mill in South Kingstown, which has always been held to be the centre of Ancient Atlantis, the former summer home of the gods. It is truly said that practice makes perfect, which was abundantly exemplified in my horsemanship in those days. To compare me with any modern circus-rider would be simply like comparing Hyperion to a Satyr.

When once mounted, which I used to do by a spring from the ground, no horse could throw me off any more than he could throw a fly. I have known my horse to shake from his back and sides a dozen or less horse-flies without disturbing me in the least. The late Hon. Wilkins Updike, of Little Rest, that prince of wit, geniality, and good fellowship, used to relate at the Joe Runnell's Club, how he passed me one Sunday on his return from a baptizing in Saucatucket river (the Indian for dead man's brook), mounted and giving lessons in dancing to my Narragansett pacer on top of a wide-spreading shrub oak bramble-bush. But to return from this brief digression. As I was just saying, old Comstock, who used to peddle Yankee notions out of his horse-cart, happened to bring up one night at Joe Runnell's, in Little Rest, where he put up his horse, got his supper, and then seated himself in the old arm-

chair for the evening, that stood by the blazing oak-wood fire in the north-west corner of the great-room. Soon after Comstock was seated, 'Lisha Garner, before mentioned, came in, soon followed by Cook, French's journeyman hatter. Next to Cook came lawyer John Hagadorn, who, with Garner, was also a member of the Little Rest club of good fellows. Hagadorn had emigrated from Rhinebeck, in New York State, and settled on Little Rest, his sister having married Asa Potter, an elder brother of the Hon. Elisha R. Potter, whose children were Maria, who married Thomas R. Wells; Eliza, who married Thomas S. Taylor; Julia, who married Christopher Comstock,[22] all of whom resided on Little Rest, and Asa, who married a daughter of Governor Thurston, of Hopkinton City. The sisters were all most estimable women, and as for Asa — why, if he is not in Heaven, then I don't believe there are any good folks there. He was for some years Secretary of State in Rhode Island, and afterwards cashier of a bank in New York, and later in life he received a handsome salary from a prominent insurance company in New York, on condition that he would sit a few hours daily in the reception room to entertain customers waiting for their turn to be served. Asa Potter was an uncommonly amiable man, and such was the suavity of his manners that he came to be spoken of as the "Chesterfield of Kingston." In no instance, save one, which I will relate, did I ever know him to do or say anything that could in the slightest degree offend. To the late William French, of Little Rest, belongs the honor of first inaugurating any movement in Washington county for the placing of agriculture, that greatest and best of all

human institutions or occupations, on a scientific basis. The small beginning made by Bill French has grown into such grand proportions that the South County Agricultural Society now stands second to no other in this country. In fact, I think it must be generally conceded that the recent able and suggestive address of its honored president, Rowland Hazard, of South Kingstown (not Providence,[23] as would be claimed by some envious city, merely because he burrows with his family in that outlandish village a few of the coldest months of the year), is the best thing of the kind that was ever delivered, either in America or Europe — especially that part of it where so fine a distinction is drawn between education and learning, as the latter is now practiced in our common, parrot-like schools and colleges. I take pride in informing my readers that the writer of these gossiping papers is uncle to a nephew of that name, which no doubt accounts for the excellence of the address of the nephew of his uncle. But to cut a long story short, I will say that I do not remember the exact day when Asa Potter and I went to the Court-house in Kingston to be present at a discussion germane to the subject of farming. The meeting, of course, was presided over by Mr. William French, who, in an interesting address, raised some questions that were very modestly controverted by Asa, who quoted Liebig in support of his views. "Liebig," replied the President, "who in thunder is Liebig?" Upon this Asa blushed full a foot above the tips of his ears and seemed threatened with convulsions, whereupon I assisted him as quickly as possible out of the court-chamber down the stairway, occasionally patting him on the back to prevent

his strangling until he got fairly out of doors, when the sufferer exploded.

Asa Potter, the father of Asa, lived in the large, red, gambrel-roof house that still stands at the south-west corner of the road leading south from Kingston, directly opposite to where another old Potter house used to stand since my memory, that was occupied for a long time by Samuel Coy, a journeyman saddler, who worked for John Nichols,—and who was an active member of the Little Rest Club,—and by Stephen Greene, the baker, whose gingerbread ought to have been, if peradventure it was not, famed throughout the world. Don't I remember it! Baked in fluted cards some eight inches square. Ninepence for a whole card and fourpence-half-penny for half a card! Oh, how unlike the vile stuff now sold at bakers' and restaurants—molded in little toad-stool-shaped patties, made of sour flour, rancid grease butter, and spoiled lard, disguised with a thousand poisonous compounds, and only half baked at that! Whew! It raises my gorge to think of the vile stuff. It used to be thought that old Stephen Greene had possessed himself by some occult means, or magic arts, of the recipe for making gingerbread that was used by the purveyors of the gods and goddesses, who in former times reveled on the delicious ambrosia jonny-cake and the other good things to be found nowhere else in either world, except in that part of the Ancient Atlantis now known as Newport and Washington counties, of which Narragansett was always the very pink and posy. That Greene may have had such a recipe is rendered the more probable from the fact that Jemima Wilkinson, who then, and until the date of modern

spiritualism, was the greatest sibyl or spirit medium in America, [not excepting Old Stover, of Tiverton, Sylvia Tory Art, the colored witch of the Ministerial woods in South Kingstown, the witches and wizards that were drowned and pressed to death in Salem, or the four Quakers who were hung by the wicked Puritans on Boston Common] had then been for some years an occupant of old Judge William Potter's immense house called the Old Abbey, that stood about a mile from Greene's bakery on the east side of the road leading north from Little Rest. It is true there was a baker in Grinnage called Cracker Brown, who claimed to rival Greene in the making of gingerbread. Brown's bread undoubtedly sufficed to tickle the leatherish palates of the outside barbarians of that region, but it was no more to be compared to Stephen Greene's gingerbread than the semi-Ambrosia, manufactured at the old Forge Mill, but recently so much cracked about by Grinnager, is to be compared with the genuine article that used to be turned out at Mumford's Mill in South Kingstown or Hammond's Mill in North Kingstown.

I cannot call to mind seeing John Hagadorn more than once, which must have been at Charles Barker's, who kept tavern in the house that I think still stands on the south side of the road nearly opposite John Nichols' saddlery shop, and a little west of the house occupied by Levi Totten, who was a very efficient officer in the American army during the Revolution and a good lawyer, although in pleading, owing to some affection of the lungs or throat, he was always obliged to put in a couple of coughs and twice as many hems and haws between every two words. I don't feel sure

whether it was Levi Totten, Lawyer Bourns, or Solicitor Joe Aplin, who, on occasion of Judge Howell making some cutting remarks in a case in which they were opposing counsel, took Howell's hat from off the court-room table, and wrote "Damned Scoundrel" inside it. Howell observed the motion, but said nothing until he had finished his argument, upon which he took the hat in his hand, and glancing into it, addressed the bench: "May it please your honors, I claim the protection of the court. Some gentleman has written his name in my hat!"

I disremember the exact time when I happened into Barker's one evening, just as the lawyers returned from court, when one of them—I think Nathan F. Dixon, of Pawcatuck bridge—opened the kitchen door and called out, "Boot Jack!" Shortly after, a dozen-year-old boy, with a shining black face, entered the room, and immediately straddled Dixon's extended right leg, so that he could take the lawyer's boot firmly between his legs. Then, stooping well forward, the boy grasped the heel with both hands, whereupon Dixon applied his left foot to the posterior or more rounded nether parts of Boot Jack, and with a vigorous push, shot both Jack and the boot to the other side of the room. This operation was repeated until all the lawyers present were unbooted.

Charles Barker had a big boy named Charles, after his father, whom I used to know well. He and Boot Jack got into a fight one day, in which the black boy got the advantage; so Charles, to get even with him, rigged out a shingle wind-mill, with a little trip-hammer attached to it, on the inside of the boarding, just

over the boy's head, and fixed it up in the gable of the dark cock-loft where Boot Jack slept, in the meantime setting a long fishing-pole against the mill on the outside to keep it still until the proper time. After all had gone to bed and to sleep, Charles stepped out of the back door and removed the fishing-pole, whereupon the mill began to fly around and set the trip-hammer going. Boot Jack, suddenly awakening and hearing the dreadful clatter over his head, made one leap to the ladder leading to and from the cock-loft and pitched headforemost into the entry below, right opposite an open bedroom door, where a Providence county lawyer had got possession of a bed and then kept it for himself alone, in an overcrowded house, under the plea, real or feigned, that he had got the itch. "Who the hell are you?" cried the conscience-stricken lawyer, as he got a dim view of the object on the floor. "I am Boot Jack," stuttered out the trembling boy. "What brought you here in such a damned hurry?" queried he with the Scotch fiddle. "The Devil is up in the cock-loft," faltered out the black boy. "How did he look?" said the Providence county lawyer, scratching himself fit to kill. "I dunno," said Boot Jack. "You dunno," repeated he with the itch; "did n't you see him?" "I did n't see him," replied the terrified boy, "but I heard him whetting his teeth!" Like all other members of the Little Rest club of good fellows, Hagadorn was fond of passing off practical jokes. One day he was accosted in the street on Little Rest by a wooden nutmeg agent for the sale of a patent cheese press, which he wanted Hagadorn to buy. Hagadorn told him that he did not want to buy a press himself,

but that he heard Mr. Turkle, "who lives in that house you see," said he, "down on the plain, say the other day that his cheese press had 'gin out' and he should like to get a new one." Now the real name of the farmer Hagadorn pointed out was John Lamming, that of Turkle being a highly offensive nick-name that had been put up on Lamming because of his being addicted to digging ditches in a bog meadow that was on his farm. So down went the cheese-press man to the house designated, and knocked at the kitchen door, where the family happened to be at dinner. The host himself, a stout built six-footer, opened the door, whereupon the polite vender of cheese presses queried to know whether he had the pleasure of beholding Mr. Turkle. "I'll Turkle you!" roared the enraged farmer, as he took an inch-and-a-half raw cow-hide whip from over the door and proceeded to lather the poor agent within an inch of his life, ere he relaxed his grip on his collar. The disappointed man, groaning with pain, managed to get into his horse-cart and drive back to Little Rest, where he was told by Joe Runnells, his host, whilst settling his bill, that the man who lived in the house on the plain, who had so unmercifully flogged him, was named Lamming. "I was told," said he, "by a beanpole-looking fellow I saw over yonder, that his name was Turkle, but whether it be Turkle, or Lamming, if I ever live to get away and you ever catch me within ten miles of this cursed place again, I will give him leave to lam my soul out of my body." Hence the origin of the slang word "lamming" for flogging. I had like to have forgot to mention Old Sylvester Hazard, who used to live in the house

formerly owned and occupied by Judge Clark, that stood on the east side of the road running south, nearly opposite old Storer's house, before spoken of. Sylvester was a character. One day he got his acre-and-a-half lot of hay all nicely made and raked into windrows, ready to draw together and stack, when there came up a sudden thunder-shower, such as, when I was a boy, most always came every afternoon in the week in mowing time, except Sunday, and wet the windrows through. Next day Sylvester got his hay dry again and raked into windrows ready to draw and stack, when up came another shower and soaked it again, until it was as wet as a drowned rat. On the next day, after a deal of turning and shaking with pitchforks, the hay was dried for the fourth time and windrowed, when a white cap on a black cloud was seen rapidly approaching from the north-west. Sylvester's patience now gave out, and swearing that he would get even with the thunder-cloud, he started on the run to the house and came back in like manner with a fire-brand in his hand and set fire to every windrow of hay, when all was burned to ashes before the rain began to fall. Sylvester had a younger brother named John, between whom and himself a coolness had existed for many years, so intense that they never spoke to each other. Old Jimmy Helme, who delighted in making peace among his neighbors, had often sought to reconcile the brothers, but without effect. One day as Jimmy was standing at the Four Corners with Sylvester, he saw John coming along on the other side. "Now," said Jimmy, "do speak to John, and I know he will speak to you." "I would do so, Mr. Helme, to oblige you," said Syl-

vester, "but I know he won't speak to me!" "Well, now," rejoined Jimmy, "do just try and see." So when John got opposite to where they stood, Sylvester halloaed across the street, "John!" John stopped, and Sylvester continued, "When are you going to bring home that iron bar you stole from me, you thief?" Without saying a word John passed on. "There, Mr. Helme," said Sylvester, "I told you it would be no use!"

When on his death-bed, Sylvester relented and sent for his brother John. When John came to his bed-side, Sylvester told him he would like to make up with him before he died, to which John readily assented, whereupon they shook hands and exchanged many friendly greetings. The interview lasted for an hour or more, when John shook his brother's hand, bidding him an affectionate good-bye. Just as John was closing the door behind him, Sylvester called him back and said, "Now, John, we are good friends, ain't we, just as if nothing had ever happened?" "Yes, brother Sylvester," replied John, "that is just as I feel." "Just so," said Sylvester, "but remember, John, this is only in case I don't get well again. If I do, why then we are to be just as we were before." "Yes, brother Sylvester," said John, "that is just as I understand it, and should have said so before, only I did n't think there was any chance of your ever leaving your bed again alive." Sylvester Hazard belonged to the strong-willed, odd branch of the Hazard family. He was rather litigious, and his daughter used to say that she could always tell when her father got his case in court, for then he came home cross and chop-fallen, whilst in case he lost it, he

would be in the best of spirits, thinking how he could best take hold of his opponents again. He was cousin to George and Simeon. George had a capital pear tree in his big pasture that tradition held was planted by the Goddess Pomona a long time ago, when Atlantis, as before said, was the delightful summer residence of the gods. He kept nothing but bulls on his premises, thirteen in number, because he used to say, he liked to hear them roar, and besides that they kept the boys from stealing his pears.

Simeon, his brother, was equally given to horses, of which he kept nine, and was all the time quarreling with his wife because she would insist upon keeping a cow, to eat up the feed, as he said, from his horses. Simeon had four sons, whom he let grow up without education, because, as their father said, they knew as much as the Devil by nature, and if he sent them to school, they would outwit him. When Sim, the oldest son, reached the age of twenty-one he took it into his head to attend old Clarke Rodman's, the Quaker preacher school in Newport. In the morning Clarke named the letters of the alphabet to Simeon from A to Z, and in the afternoon called up his big pupil to say them in rotation himself. "B," said Sim —"Not right," said the master; "try again." Here Sim paused and scratched both sides of his head. "B," again said he, with renewed energy. "Not right," said Clarke. "Then," rejoined Sim, "the book is wrong, or you told me a d—d lie this morning," upon which he threw down his spelling-book and rushed out of the school-house—never to enter such an institution again. I knew Sim well. He was called the

Narragansett Lawyer, because of his acuteness.[24] I find, on looking back, that I have been gossiping so long that I have not room to finish Cat Story No. 2 in this paper, and must defer it until the next, after which I propose to tell how it was that Phillis, my grandfather's never-to-be-praised-enough colored cook, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, as I think I have hinted somewhere, once or twice before.

Thirteenth Baking

AS I gave my readers some reason to hope in my last chapter, I fully intended to finish up the remarkable Cat Story No. 2 in this paper, and might have done so, had it not been that John Hazard Watson, of Howard street, Newport (who has a cabinet of old-time Rhode Island relics and curiosities in his house worthy the attention of the Rhode Island Historical Society), has since then placed in my hands an ancient dog-eared wood-printed, brown paper covered book, entitled "The Voluntary Confession of Thomas Mount," on the last fly leaf of which is written, in big scrawling letters, "September the 2 day A.D., 1792, Stephen Champlin Book and hand de bout Dis Book Sa. De." In passing I may just here say in parenthesis that Mr. Watson is descended by the mother's side from "Stout" Jeffrey Hazard (hence his classical turn of mind), who lifted and carried some rods the blue stone[25] weighing sixteen hundred and twenty pounds that now lies in front of Rowland Hazard's house at Peace Dale, which Jeffrey (or more properly Geoffrey) had a sister, who married a Wilcox, who used to take a full cider barrel by the chines and lifting it aloft take a drink at the bung. The sight of this book reminded me that I had forgot to mention in my previous reminiscences the Little Rest jail, where Mount was for some time imprisoned. Although he was for a part of the time pending his execution manacled and confined in the Newport jail, where I think from what Mr. Watson informs me the iron fetters may still be found —

unless some public defaulter has sold them to some junk-dealer or blacksmith. Mount was perhaps the most noted house and jail breaker in all the old thirteen states, having made his way into many scores of shops and houses and out of nearly every prison in North America, until he got into the Little Rest jail, which being built mostly of Narragansett white oak (the best and soundest ship timber in the world, not excepting the live oak of Georgia, and teak-wood of Hindoostan), and lined on the inside with Spanish hoop, well nailed with wrought shingle nails faithfully made by Nailer Tom Hazard, he found it impossible to perforate, as the unhappy man feelingly laments in his last confession. It seems by Mount's story, that he was born of reputable parents (Samuel Mount and Mary Dobbs) in Middletown, New Jersey, from whence his parents removed to New York, when he was about five years old. Mount says he began his career of crime in that city; first by playing truant from school, robbing orchards, &c., up to the time he was eleven years of age, when he ran away and shipped with Captain Hammond for Antigua. After a while he returned and enlisted in the American army, but deserted at Valley Forge and joined the British at Philadelphia, from whence he went with the red coats across the ferries to New York — where he engaged in house-breaking on a pretty large scale. I pass by a host of narratives of thefts, robberies, house and jail breakings, related by Mount, until his arrival in Newport, when he almost immediately, in company with one Kelley, stole a pair of silver buckles from Mr. ——, a Jew, and also three or four silk handkerchiefs from Mr. Wickham,

whose store they set out to break into, but were disappointed. After this Mount committed many depredations in Massachusetts and Connecticut, until he fell in at Voluntown with one James Williams, of whom he relates that he told him he was going to Providence to get on board Mr. Brown's Indiaman. "I asked him to go with me the way of Stonington, and he consented. So Williams, Kelley, and I set off to William Stanton's, where we turned Kelley off, telling him that two might keep a secret, but three could not. Then Williams, Stanton, and I set off for Hopkinton with the intention to break a store, but did not succeed; but Williams and Stanton took a dozen pairs of stockings off a fence. Upon our return to Stanton's, I held the horses at the bridge whilst Williams and Stanton broke open a mill and took all the meal and corn they could find and we carried it to Stanton's house. Stanton next day took some of the corn to Rowse Babcock's for rum. Next night, Stanton, Williams, and I set off to break into Joseph Potter's store. I broke open a mill and took a crowbar out of it, and went to the door and broke it, and we all three went in, I first and they following. Being most forward in this business, I lighted a candle and handed down the goods, about seven dollars worth, and some money, two or three dollars, and carried them to Stanton's house, where we divided them into three parts, and cast lots. Williams and I took our shares. After giving Stanton out of my share eight or nine pounds worth of goods for a mare, and hiding the goods under two corn sacks, and under a barn about five miles from Stanton's house, we started out for Voluntown, where we were apprehended and brought back to Hop-

kinton, where Stanton, I, and my wife were tried for breaking open the mill. Stanton's wife and Williams were admitted as State's evidence. Accordingly I was sentenced to receive twenty lashes, and my wife ten (though she was innocent). I paid the fine by giving part of my clothes; then committed to Newport jail, and tried for breaking Potter's shop, found guilty, and received the sentence of death — and the Lord have mercy upon me." Mount was hanged on the north side of the road leading west from Little Rest, on a plain just beyond a little swale or brook at the foot of the hill on land now belonging to Hon. Nathaniel Peckham. Before being swung off he made a good dying confession, which occupies several pages; closing with asking all good people to pray for him, for, said he, "I am wicked; and there are many others in the United States perhaps as wicked as myself;" which brings to my mind Sally Schooner's open confession in meeting previous to her being admitted a member of the New Light Church at Coon's Mill (now Wakefield), in which she acknowledged before the minister and brethren and sisters assembled, that she supposed "she had been about as poor a miserable, harlotry, thievish, good-for-nothing tittle-tattling a body as ever lived in South Kingstown, but that she nevertheless humbly trusted she was an average lot of the church." So far as I have learned, I think it may have been Elder Northup or some other minister of one of the numerous out-branching sects of the Baptist persuasion, who performed the last sacred duties for Mount. The reverend gentleman's remarks on the occasion were generally held to be singularly appropriate and highly consolatory to the crim-

inal, who, he declared, having repented and made a good confession before God's appointed minister, would doubtless be ushered into immediate glory as soon as the soul left the body, closing with a strong appeal to all present to go and do likewise with the sainted man about to suffer for Christ's sake and the good of his fellow creatures, that they, too, might reap his reward, and like him enter at once into the kingdom of heaven.

As the Elder closed his eloquent discourse, most, or all present, shed tears, excepting old Sim Hazard, who was heard to mutter to himself, that if his "getting into Heaven turned upon his becoming a d—d thief, then they might set him down as one bound for hell!" I used to hear a good deal of Elder Northup in my younger days. He was somewhat of the itinerant order of preachers, and passed from church to church throughout the state, wherever any of the faithful were to be found. It used to be told how, when once in his travels, he brought up for the night at Parson Ammidon's, in the north-west corner of the state, Massachusetts being on the north and Connecticut on the west—just the point where the Devil would be most likely to raid upon Rhode Island, should he incline that way.

It was late in November, and the evenings quite lengthy, and to beguile the tediousness of the time, the two parsons sat down to a half-peck of Rhode Island greenings (the best apples in the world), a big chunk of sage cheese, and a *yaller* two-quart pitcher of cider, and entered into a discussion regarding the exact Scriptural meaning of the word "Tophet," as used in the Bible. Elder Northup, who was of a practical-matter-

of-fact turn of mind, argued that it was simply as represented in Scripture, a continuous fire kept up night and day outside of the gates of Jerusalem, in which were consumed the dead carcasses of animals and other offal and filth of the city. Elder Ammidon fully agreed with his brother in this version of the word so far as the Mosaic dispensation was concerned, which he said was merely typical of the most merciful dispensation that was to come when "old things were to pass away and all things to become new," wherein the refining or soul-cleansing process is likened by Malachi to a preparation "like fuller's soap"! The argument waxing warm, required the replenishing of the two-quart pitcher, and black Joe was summoned from the kitchen to fill it from the cask in the cellar. Now it so happened that just before night a drover had arrived in the village from Pomfret in Connecticut with a small flock of sheep, which he had, with the owner's consent, turned into Parson Ammidon's lot, adjoining the rear of his house. Among the sheep was a monstrous big, shaggy-wooled black ram with a pair of double and twisted horns as big round at the base as a stovepipe. The outside cellar door being open, the old ram found his way down to a lot of cabbages that were partially buried in a dark recess of the cellar, shortly after which the door was closed on him so that he had no way of egress, had he felt disposed to leave. With pitcher in one hand and a dipped farthing candle in the other, Joe proceeded down cellar to draw the cider, as told.

And just here the mention of a dipped candle brings to my mind the origin of the slang phrase, "dipping the candle" (so applicable to handlers of other people's

money now-a-days), which was after this wise: A Connecticut militia regiment was quartered for some time during the Revolutionary War, near the sea-shore in Narragansett. One Brown, a corporal, belonging to the regiment, was constantly teasing his Captain to obtain some office for him. One day the Captain informed Brown that he had obtained the promise of an office for him from the Colonel, if he wanted it — but it was one that he could in no way make a farthing out of, his duty being simply to count out the candles to the different companies under inspection. Brown said in reply that all he wanted was an office, he did not care what. So Brown was given the office, shortly after which his Captain observed that he was smarting up in his dress and giving other signs of increased prosperity. Much surprised, the Captain took Brown aside one day and told him if he would reveal to him the secret of his increased and increasing wealth, he would not take advantage of his confidence, but would leave him to perform his duties as he had hitherto done. On this assurance Corporal Brown invited his Captain to accompany him into a cellar near by, where he showed him a big kettle of warm water and a whole box of candles (supplied him for distribution) strung on candle rods — which, before distributing, he was accustomed to dip into the warm water a reasonable time and skim the melted tallow from the surface. The officer honorably kept the Corporal's secret inviolate until the disbanding of the regiment at the close of the war.

Speaking of the Connecticut regiment makes me think of its Colonel being invited to a tea party at old Sylvester Robinson's, who then owned and lived on

the Sprague estate now called Canonchet, near Narragansett Pier. It was the custom in good society at that period for guests to put their teaspoon into the cup when they were not disposed for another cup of tea (the rule being three cups at farthest), and into the saucer when they were. Coming from Connecticut, the Colonel, of course, knew but little of polite usages, and uniformly left his spoon in the saucer when the cup was drank. On every occasion of this kind a colored man waiter seized the cup and saucer and carried them to Mrs. Robinson to be again replenished. The Colonel had observed that all the other guests at table had sat for some time with empty cups before them, so he thought that good manners required that he, too, should drink the last drop and leave his the same. The weather was extremely hot, and the poor discomfited man of war had wrung the sweat of his face out of both his napkin and handkerchief more than once, until driven to desperation, when his latest cup of tea was drank, and his satyrical dusky tormentor reached out his hand to take it again, the Colonel seized the saucer with his left hand, and brandishing his right fist, exclaimed, "You touch that cup again, you infernal nigger, and I 'll crack your damned skull!" To return.

Scarcely had Parson Ammidon's black boy reached the bottom of the cellar stairs, when he heard a craunching-like noise in the farther dark corner, and looking that way he saw two balls of fire. Horror-stricken, Joe returned to his master and told him the Devil was down cellar eating up the cabbages. "Nonsense," said the Elder, as he proceeded that way to reconnoitre. Scarcely, however, had he descended the stairs half-

way before he, too, became terror-stricken, and returning quickly, told Elder Northup that he believed on his soul the boy was right, and that the Devil had really got into his cabbage bin. Parson Ammidon now seized the Bible that lay on the table, in his right hand, and taking the dim farthing candle in the other, proceeded down the cellar stairs, followed by his friend, brother Northup. Now, it so happened that Mrs. Ammidon (who was a thrifty housewife) had on that very afternoon finished making her annual modicum of soft soap—which then stood in the cellar, a little to the right of the stairs, in a brimfull tub that held about two and a half molasses hogsheads. The compound was not boiling hot, exactly, but about the temperature for cooking eggs. Without noticing the surroundings, Elder Ammidon happened to place himself back to, right in front of the tub of hot soap. In a prayerful mood he reverently raised the Good Book high in the air, and bringing it down as he bowed his head, body, and soul in harmony with the motion, he addressed the evil one with the Scriptural exorcism, "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan." The old ram interpreting the motion as a challenge for a fight, drew back, and placing his head in position, made a desperate lunge, and hitting the parson with the back of his horns and head about midships, knocked him, together with book and candle, backwards into his wife's tub of soft soap. The immersion might have been serious were it not that the elder being very tall, the back of his head brought up against the farther side of the tub before his nostrils were entirely submerged in the hot soap. As it was, the unfortunate parson managed to lift his head

above water (or rather soap), exclaiming in terrified accents, as he was getting rid of what semi-liquid had entered his mouth, "Help, O Lord and Brother Northup, the wicked one has smote me into Tophet!"

In his book, Mount reveals the method by which "any man of the least common sense may discover a thief," which I should like to see applied to some of our railroad, bank, and other corporation thieves.[26] He, too, indulges in several pages of poetry like the following:

"Thomas Mount it is my name,
And to my shame cannot deny;
In New Jersey I was born,
And on Little Rest now must die."

"For robbing of a merchant, I was obliged to scout;
For robbing of another man I closely was pursued,
And my faithful comrade Lipton was taken on the road;
From thence to Newport gaol, which is the truth of my song,
To here lie dismal bound down in irons strong."

Mount alleges in his memoirs that there was a "Flash company" numbering some seventy or eighty individuals, extending from Nova Scotia to Georgia, established on the basis of a similar company in London. He gives the "Flash" names of more than one hundred words and phrases, and ends the book with a number of "Flash Songs," "A Song Made by a Flash Cove the Evening before his Execution," and "Mount's Flash Song upon himself," beginning:

"Come ye prigs [thieves] and scamps full bold.
I 'll sing you of a lad of fame,
Who in New York town once did dwell,
And Thomas Mount it is my name.

"As I was going out on a tramp,
Void of any dread or fear,
I was surrounded by the traps [officers of the law],
And to the quod [prison] they did me steer.

"And when I came into the guard
Capt. R—ds did me know;
Tommy, come tip me the bit, he said,"—

Just at this tantalizing point the lower half of the last leaf in the book is torn in twain, and missing. With the exception of Thomas Mount, I do not remember of but one criminal being hanged from the Little Rest jail. That was Cæsar, who was executed a little northeast of the depot of the Providence and Stonington railroad at Slocum's Corner, on what used to be called in my early days "Cæsar's Plain."[27] John Hazard Watson tells me that a Mr. Brown who lived on the plain between Little Rest and Mumford's Mills had two negroes, named Cæsar and Clytus, who owned a fighting cock. A white man by the name of Dealing who lived near by also owned a duck-winged game-cock that in a fair fight whipped the negroes' cock. Said they to Dealing, "Your duck-wing has whipped our cock and now we will whip you!" Cæsar and Clytus then pounded Dealing until they broke his skull, after which they dragged and threw him into Chipuxet river, a mile or more west of Little Rest. He, however, managed to get out, and survived the beating about a year, and then died. Clytus ran away and got clear, but Cæsar was apprehended, tried, and hanged on "Cæsar's Plain."

Wm. Carter was hanged for the murder of Jackson about the year 1742, on a little mound in the train-

ing lot (so called) that lies between the highway and Pettaquamscutt river, at the foot of Rochester[28] (now Tower Hill). Captain Carter, of Newport, had been shipwrecked on the coast of North Carolina and was traveling home on foot, when he chanced to join Jackson in Virginia on his way to Boston with a horse pack load of deerskins. They stopped one afternoon at the widow Nash's, who lived on the east side of the road south of a small brook about two miles south and west of Wakefield. Before leaving, Mrs. Nash combed Jackson's hair, and remarked that if he was ever murdered, she could identify him by a small round lock of dark hair in his head different in color from the other. In passing over Chimney Hill, the same evening, Carter knocked Jackson from his horse with a stone, and, after killing him,* dragged the body half a mile and shoved it under the ice in Pettaquamscutt Cove, not far from Gooseberry Island, where it was fished up by a man jabbing with a spear for eels. Carter was apprehended on the Point in Newport and brought to the jail at Rochester (or Tower Hill), at which then county seat he was tried, and on Mrs. Nash's and other testimony, convicted and hanged in gibbets, where the body remained until it dropped piecemeal from the irons to the ground beneath, where I have heard say the soil and verdure were for years after made rank and dark with blood.

With the exception of these three murders I do not at present recollect hearing of but one other ever oc-

* Since these papers appeared in the Journal, my brother Joe has had a permanent stone monument placed on the spot where Jackson was killed, which until then was marked by a stone in the foundation of the wall, on which the figures 1742 were chiseled.

curring in South Kingstown. That was the murder by a disappointed lover, who, in a fit of desperation, shot his sweetheart, a Miss Hull, through a window of her father's house, just after she was married to a rival, nearly two centuries ago. The house in which the deed was done stood on the south side of the road (since my remembrance) near the Friends' meeting-house in Matooneck, it being one of the six houses first built between Franklin (now South Ferry) and Pawcatuck Bridge in Westerly.

Fourteenth Baking

I WANT my readers to put my last baking of Rhode Island jonny-cake into parenthesis, it being mainly an off-shoot from the matter in issue, and go back with me to the early part of the twelfth baking, where I first mention the name of John Hagadorn, a member of the club of good fellows, at which point I will again take up the relation of Cat Story No. 2, which remarkable narration I feel in honor obligated and bound to finish before I explain the "wonderful whys and wherefores that caused Phillis, my grandfather's inimitable colored cook, to be the cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette." After John Hagadorn, there came to join the club at "Joe Runnell's" on that memorable evening no less than five other individual members, whose names I will for the present forbear to give for the reason that each individual mention of them would recall to my memory such a host of past interesting incidents and anecdotes that it would take a whole Journal and supplement to boot to contain them in print. So after just saying in a short parenthesis that John Hazard Watson, besides loaning me "The Voluntary Confession of Thomas Mount," handed me at the same time for perusal, an ancient sheepskin (with the wool mostly off) covered book of ninety-three pages, written by the prophetess Jemima Wilkinson, whilst she lived at Judge William Potter's big house, called the "old Abbey," that stood since my remembrance on the east side of the road leading north from Little Rest Hill (now Kingston) and

thence to Greenage and still farther in the same direction to parts unknown, the last chapter of which book is entitled, "An Exhortation to the '*United Friends*' everywhere scattered abroad," that being the name of the religious society or fraternity of spiritualists established by Jemima (whose surname was altered to that of "The Universal Friend"), said book being inscribed on the margin of the ninety-second page (which is next to the last page but one), with the name of "Thomas Champlain of South Kingstown, his book, son of Stephen Champlain," I will proceed (as before intimated) without further unnecessary delay, to finish up Cat Story No. 2. Shortly after the club assembled, old Comstock used to say he observed 'Lisha Garner wink at Cook, the hatter, both of whom soon after left their seats and went out into the kitchen, where they tarried for half an hour or so and then returned to their places, where they remained after all the other members of the club had gone home. Cook (who was unknown to old Comstock) then entered into a confab with Garner, relative to the object of his visit to Little Rest, representing himself as being commissioned by Billy Gray, the great East India merchant of Boston, to furnish him with one hundred cats, for which he was prepared to pay one dollar each, delivered at Little Rest, not less than one-half to be full-grown cats, and one-half half-grown kittens. Cook explained that Billy Gray wanted the cats to send to the King of the Nicobar Islands in the East Indies, the said islands having become so overrun and infested with rats, that on the occasion of Captain Liestrong (the master of the "Yankee Joker," one of Gray's Indiamen) happening to call there on his voyage

from Canton to Boston by the way of London, and presenting the half of a forty pound Narragansett cheese (then the best in all the world) to the King, the Queen Sukarata (who was a lemon-colored lady of great beauty and exquisite taste in all edibles) was so delighted, not to say infatuated, with the all but divine flavor of the luxurious esculent, that for the preservation from the rats of the quarter part of the precious Narragansett cheese that remained after she and the King had finished their supper, Sukarata wrapped it in a snake-skin napkin and placed it, on retiring for the night, in bed between herself and husband, taking especial care to close all the doors and windows to prevent the inroads of the voracious rats. These precautions, however, availed naught, for such was the ambrosial aroma of the incomparable Narragansett luxury, that it impregnated the whole atmosphere of the "Great Nicobar" (the chief and largest island of the group), to such an intoxicating degree that every rat within its circuit, besides a goodly number from smaller islands beyond, attracted and guided by the delicious fragrance of the Narragansett cheese, hastened with the greatest expedition possible to the King's palace, and in an incredible short time obtained entrance into the Queen's chamber, through sundry holes the elder rats gnawed with their strong, long, sharp teeth, and in their eagerness to secure the coveted prize that lay ensconced in the close embrace of the four arms of the King and Queen, actually obliged them to seek safety by their both jumping out of the two-story window of their palatial chamber.

I will just here relate in parenthesis an anecdote to

illustrate the difference between the cheese made now-a-days of skim milk and annato and that which used to be made in the honest days of the olden times. Louis Latham Clarke (the fat Quaker friar before spoken of, who was said to be descended, by the *mother's side*, from Louis XV of France), while breakfasting at our house in Narragansett, was observed in the act of putting butter on his cheese. "Why," said I, "Cousin Louis, what is thee doing to thy cheese?" "Putting that back," said he, "that some naughty woman took off." To Lodowick Staunton, of Charlestown, R. I., belongs the honor of the invention of the ingenious method of making cream cheese out of annato and skim milk. When he first carried the golden-looking article to the New York market (some seventy years ago), he told the ignorant Dutchmen of that small town that the reason why his cheese was so golden in color was because it was made from "orange bag cows." Change the name to "Jersey cows," and a key may be found for the deep orange color of half or more of the cheese and butter now sold in the American market. The Irish and English people abroad have discovered the cheat and now refuse to buy yellow cheese. The Yankees are not so cute, and still purchase it because of its rich golden color. They judge it as they do most other edibles, by the eye rather than the palate. After awhile, probably, they will detect the fraud and refuse to buy it, just as the negroes did, formerly, old Captain Fishback's (of New York) cheat in his cargo of salted herring. These, on his arrival at Kingstown, in Jamaica, he split in two and sold the separate halves to the negroes for whole ones. Capt. Fishback's ven-

ture was so successful that he soon returned to Kingstown with another sloop load of herring, but found that he could not get a negro to buy one of them, they all declaring that they "did not want any more of his one-eyed fish!"

On Capt. Liestrong representing to the royal pair that there was an animal in America known as the "Tom-Cat," that would soon clear the island of rats, the King commissioned him to purchase and bring to him, on his next voyage to the Indies, one hundred of the invaluable creatures, promising to pay him down, on their delivery in Nicobar, ten thousand roués in gold, and twice that amount one year after, should the cats clear his dominion of the destructive rats as represented by the aforesaid captain. Now, old Comstock, as well as everybody else, knew that "Billy Gray" was one of the two most successful and wealthy merchants in all New England, Lord Timothy Dexter, who laid the foundation of his fortune by sending a schooner load of warming-pans to the tropics, when, on their arrival at Cuba, they were all bought up by the sugar planters, the covers for skimmers and the pans for dippers, at four times their invoice price, being the other. Billy Gray's unparalleled success in business was owing to his prudence, sagacity, industry, integrity, and economy. It was said that whilst "Billy Gray" did half the foreign mercantile business of Boston, he still found time to do his household marketing, connected with which the following instructive anecdote used to be told: A spruce young man had recently been hired in one of "Billy Gray's" many departments of business, who, up to the time now specified, had never seen the great

merchant, whom he supposed, from his reputed wealth, must be a nabob clothed in the finest and most expensive garments, glittering all over with gold and precious stones, and walking with a gait as proud and stately as a peacock. This young man stopped early one morning at the old Boylston street market, where he purchased a turkey, and then looked about to find some negur to carry it home for him, which was situated on his way to his place of business, where he was then going. A plainly dressed man stepped up and asked the "swell" what he would give him to carry his turkey home? "Ninepence," said the spruce-looking cockney. The proposition was accepted, and the two walked down towards State street side by side, the elder carrying the turkey by its legs in one hand. When the young man's domicile in Washington street was reached, the turkey was duly delivered and the ninepence paid as agreed, whereupon the elder of the two returned thanks to the young man, attended with the request that whenever he wanted to pay for carrying a turkey a few blocks on the way he himself was going, to just call on old Billy Gray, and he would be glad of a job by which he could earn ninepence so easily! This may have conveyed a lesson to the young man that he never forgot, but whether it did or not, I know its bare recital made me resolve never to be ashamed or deterred by the ridicule of sap-headed upstarts, unthinking fools, or contemptible snobs from performing a useful or necessary "job." In fact, I, soon after hearing the story of old Billy Gray's carrying the turkey in Boston, encountered an occasion that called in a most eminent degree for exemplifying in my conduct the moral it inculcated. It was after this

wise: I took a freak or fancy (I am not sure which) to lead a white goat from one of my farms on Tower Hill to my Rocky Brook factory. I rode at the time a gray mare. The goat, tied by the horns, led very complacently until we got within some forty rods of the Peace Dale woolen factory, where he absolutely refused to go farther. What now was I to do! My maxim through life had been never to set out to do a wrong thing, but when a job was undertaken, never to give it up until accomplished. I had no cart or wagon within reach, neither would my gray mare go in harness even if I had, but I had learned by several experiments before practiced, that all horses without exception, broke or unbroke, will draw kindly by the tail. But then what a ridiculous figure I would cut going through Peace Dale mounted on my gray mare, dragging a big horned Juan Fernandez goat, by her tail! For a moment or two the thought unmanned me, until I recalled the story of old Billy Gray and the turkey, on which I was at once reassured, and dismounting I tied the obstinate goat by its rope tether to the end of my gray mare's long tail. The victory was won. After one or two sittings back with his fore legs abrace, and three or four times as many caracoles in the air, to say nothing of as many tumble-downs, the subdued animal followed quietly in my wake. As I expected, when we three reached Peace Dale, all the boys and gals in the factory rushed to the windows and laughed ready to kill, at me, my gray mare, and the goat at her tail; but most of all at me on her back. I persevered, however, and accomplished what I set out to do. Sally Wilcox, a factory gal, made some varses about it that

were greatly admired. When set to music by old Pedro Sherman, the colored crippled wool-waste picker, and sung with the accompaniment of his fiddle, the effect produced on a South Kingstown audience was marvelously grand, sometimes making tears to flow from the eyes and noses of all present. I do not remember the whole of the sublime ditty, nor do I know that it was ever printed. I rather think not, as "Pistol-head Tom Hazard" (so called to distinguish him from "Shepherd Tom," and some thirty-five other "Tom Hazards" of the same name) used to say that he "never saw Sal's varses in the Newport *Marcury*" (the only newspaper then ever seen in Narragansett, or hardly anywhere else in America), although his father, "Nailer Tom," had taken the *Marcury* for thirty years, during the whole of which time, he "Pistol Tom," had never failed looking in the right-hand corner of the paper for the little "blackguard varses," which he said he always got by heart, though he never to his recollection, ever read a line of anything else that was printed in the paper.

I cannot now recall all the words of Sal's sublime ditty, but I remember the first stanza ran thus—

"Once upon a time
The sun it did shine,
And the day was fine,
When 'Shepherd Tom'
Come riding from
His Tower Hill farmy 'O;
With a big white goat,
With a shaggy coat,
Tied with a rope
To his gray mare's taily 'O."

As an offset to Sal's satirical song, and to get even with her, so far as a man can ever get even with a female opponent, for making me the laughing-stock of all the "gals" in South Kingstown, I will just here remark in another parenthesis, without malice prepense, that Sal Wilcox had just graduated into the Peace Dale factory from a twelve by fifteen one-story log cabin in Hard-scrabble, which is a territory bounded on the north and west by the great pond and great swamp, and south and east by "Old Brittain," where she had been accustomed to sleep all her life in a cock-loft, which was reached by a ladder that she used to climb down on backward, which had got her into such a confirmed habit that for six months after her coming to Peace Dale, whenever she was about to descend the factory stairs, she always turned herself clear round, and went down backward as she had always done when going down the ladder from her chamber in the cock-loft. Well was it that this practice had not been taught Sal in her early youth by her minister, Elder Wash-burne, of the "New Light Church," as a religious ordinance, otherwise she would no doubt have con-scientiously clung to its observance, not only during this life, but probably in the better half of eternity in the next,—on the like principle, that the more un-seemly you bend and twist the tree, when young and pliable, the more impossible it is to straighten it when it grows to maturity—which principle in the natural growth, whether of the vine or the tree—of the human mind or the body—furnishes the key to explain the tenacity with which the different races of men adhere

to priest and man-made religious creeds and practices they have been taught in childhood.

Since Sal went to work in the factory, such has been the humanizing, uplifting, and refining effects of the manufacturing business in South Kingstown and elsewhere, and "common schools" established mainly in consequence thereof,[29] that Sal Wilcox has become the mother of a daughter who is married to a New York millionaire, with whom she (Sal) now resides, who does her shopping in a two-horse carriage attended by a liveried coachman and footman. Sal Wilcox also has a son[30] by her second husband (from the Green Isle), who is one of the leading men of New York in wealth, morals, religion, fashion, and politics, whose millions have been amassed whilst patriotically serving his father's adopted country, who too sports his four-horse team, in a coach bearing the ancient coat-of-arms of the family, viz.: A lion rampant (with a great swamp red fox's tail attached to its rump and adroitly hidden by the artist between the lion's hind legs), standing erect on a cock-loft ladder with jaws extended at right angles, snarling and showing his long strong teeth, head thrown slightly off its centre in a backward direction, with paw reaching upward towards the crest on the helmet *argent*, the conceit or device of which is a bag of gold labeled "N. Y. city treasury." The top of the ladder rests on the bag of gold, whilst the lion stands within the helmet or shield, beneath which the motto is inscribed, in heavily gilded *swina latina* letters, "As we *descendo*, so we *ascendo*."

In fine, I will close what I have to say about my old

defamer, Sally Wilcox, by remarking that I do not remember exactly when I heard it whispered that she is in fact the identical proverbial "mother-in-law" of the Journal and newspaper reporters and dime novelists of the 19th century.

I may here also say, in another short parenthesis, that I learn that formerly horses in Spain were always rigged out to draw by the tail, which is found to be the most natural way, requiring but little harness and no expense for breaking. I think if the practice was introduced on canals, it would be of incalculable service in preventing chafing of the breasts of horses, so hurtful where the draft is uniform and unrelaxing, besides saving great expense for harnesses. I have several times thought of suggesting the plan to Henry Bergh, the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who is confidently believed to be doing a greater humanitarian work than any other man on earth, and should probably have done so before this, were it not that we were somewhat of cronies in earlier life, and both of us head over ears in love with the same girl, the prettiest creature a thousand times told in the whole world. At any rate I know I was in love with her, which may have led me to suspect Bergh of being my rival without adequate cause. Whether he was or not, the knowledge he then acquired of my waggish disposition might dispose him to think I merely meant to pass a joke upon him, which is not a fact, but most decidedly to the contrary, being strongly impressed with the idea that the big, strong stump of the tail of the horse is designed by nature for the animal to exert its strength to the greatest advantage in drawing heavy

drafts, especially such as like the canal-boat have no giving up, as it were, and therefore tend to heat and chafe the chest of the tow-horses. Then again, what upon earth was the great quantity of hair attached to the whole length and breadth of the horse's tail, if it were not to hitch a rope to? A small quantity on the extreme end would have sufficed just as well to switch off flies! I observed in passing from Rome to Naples, before a railroad was made over the Pontine marshes, which are a dead level, the traces used were some ten to fifteen feet in length, which arrangement it was held obviated in some measure the heat and chafing caused by a constant never-giving pressure on the chest of the draft-horses.

As I perceive I have not room to get through with Cat Story No. 2 in this number, I will say a few words on the subject of goats, of which animals I bought fifteen or twenty, some fifty or more years ago, of William Tucker, for the purpose of subduing about 400 acres of brush on my farms. William succeeded in delivering the animals on my farm, but no fences or walls, I am confident, could be built that would keep a regular built Juan Fernandez goat, with horns as long as a man's arm, and beards the length of a horse's tail, anywhere within bounds. So agile were the creatures that one of my goats had been seen fighting a dog on the ground from the tip-top of a six-foot inch board fence, and whipping his opponent at that. Before going to work to kill the briars and bushes, as I was led to suppose would be the case, my goats first destroyed most of the apple orchards in the neighborhood, and then peeled all the white-oak saplings for a mile around.

The neighbors were too good to shoot them, and as to pounding the varmints, old Wilson Pollock used to say the Devil and all his angels could not do it. The flock increased to over sixty. Occasionally I yarded them to catch a kid to dress. This was always done of a Sunday, when the boys were all at liberty. It was enough that I gave out word the night before, when every boy within two miles would be on the spot next morning. It generally took some six or eight hours to get the creatures under a shed. The goat is very different in its habits from the sheep, being as the Good Book insinuates, simply devilish in some of its propensities; for instance: Some five and twenty or more boys would surround the flock and gradually drive them up to the shed. Now sheep under such circumstances, if they broke away at all, would follow one leader and run one way. Not so with my goats. Just as they seemed about to enter the shed, the whole flock would generally pause, take positions, and face about. There were some ten or twelve great he-goats, each one of whom would single out a boy (a small one when convenient) in the semicircle, and when all were ready, the big he-goats would one and all make a simultaneous charge in every direction, and the next thing that would be distinctly seen of the flock it would be half a mile away, each he-goat tumbling heels over head in its course a boy more or less, big or small. To return.

As before said, old Comstock was well aware of Billy Gray's wealth and consequent ability to fulfil any contracts entered into by his agents. But, apart from this, he witnessed the passing of one hundred dollars, all in five-dollar bills, from the hand of Cook into that

of Garner, who he then and there commissioned to purchase the cats. This was in June, and the animals were to be delivered on "Little Rest" on the first of August or any time previous thereto. Comstock was not slow in perceiving that there was a lively chance for his turning an honest penny, and after a few preliminaries he contracted with Garner to purchase and deliver the cats at "Joe Runnell's," as specified, he (Comstock) to receive on their delivery the round sum of one hundred dollars, less ten per cent., which Garner was to keep for his own commissions. Now it so happened that old Comstock had a quantity of salt pig pork which he deemed might be turned advantageously into cash by exchanging it for cats. So a few days afterwards he wended his way with a horse-cart load of pig pork to a district in the south-western part of South Kingstown, called New Guinea, which was mostly peopled with negroes, who at that time were very numerous in the town. Here he soon commenced a pretty extensive dickering trade. Cats being uncommonly plenty in New Guinea, it required but a few days to complete his complement, he paying for them at the rate of four pounds of pig pork for a full-grown cat and two pounds for a half-grown kitten. After completing the full number of one hundred, old Comstock notified Garner that he should deliver the animals on Little Rest, agreeably to contract, on the next Wednesday. Garner tried to get the contractors to defer their delivery until he could arrange (as he said) farther with Cook, for sending the cats to Boston. But Comstock plead that he had contracted for and paid in advance for the commodities, and that delays might be danger-

ous, so that he preferred delivering the animals on the day named — which Garner finally assented to, though lothly. Accordingly, on the next Wednesday, Comstock having, on the day previous, collected the cats and put them in bags — ten old cats, or twenty half-grown kittens in each separate bag, making, with one nullage bag containing ten kittens, eight bags full in all, he placed them in his horse-cart and started with the load for Little Rest. As I find I cannot possibly finish Cat Story No. 2 in this baking, I must perforce permit Comstock's cats and kittens to remain bagged until my next, when, should nothing prevent, I hope to conclude the said story, and hasten on to show how Phillis, my grandfather's most extraordinary colored cook, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI.

Fifteenth Baking

"MAN proposes but God disposes," is a trite but ower-true saying, as I have abundant reason to know, for no sooner had I, in my all but frantic endeavors to bring Cat Story No. 2 to a close, that I might tell my impatient readers how it happened that Phillis, my grandfather's universally admired colored cook, came to be the "remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette," and had just got old Comstock fairly on his way to Little Rest, in his horse-cart with all his full-grown cats, one hundred in all (the full complement) stowed away in eight tow-cloth meal bags to deliver according to contract, at "Joe Runnell's" tavern, to 'Lisha Garner and receive the cash of said Garner in full therefor,—than the Post-boy handed me a letter from no less a personage than the Honora-

ble Ex-Governor Henry Howard, notifying me that he had sent me a life-size picture of Phillis, my grandfather's superlative cook, as she used to appear in her old-fashioned comfortable kitchen, baking jonny-cake. The beautiful picture has also come to hand through the agency of a very polite young gentleman attaché of the Journal office, whose services in his department are invaluable, and I hope and trust they are suitably rewarded by his principals, "Messrs. Knowles, Anthony and Danielson." The picture with its surroundings is 29 inches by 16 in dimension, and the artists (Forbes & Co., Boston) have executed it in such splendid bright and durable colors, that I am not sure whether it is a Chromo, a Lithograph, or a genuine Oil or Water painting, or something else of the numerous kinds. Over the top of the picture the two words "Phillis, Ambrosia" appear in large capital letters, whilst beneath is printed in still bigger, double lined and ornamented capitals, "Arkwright Jonnycake Meal, ground by granite stones." On the left side of the picture is printed in large italics, the following extracts from Shepherd Tom's "Rhode Island Jonnycake, first baking:" "The Southern epicures crack a good deal about hoe-cake and hominy, made from their white flint corn, the Pennsylvanians of their mush, the Boston folks of their brown bread, but none of these reputed luxuries are worthy of holding a candle to an old-fashioned Narragansett jonny-cake." Here intervenes a blank space of an inch and seven-eighths precisely by the rule, and then follows another extract:

"My grandfather used to have in his kitchen a colored cook by the name of Phillis, who probably made

as good a Jonny-cake in her day as any other artist known, whether white or black."

On the right hand side of the priceless picture appears the following two extracts taken from the same inimitable and veracious baking of "Rhode Island Jonny-cake," as the former:

"The idea that a burr stone can grind meal even out of the best of Rhode Island white corn, that an old-fashioned Narragansett pig would not have turned up his nose at is perfectly preposterous."

Here follows another blank space precisely two inches and one eighth in length, and then comes—

"There are no other mill-stones on earth that will grind corn meal fit for a genuine Jonny-cake, except those made from the Narragansett granite rock."

In his letter, Gov. Howard says: "It was our intention," (kings and governors never speak in the singular number,) "to send you one of the pictures mounted. We will do so now, but you may also keep the one you have." After returning thanks for the valuable present, I may just here remark that Gov. Howard's letter was dated shortly after our Postmaster-General issued his late famous circular to all his subalterns in the United States, which I presume may account for my not having received the mounted picture up to this date. Should the Governor send me a duplicate, I would recommend him to address it to me after a mode invented by Shepherd Tom, in his 13th year, whilst he was at Westtown Friends Boarding School, in West Chester county, Pennsylvania, where all the boys in No. 10 grammar school (John Bullock, teacher) were once required, each and every one, to

write a competitive composition. Out of some fifty, Shepherd Tom's was awarded the praise of being the very best. Its title was "A dissertation on the proper method of directing letters so that they will be almost sure to reach their destination from all parts of (and beyond) our planetary system, consisting of seven planets" (which have been since increased, let me say, by astronomers to nearly twice that number, with a fair prospect of more being unfolded). If Gov. Howard will address my picture as therein prescribed, which is as follows, and after paying the postage in full, deposit it with Mr. Brayton, P.M., Providence, R. I., I know he is a man who has sufficient gumption to ferret out the place of my residence, and that he will politely forward the mounted picture to me in one of Uncle Sam's locked mail bags. The said superscription by the form I had the honor to invent long before Postmaster-General Mr. Key was born, should run thus:

"SHEPHERD TOM.
Vaucluse,
Vaucluse School District No. 1, South Portsmouth,
Town (or Township) of Portsmouth,
Island of Rhode Island,
Newport County,
State of Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations,
New England,
Eastern States,
United States of America,
North America,
Northern Temperate Zone,
Western Hemisphere,
The World,"

which is one of the planets that the sun (which was created three days after the earth) used to revolve around, but which order the astronomers have, since Newton's discoveries of the laws of gravitation, modified and made it to revolve on its own axis once in twenty-four hours, and around the sun once in three hundred and sixty-five days six hours (and a little better), said planetary system constituting an infinitesimal part of one of the myriads of universes, that move eternally in infinitude in their orbits in accordance with the exact laws affixed by God, with which, as with their Creator, "from everlasting to everlasting," there is "no variableness nor shadow of turning" except on its own axis, as before intimated.

Again says Gov. Howard: "Your published letters confirm our own experience, to wit: that for jonny-cake the meal *must be made from granite stones and ground somewhat slowly.*" True to the letter, only "somewhat" should read "*very.*" I have somewhere else stated how Old Benny Rodman, of Rodman's Mill (now Peace Dale), sometimes used to turn a bushel of nice Rhode Island white corn into his mill hopper, and while it was grinding walk two miles to the Widder Brown's, on Tower Hill, and after doing an hour's courting and taking tea with her, walk back to the mill in season to turn up another grist before the former had all left the shoe. Again says Gov. Howard, "The Arkwright meal has been thus made from the time whereof the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, with the exception of a short time when *we tried burr-stones to save time*, and to the great detriment of the meal." Yes, I understand! "to save time!" that's what's the

matter in this fast age, wherein everything good is spoiled "to save time!" If Governor Howard had said to the "utter destruction of the meal," instead of the "detriment," he would have said just right! The Governor's letter continues: "The granite for the stones comes from some point to the south of us, but I am not certain of its precise location." From some "point to the south of us!" does it? and where on airth, let me ask His Excellency, should the granite mill-stones come from fit to grind jonny-cake meal, but from "a point south" of him, viz.: from "Shermantown," in the South County, situated in the northern part of Ancient Atlantis, where that peculiarly fine and sharp-grained rock was brought and deposited many centuries ago by the heathen gods for their own delectable use — whilst on their annual summer visit they were reveling on ambrosia and the other good things, then as now, nowhere else to be found, as says the envious editor of the Boston Post, "but in the south part of Rhode Island," amid the bland and fragrant breezes that ever blow from the Gulf Stream, and where the invaluable granite rock was discovered by Old Jimmy Sherman just after the settlement of Kings county, whose descendants, who are still located on the spot between North and South Kingstown, alone retain the art of making and pecking the only mill-stones fit to grind ambrosia up to this present day, let Grinnager say what he may to the contrary, whether about his "old forge mill," or otherwise. Gov. Howard concludes his very nice epistle with the remark, "You see I adopt your nomenclature." And why not, let me ask? I would just as soon put the letter "H" before a Rhode Island Chausen greening, that

most delicious viand, that through our darling old Mother Eve's simply sticking her teeth into one side of the tempting fruit damned us all eternally to Hell (or nearly all), and call it the finest Happle in the world, as the London cockneys do, as to place Johnny Bull's Christian name before a genuine Rhode Island Jonny-cake, and thereby immortalize the name of America's former perfidious foe, instead of the honored name of Jonathan Trumbull, the sterling American patriot, whose Bible name was conferred on the surpassing luxury by the women of Narragansett, shortly after they and their sister patriots, in New London county (where Brother Jonathan lived) had, through his and Jonathan J. Hazard's suggestions, come to the rescue of their country in its darkest hour, and saved the all but lost cause by knitting some thousand pairs of stockings out of the soft, silky wool of Ancient Atlantis, for the bare and bleeding feet of our soldiers at Valley Forge. I see that Tom R. Hazard, whom I stick closer to than a brother, and who knows more about the other world than any Hazard I know of (and what the Hazards don't know ain't worth knowing), says in the Journal, "the angels are coming to stay." If this is to be so, I see no reason why Phillis, my grandfather's most accomplished and righteous colored cook, may not come with the rest, for I see that he also says in the same communication that in "heaven there is no distinction made on account of race, color or creed," but that there every one's lot is determined not by their faith but by their refinement of spirit and good deeds. Now I have heard Tom R. Hazard say that of all the thousands of newspaper columns and pages that have

been printed over his signature with an R. in the middle of it, he will defy the world to name an instance wherein he has stated a word that was not strictly true according to his best knowledge and belief, and that not one of his bitter controversialists have ever shown to the contrary. If this is so (and I have no reason to doubt what Tom R. says, over his signature with an R. in it), I think that Phillis will be pretty likely to come back with the rest of the angels, and so I would advise Governor Howard to keep a close watch on her coming, and secure her services at whatever cost early after her arrival. Then I would advise him to purchase Stewart's great marble wholesale store, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, in New York (now on sale, as I understand), fit it up in the old-fashioned style for an Ambrosia Jonny-Cake Restaurant solely, and give Phillis the exclusive charge of the baking department. This done, I feel sure that such will soon be the rush of patrons to partake of the good things that Phillis will make out of Rhode Island ambrosia, that it will take half the granite stone mills and all the white corn raised in Washington and Newport counties to supply the demand for Rhode Island white corn meal. Thus the Governor may quickly amass a bigger fortune than Stewart died possessed of—in fact, a fortune big enough to exalt his soul to one of the highest seats in Heaven or sink it into one of the lowest pits of Hell, just as His Excellency makes use of his money, whether to gratify his own selfish propensities and pride of flesh, or expend it for the good of all mankind (and all other kinds of living creatures), without distinction of race, color, or creed, in accordance with

the ability, light, and judgment God has bestowed upon him!

Whilst I lived at my grandfather's in Narragansett, I was too young to remember exactly how Phillis looked, neither can I recall to mind precisely how her kitchen appeared in all respects; but in examining closely Gov. Howard's fine picture, I thought I could perceive that it was not exactly after the old-fashioned pattern it was intended to represent. I am, however, loth to criticise so fine a work of art, especially as Gov. Howard bestowed upon me in his letter some very complimentary expressions, which my well-known modesty, amounting in fact to shamefacedness and bashfulness on some occasions, will not permit me to rehearse here. So I thought I would, if possible, persuade Phillis herself to come back and give her opinion of the picture. With this object in view, I called the other day upon my friend, Tom R. Hazard, and asked him to instruct me in the whys and wherefores through which my grandfather's transcendent cook could be brought back to earth. To my great surprise Tom R. gave me a flat refusal, and told me that in seeking communion with the dead, everybody is sure to get just such responses as are fitted to their own conditions and aspirations, and that while those who are actuated solely by the love of truth and a heartfelt desire to accomplish good and benefit their fellow-creatures, will be responded to by truthful spirits, those who are dwelling on a false and selfish plane, and are addicted to deceit and lying, will, on the contrary, be sure to come *en rapport* or communication with just such dishonest and lying spirits as are in sympathy

with themselves. On my asking Tom R. in which class of seekers or investigators he meant to include me, he told me straight out to my utter astonishment that it was "with the last named!" Said I, "Do you mean, Tom R., to say that I have been guilty of outright lying?" Said he in reply, "If you have not been guilty of outright lying, you have said things in them Rhode Island jonny-cake Tom-fooleries, that come so near to it that a New York beer-pot politician, or a Philadelphia whiskey-swilling shyster lawyer can't point out the difference." I thereupon asked Tom R. to name an instance wherein I had seriously told an untruth in all these veracious papers. "As for the matter of your seriousness," said Tom R., "the Arch Fiend himself can't, for the life of him, tell when you mean to be serious and when you don't—but I can name scores of instances where you have lied, but whether seriously or in joke, I can't tell!" "Name one instance," said I, "and I will give in." "Well," said Tom R., "there 's what you say about nigger Sam, who, in dancing in Phillis' kitchen, kicked a hole in the plastering with the heel of his left foot, whilst at the same moment he broke another hole with the toes of the other foot sixteen feet apart from the first!" "Well," said I, "what of all that!" as the Honorable Asher Robbins once said (as he was sitting on a bench under the Little Rest Court-house) to a wrathy client who for full fifteen minutes and over had been heaping upon the wily old counselor all the slang and abusive terms in the English language, such as rascal, villain, rogue, scoundrel, liar, with a hundred other vilifying terms of like disparaging significance, until he was actually

obliged to pause for want of breath. Up to that time Mr. Robbins had sat perfectly quiet, looking straight forward, with the exception of once taking his rappee snuff-box from his pocket and taking a pinch. The well-abused Newport lawyer (one of the shrewdest and most learned in New England) now slowly lifted his head and regarding his recently defeated client with an innocent inquiring look, remarked: "Well, sir, what of all that? Did n't I explain, let me ask you, as I went along in my faithful narrative, that black Sam was *uncommon* tall, and nearly all legs at that?" "Good heavens," exclaimed Tom R., "*uncommon* tall indeed! Patrick O'Brien, 'the Irish giant,' who was just the tallest man that was ever known in Europe or America, was but eight feet high from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, so if you split him clean up to his neck," said Tom, "both his legs (allowing only one foot for head and neck), would measure but fourteen feet!" "Just so," said I, "but then you must know that Sam's foot was a yard long from heel to toe, so that allowing that his two legs could straddle no more than fourteen feet, and he might, very well, make the holes in the plastering of Phillis' kitchen sixteen feet apart even admitting, as you would make folks believe, that Sam's ankle was in the middle of his foot, as what he lacked reaching forward to with the toes of the one foot, he would naturally make up by reaching farther backward with the long heel of the other." This rather stumped Tom R., who, muttering something I did not exactly understand about Squire Potter blowing a Providence county lawyer out of the court-house window, turned and went away.

My dander being up near to the boiling point, thinks I to myself, I won't give it up until I try my own hand at raising the spirits, for I know that Phillis and I were always loving friends when she lived at my grandfather's in Narragansett, and I know no reason why she should not love me now that she lives in Heaven. I may just here remark without farther ado that Tom R. Hazard's treatment of me brought to my mind what transpired in my presence when I was a boy, between old black Ned Watson, the black preacher of Tower Hill, and Cuff Tory (Ned having married Cuff's sister). It was a very cold day, and Ned had been down to the sedge beds, just where the cove joins Narrow (Pettaquamscutt) river, and dug a bushel or more clams. I, boy like, had gone down with Ned just to see what luck he 'd have. We both started to go up to the village that stood on top of Tower Hill (where the court-house and jail used to be), and were a few minutes after joined by Cuff Tory, who was on his way home from Governor George Brown's, who lived on Boston Neck, where Cuff had been at work. Before we all three had got half-way up the hill, the salt water had run out of the clams down Ned's back and froze on so that an icicle formed behind him on the seat of his breeches, and hung down full a foot long, looking for all the world like a monkey's tail. Ned now asked Cuff to give him a spell and take the clams for a while on his back! To this proposition Cuff demurred, whereupon Ned reproached Cuff and appealed to me to say whether I thought Cuff Tory in refusing to help carry his clams, treated him like a brother-in-law that had married his own sister! Now Tom R. Hazard is nearer

to me than a brother-in-law, and I appeal to my reader to say whether he has not, in his refusal to assist me in raising Phillis, treated me even more shabbily than Cuff Tory treated his brother-in-law, Ned Watson, in the matter of carrying the bag of wet clams? But be that as it may, I fully resolved to try my luck in raising Phillis with what little knowledge I possessed of the power of angel communion, and on the next Sunday evening, weather permitting, I determined to make the trial, *hit or miss*. I will just say, by way of preliminary, that my house, where I live, was built by Samuel Elam, an old English gentleman (who knew what was what, about comfort, as well as most folks), full one hundred years ago, and that all the fireplaces (nine in number) are large and deep enough to take a back-log two and a half feet by three and a half fore-stick, the fireplace in the library, where I generally sit whilst writing about jonny-cakes, said fireplace being constructed (alike with the side pillars and mantel) of marble with soapstone sides and back, measuring in front four feet in length. So when Sunday came, the day being pleasant and the atmosphere clear, with the wind north-west, and the air of course fully charged with electric elements (all very essential conditions among others, as I have heard Tom R. say, in getting communication from the spirit world), I had a two-foot green upland white-oak log put clean back into my library fireplace. On top of this white-oak log I laid a one-foot six-inch yaller (not yellow) bark oak back stick on top of that. Next I laid on my heavy topped brass hand (not and) irons, which are two and one-half feet long and two feet high, and one foot

through: bewitching smelling Rhode Island white-wannut forestick, [the reader must pardon me for inserting after a comma, in a parenthesis, an anecdote recalled to my memory by the mention of wannut wood, in connection with the Hon. Joseph M. Blake, a man of the finest genius and most classical mind, and about the most eloquent (among the host of eloquent) pleaders[31] that ever bewildered and dumbfounded a Rhode Island jury. I was sitting with "Silver-tongued Joe Blake" in his office in College street, Providence, one rather warm evening in November, where he had a white-wannut wood fire roaring up the chimney, big enough to warm all out-doors. In fact, such was its fervor that both of us had to sit as near an open door as possible to keep from roasting. Said I, Mr. Blake, how much do you pay a cord for your wannut wood? Twelve dollars! he replied. Said I, What upon earth do you keep such a pile on your fire for on such a warm evening as this? They tell me, said he, that the ashes of wannut wood is good manure, and I want to get some to put on my garden down in Bristol! And how many ashes do you get, said I, from a cord of wood? About half a barrel, said he! And how much does it cost to transport the ashes to Bristol? inquired I. Not more, replied the Baconian scholar, than one dollar and seventy-five cents a barrel for freight—cartage at both ends and cost of barrel included—and the ashes, continued he, are worth half as much again as that for manure—if all I hear be true!]—one foot through at the smallest end. Next on top of the wannut forestick I put a green sugar maple stick ten inches in diameter (measured in the middle), between

which and the forestick I placed (so as to give air) a couple of wannut wood toggrels, four inches in length and one inch in diameter (one of the toggrels near each end). On top of the toggrels that lay on the sugar maple sticks I next placed a limb eight inches through, that was sawed that morning from a Rhode Island Chausen greening apple tree, the second only in descent and pedigree from the original stock that was imported by Mr. Bowler, the great Newport merchant, direct from the site of the garden of Eden, in Assyria. As I have before notified readers in a previous paper, the graft for said tree, which is still standing at Vaucluse, the former residence of Mr. Elam, which heaven on earth was so named by him in consequence of a disappointment in a love affair, the details of which may be found on page 89, "Recollections of the Olden Times, by Ibid;" and again on top of the toggrels that lay on the choice greening apple tree stick, I laid a sweet-scented birch stick, the bark of which was as smooth and shiny as the face of a looking-glass, and so alternately with wannut, maple, apple, and birch, decreasing gradually in size as the pile ascended, until the top of the second back stick was reached, when a stick of Narragansett sassifax, vulgarly called sassafras, called in the olden time the "crowning log," more delightful in perfume than all the spices of Arabia, was placed on the top of the whole. After all the needful sticks of wood were piled on, I took a lot of green wannut, Rhode Island Chausen greening, sugar maple, black cherry, birch, and sassifax fine brush and chips and filled all the vacancies and interstices between the different sticks of wood, well intermingled with dried,

sweet-smelling sage, fragrant thyme, and Narragansett pennyroyal (the last named being by all odds the most delightfully odorous plant that was ever imported and transplanted by the gods into the rich soil of Atlantis, where, when fanned by the balmy, soft breezes from the Gulf Stream, it wonderfully thrived and spread on every hillside, until the plant has become, as it were, native to the soil). I arranged the wood for my proposed sacrificial fire as described, after the plan I remembered my grandfather pursued on important occasions, such as weddings, Christmas days, or when he expected public Friends (Quaker preachers) from England, Scotland, Ireland, or Holland, to stop a night or more at his house, as they sometimes did, from all these distant localities. I did this because I thought if anything would be likely to attract Phillis back to earth, it would most likely be one of the magnificent fires so common in her day, but now, alas, almost entirely done away with, to give place to gloomy-looking, sulphur-steaming iron furnaces, grates, steam and water pipes, and soul-benumbing and body-killing anthracite coal stoves. In short, I was foolish enough to think that if the aroma arising from the putrid bodies of a few score of unbaptized Indians, murdered for their land by the old fire-and-brimstone Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, was sufficiently aromatic to ascend up to the deity they had created in their own distempered imagination as a "sweet-smelling sacrifice," as Cotton Mather says, why, then, I saw no reason to doubt that Phillis, my grandfather's incomparable colored cook, who always delighted in making a mess of porridge and baking a jonny-cake for any forlorn,

unfortunate fellow-creature who chanced to come into her kitchen, even if nothing but a poor Indian, and who, I doubted not, had a living faith in the divine precepts inculcated by the tender-spirited and loving Jesus of Nazareth; and, in the boundless mercy of his, and her, and all created beings' loving Father, God, I say I had no reason to doubt, under the circumstances, that she, (Phillis,) too, might be attracted to earth by a roaring, blazing, aromatic wood fire, such as she loved so supremely when clothed upon with flesh. So after placing upright against the mantel the identical wrought iron slice with which Phillis used to draw of a morning, from the oven, her dozen or more delicious loaves of Rhineinjun bread, the iron handle being some five feet long, for the special reason that otherwise the overpowering delicious perfume that poured out in volumes from her newly opened air-tight oven might knock her clean down, I lit the sacrificial fire at about 9 o'clock on the evening of the day before mentioned, and sat myself down in one corner, determined to wait patiently for a couple of hours or so, Micawber-like, to see what, if anything, would turn up. What *did* turn up on that eventful evening I must, for the want of space (in spite of the cats in the bags) defer to another paper. I must, however, be allowed to say in another short parenthesis, that the unlucky mention of those "cats in the bags" brings to my mind an anecdote about "letting the cat out of the bag" that may cause me to burst if I am not allowed to relate, which I will for that reason venture to do, promising my readers that after that favor is granted, I will with due diligence proceed, in my next, to get Phillis, my grand-

father's, &c. (for shortness sake), out of the way, and then, after finishing Cat Story No. 2, explain as soon as practicable how Phillis, my grandfather's universally-famed colored cook, happened to become "the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette." So here goes! Doctor Phisic was one of the most renowned of the Philadelphia medical faculty, which is saying a good deal when it is recalled to mind that Doctor Rush and his medical school took more lives with the lancet during a few years' practice than were destroyed by the sword in the late Civil War! Now, Doctor Phisic had a lady patient (remarkable for her wealth) whose case he was, with all his skill, unable to make a diagnosis of, although he had called by her request more than an hundred times to examine her symptoms. Finally, one day when the Doctor paid his usual visit, his lady patient put into his hand a bag with something inside of it, which she asked the Doctor to untie! He did so, and the mysterious cat immediately jumped out of the bag. To speak more plainly, "The cat was let out of the bag," after which the Doctor married his lady patient, and she recovered her health without the use of drugs.

Sixteenth Baking

MY magnificent, not to say grandiloquent old-fashioned Narragansett fire roared up the chimney in a superb blaze of glory, filling the room with a light far transcending that of a cloudless noonday sun, and a perfume that would put to shame a thousand acre garden of the sweetest scented Persian roses. Lest perverse readers should doubt what I say, I may here remark that to grace the occasion and make everything as attractive to Phillis (my grandfather's wonderfully accomplished cook) as possible, I placed on the centre table two lighted dipped tallow candles (ten to the pound) that I had with much pains obtained from the out of the way district in the South County called Hardscrabble, where but few of the modern cussed patent improvements and labor-saving machines had as yet found their way. Chancing to cast my eyes in the direction of these home-made "ten to the pound," I observed that they had both (as I thought) gone out; but upon placing the forefinger of my right hand on the charred tow wick of the one nearest me in order to doubly assure myself of the fact, I got it badly blistered with the flame of the candle which was all aglow, though no longer visible in the superabundant and transcendent light of my sweet-scented wannut, oak, apple tree, maple, sassifax, and birch-wood sacrificial fire. Whether it was owing to the overpowering delightful odor that filled every corner and cranny of the room, or to some other cause, I know not, but I had scarcely reclined my head on the back of my easy-

chair, ere my senses seemed wrapped in sweet oblivion, and I resigned myself to sensations more delightful, I feel sure, than rum or brandy, opium or tobacco, or any other earthly thing can bestow. From this pleasing reverie I was after a while aroused, by hearing a once familiar voice, repeating in never-to-be-forgotten tones, "Lor', sussy me — Lor', sussy me! sussy me! sussy me! did never a body ever seed! did never a body ever seed! ever seed! ever seed!" and turning my eyes toward the corner opposite where I was reclining, I beheld an old colored woman seated in my stuffed rocking-chair, dangling the old iron slice on her knees, and casting her eyes with a look of wonder, hither and thither, on the pictures and engravings that hung in close proximity against the walls of my library. At the first glance I knew Phillis (my grandfather's never-to-be-forgotten colored cook), for it was no other than she, with her short, gray, tight curled hair, surmounted with a cap of uncertain color, and dressed in a pepper-and-salt linsey-woolsey petticoat (all spun, colored, and wove in my grandfather's family, as was the custom in those halcyon days), with a linen short-gown to match, and a heavy threaded white linen apron, reaching from her chin to her feet, and clean around her body, where it was tied with a string at the back. Phillis had on her feet the very same old slip-shod shoes she used to wear when I was a small boy, the identity of which I could swear to on the Bible, for the reason, if no other, that they were worn through at the toes, which signifies that Phillis would never accumulate property, the good, true, old-time adage holding that all who wear their shoes at the toes will

spend as they goes, whilst those who wear them at the heel will live to get a good deal; and again, those who wear their shoes at the ball will live to spend all!

The dear old soul was so taken up in the pictures on the walls, which, she said, beat anything she had ever seed in Narragansett, or in Heaven (the only places, she said, worth knowing), that it was some time before I was noticed by her at all; but the moment her eyes fell on me, the dear old *critter* exclaimed in much excitement: "Lor', sussy me! sussy me! Is that you, Massa Tommy? Why, I never seed how you have grow'd!" On my assuring Phillis that I was no other than the little boy grown to old age, for whom she used to bake jonny-cake and parch corn, she seemed as if she would never tire of talking about old times, and calling to my remembrance scenes and incidents that transpired in my childhood days, such as my putting the old yaller cat into the woodchuck hole under the orchard wall and shutting her in with a big flat stone, and then my calling all the little nigs and niggresses around me to hear her and the woodchuck growl; and then again all about my falling from an old high stone wall as I attempted to reach from its top a red-streak sweeting apple, and how I came pretty nigh being eat up by the hogs who were attracted to the spot by my yelling and hullabaloo, and how it took everybody in the house to beat the varmints off with window-sticks, canes, shovel and tongs, and the deuce knows what; and how I got my foot mashed with the stones, and was obliged to sit all day long in my little armed flag-bottomed chair, that dear good old squaw Esther, the last Indian Queen of the Narragansetts,

made for me, as she sat by Aunty Phillis' kitchen fire; and how just at that time old carpenter Bill Gardiner came to new sill grandpa's crib, and made great piles of the most glorious spaulters and chips ever seen — and how I would not let any pickaninny, whether in hall or kitchen, white or black, touch one of them until I and my foot got well enough to let me work my way to the woodpile by jogging along in my little armed chair — and how I then sat there like King Nebuchadnezzar on his throne, only a heap sight prouder and bigger feeling than he, with my grandma's cane for a sceptre in my hand — and how I made all my subjects, male and female, white, yellow, and black, bring the big spaulters and chips and lay them at my feet, whilst I told them to do this and they did it, and to do that and they bowed their heads in submission, and how, when I placed my sceptre on the handsomest, smoothest looking spaulter, and told Sal to carry it to my grandma's room, how she hastened to do my bidding, and then hurried back again in a rush, and how, when I told yaller Suke to carry the next best looking spaulter to the "great-room" wood closet, she said nary a word, but run at my command — and how when I told Abe to take the knotty, bad looking spaulters and chips to Aunty Phillis to bake jonny-cake with, he too was obliged to obey me, and started sulkily off on a slow walk! and how, when, on another occasion, I cut off with old Tom Gould's great chopping axe, a big buttonwood log before I was five years old! and how I began the job right after breakfast, and whenever I got off a chip as big as a fourpence hap-penny, how I ran in and showed it to grandma, and how she always said

on every such occasion, that she did n't believe there was another five-year-old in all Narragansett who could make so big a chip, and how she always gave me a doughnut finger for it, and how I would then run as fast as my little legs would carry me back to the wood-pile, and work away with the heavy axe like a beaver until I got off another chip a little bigger, may be, than the last one I carried in, when I would take that too to grandma, that she might again feed me with a new supply of doughnut and praise; and how I kept at my work without intermission, until after sunset, when I got the old buttonwood log chopped clean off, and how I would n't let Abe nor nobody else help me carry it into grandma's room, but rolled it over and over all the way myself as I sat in my little chair. And how grandma would n't let the log be put on her fire, but set it up in the corner of her room to show to folks what her little Tommy did all himself, always accompanied with the remark that she did n't believe there was ever a five-year-old boy in all Narragansett before, and certainly nowhere else, who ever cut off so big a buttonwood log. And how when I got the log all myself into grandma's room, she caught me up in her arms, and after kissing me to death, gave me a whole old-fashioned five-finger rye doughnut, and said she was sure a little boy of my grit and perseverance would be sure when he grew up to make a bigger man than Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte, which prophecy (I may here be allowed modestly to say), the logic of events has since proved to be true! And then Phillis went on to tell how when my mother dressed me up one day in my best clothes, Abe (that born son of the Devil) enticed me

to roll in the cow yard with him to see which would beat in dirtying his clothes, and how when my mother dressed me up a second time, Abe made a bet of two sweet apples that he would dirty his clothes the worst by our rolling in the sink gutter, and how when my mother redressed me again in my last suit of clean clothes, she shut me up in the closet to keep me from dirtying them as I had the others. I well remember being shut in the great-room closet on that occasion, from the circumstance that I then and there used the first bad words I ever remember to have uttered. It was after this wise: There was a motley brown, red, and yellow colored gallon molasses jug in the closet which, notwithstanding the dim light, I was not slow to discover. I remember it now with its cob stopple just as well as if it was but yesterday I saw it. Now I had in my pocket a sort of an old broken-pointed hacked bladed jack-knife that I traded a big chunk of gingerbread for with Pete Allen. After taking the cob stopple out of the jug, I opened my jack-knife and found I could just reach the molasses by holding the end of the handle between my thumb and finger, but not so deep as to afford a good lick of molasses. So I took the handle between my fore and middle finger and pushed the knife down as far as it would reach, with both my fingers thrust into the neck of the jug. I got five or six good licks in this way, but unfortunately in endeavoring to get my fingers a little too far in the nozzle of the jug, the knife handle slipped from between them and fell, blade and all, cajunct to the bottom of the inside of the jug. In the trepidation and excitement caused by the accident, I inadvertently exclaimed, "By George!" Where I got

that heathen form of an oath from, I am sure I cannot tell. I think it must have come by nature, as I am sure I never heard it used in all my life before. Abe always swore "by Josh," and Mose, "by the Holies." So I could not have learned it from either of them, and there were no other persons in the house, black or white, male or female, who did not strictly obey Christ's commandment, "Swear not at all." My grandfather was a preacher in the Society of Friends, and as I disremember, sometimes used the injunction of Jesus as a text for a sermon. Wherever I may have got the bad words from—my mother, who was sitting in her rocking-chair sewing just outside the closet door, was greatly shocked at hearing her little boy use such wicked language, and taking me from the closet, she feelingly expostulated with me about the grievous sin I had committed, for a long time, and again when she put me to bed that night she sat by my bedside mor'n an hour, and prayed with me to be forgiven. She cried and I cried and promised her and God that I would never again use the naughty words "by George," and to the best of my recollection I never have—not at least as an adjuration. I think if Phillis could have held her position here till doomsday she would have continued to talk Old Times, but remembering that Tom R. always said that spirits from the other world were no more omnipotent than mortals of this world—and that they are governed just the same as we are, by conditions, circumstances, and fixed laws, and that the power through which they manifest is limited, I began to fear that Phillis would exhaust what powers she had before I got her opinion about Governor Howard's

picture, which hung just opposite to where she sat, and upon which I observed her eyes were after a while mostly fixed, to the exclusion of all other objects in the room. So, with the object of changing the subject, I said, Phillis, of all the pictures in this room, which do you think the prettiest? "Wal," answered she, "that black gal with the red short gown and yaller petticoat with a red silk bandanna hankercher round her head is a heap sight the prettiest picter of all!" And, said I, Do you know, Phillis, who that black gal is? "How should a body know," said she, "who like me was dead long before the black gal in the picter was born? But, Massa Tommy, who was the pretty critter, do tell?" Said I, That black gal was drawn by a fine artist to represent you, Phillis! "Golly, Massa Tommy," exclaimed Phillis, "don't make fun of dis old negur!" No, said I; Phillis, I am in dead earnest — the picture you see is meant to represent you and nobody else, just as you looked when you were baking jonny-cakes in my grandfather's kitchen! Upon my saying this, Phillis, after giving the picture an indescribable comical look, asked, "Who made that picter, Massa Tommy?" I said, "It was executed by *Forbes Co.*" "Where," inquired she, "does Forbes Co. live?" I said, "*Forbes Co.* reside in Boston!" "I en'y jest thought so," said Phillis; "them Boston folks don't know northin'! So, Massa Tommy," continued Phillis, "do tell what all them things in the picter mean?" Said I: "That thing on the right is a cupboard, in which is arranged a set of China plates." "Golly!" exclaimed Phillis, "what would old Missus thought to seen her Chany plates out in my kitchen?

Them Boston folks don't know northin'! And there, as sure as I be blest, if there ain't a tea-kettle set up on the shelf close to the Chany plates! If there is anything on airth that old Missus would have 'spised more than another, it would be to see the tea-kettle 'side of her Chany. Them Boston folks don't know northin'!" Phillis next asked me what those things were on top of the cupboard. I said there was a work basket, a bottle—probably of yeast—and a little dish full of cake. When I mentioned the dish of cake, Phillis laughed right out. "Why," said she, "before Massa Tommy was five year old, he would eat all them little cakes at one mouthful. I never seed no dish of cake in my kitchen littler than a four-quart keeler would hold. Them Boston folks don't know northin'!" I next called Phillis' attention to the kitchen fireplace, and asked her how it compared with her old fireplace. "That thing you call a fireplace?" said she; "looks en'y jest as much like my old kitchen fireplace as that black gal looks like me! Them Boston folks don't know northin'! And then that thing, I s'pose, was meant for a handiron. If there is anything on airth I 'spise, it is jest such a thing as that handiron! Them Boston folks don't know northin'!" What, said I, do you think of the fire in the picture? "Golly," said Phillis, "you call that a fire, Massa Tommy?" Yes, said I, that was meant to represent your kitchen fire, which I suppose by your looks you thoroughly despise. "No," replied Phillis, "I don't 'spise that fire a bit. That fire ain't worth 'spising. Them Boston folks don't know northin'!" Said I, What do you think of the jonny-cake you are represented to be carrying to the table

to turn? "You call that a jonny-cake, Massa Tommy, such as I used to bake in Massa Hazard's kitchen! Why, Massa Tommy, that thing you call a jonny-cake is put on a board made out of a great thick black oak pork barrel head, which it don't cover much more than half over, and has nine blisters on it besides. My jonny-cakes was allers baked on a red oak head of a flour barrel, and I never made nine blisters on all the jonny-cakes I ever baked in all my life; let alone nine on one jonny-cake. Them Boston folks don't know northin'!" After this fashion, Phillis went on to criticise Gov. Howard's picture, in the most unsparing manner, showing from the smooth, unsanded floor to the flats and candlesticks on the kitchen mantel, that there was not one thing in it that bore the least resemblance to her old kitchen and its fixings any more than the red jacketed black gal looked like my grandfather's wonderfully accomplished cook, who was the "remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette." Finally, Phillis, making a motion as if about to go, asked me whether or no Gov. Howard ever lived in Narragansett? I told her I believed not, but that his home was in Providence. Said she, "Them Providence folks don't know northin';" whereupon Phillis began perceptibly to fade away. Said I, Phillis, don't go quite yet! I want to ask you some questions about Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Upon this Phillis' form again became pretty fully reinstated; but she said I must be quick, as "the 'terializing power is en'y most all used up, and," said she, "I want to get out of sight of that dreadful looking thing Governor Howard called a jonny-cake." I then

asked Phillis if she ever now-a-days saw Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. "Lor' sakes," said she, "Louis and Rie have been setting on that there sofa behind you, Massa Tommy, ever since I been here, only you can't see them because they have n't got their old cast-off clothes on." Said I, I wish, Phillis, you would ask Louis and Marie if the account I have written out concerning them and how you came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution and their death, is correct in all its parts and wording. Phillis said in reply that Louis was mighty pouty just now and would not say much because Rie had been looking all the time at a mighty pretty picter that hung over my desk, which Rie said was "en'y jest the prettiest looking man she ever seed in all her life." Phillis, however, told me that Rie said the account of the wonderful things that had happened in connection with Phillis and what resulted therefrom, as written out by me to be printed in the Journal, were all correct except that Rie's pillion cost but two dollars and a half instead of three, as I had it stated, and that Whales' bandanna pocket *hankercher* was made of half-silk and half-cotton, instead of all silk, whilst his umbrill was made of all nankeen cotton, instead of half-and-half, and had but one (and not two) whalebone sticks broke. I may be permitted here to say in parenthesis, much against my naturally modest disposition, verging on bashfulness — as before intimated — that the full-sized, half-length portrait that Marie Antoinette had been regarding for a half-hour or more with such unalloyed (not to say intense) admiration, greatly to the annoyance of her royal spouse, Louis, was executed in oil by Miss Jane Stuart, the

daughter of the celebrated Gilbert Stuart, who executed with much artistic skill and fine effect the full-sized portrait of the immortal Washington. I may, perhaps, also be allowed to say without giving offense, that the writer, "Shepherd Tom," had the honor of sitting for the picture so enthusiastically and justly admired by Marie Antoinette for its superb beauty and elegant demeanor, thought by amateurs to be executed by the fair daughter of the world-renowned artist in every respect equal with or rather superior to that of Washington by her gifted father, which life-size likeness of "Shepherd Tom" in respect to beauty[32] of face, feature, and head, and perfection of person—in every possible particular, including a surpassing amiable expression of countenance and gracefulness of attitude (hence the secret of Marie's uncontrollable admiration), is thought by amateurs to greatly excel Miss Stuart's renowned father's picture of the Father of his Country. It should be remembered that Gilbert Stuart, the greatest portrait painter ever born into the known world, was a Narragansett boy by birth, he having first seen the light near the head of Pettaquamscutt river, in the north-east chamber of a double-ended brick house, still standing in good repair, and was baptized by Dr. MacSparran "on the 11th of April, 1756, on a Palm Sunday, Sureties, the doctor, Mr. Benjamin Mumford and Mrs. Hannah Mumford." See Updike, History of Narragansett Church, p. 252. On my requesting Phillis to get from Louis and Marie the details in full of the remarkable occurrences that took place in connection with her (Phillis) precedent to the French Revolution and the death of Louis XVI and Marie An-

toinette, she told me that Rie would gladly pass the long night in relating the story to me, were it not that Louis was so cross, and was constantly trying to get her away, so that she could not look at my picture. Phillis had scarcely told me this when she suddenly exclaimed, "Golly, there they go through the window, Louis first, dragging Rie by the arm right arter him!" I rushed to the window, but could see nothing, and on turning round found that Phillis had gone also.

Seventeenth Baking

BEFORE proceeding with Cat Story No. 2, I will just remark that in printing the 15th baking (which has just come to my hand), either I or the Journal made an awful mistake in Shepherd Tom's Post Office address in the leaving out after "Vaucluse School District No. 1," the all-important words, South Portsmouth Post Office, the omission of which in the light of Postmaster-General Key's instructions to his subordinates makes the thing to resemble the immortal Shakespearean play of "Hamlet, with the Prince of Denmark left out." Another dreadful mistake occurs in the same baking, which, without rebutting evidence of the strongest kind, I shall lay at the doors of the Journal compositors and proof-reader. I mean where, in describing the wood used in the construction of Phillis' (my grandfather's superabounding colored cook) sacrificial fire, I am made to spell the old-fashioned Narragansett sweet-smelling white *wannut*, with an "l" instead of a double "nn," just as the Providence county common school larned woodmen spell the black-hearted walnut (not worth a damn) with which they cheat their Providence city customers, who, as Phillis elsewhere wisely remarked, "don't know northin'!"

To begin anew, I think I left old Comstock with his eight bags of cats (one hundred in all) sitting in his horse-cart just as he got out of "Old Guinea," where I may just be allowed to say in parenthesis, after a comma to save time and breath, old Sharper Boose

lived, an old African negro, who once put his shoulder to the hub of the wheel of an ox-cart, loaded with half a cord of green *white wannut* wood that had got stuck in a mud-hole, and turned the load, cart and all, clean bottom upward, before the driver of the oxen had time to say Git up, or whoa, into the Matoonek road, a little south of old Quaker William Peckham's tannery, from whence the old man continued to jog along with his eight bags of full-grown and half-grown cats on his way northward past Cupid hill (known to some ignoramus as *Cubit* hill), so named because the little devil of that name used to sit on top of it half the time and more on summer days, and squint sheep's eyes at the pretty damsels and milk-maids that passed along the road where the Goddess Venus and her newly married blacksmith Lord Vulcan passed their honeymoon after their marriage (which took place at or near the Narragansett Pier, in Atlantis), accompanied by the eldest Cupid, her bastard boy (who, as veracious history relates, had mor'n a dozen fathers beside Jupiter); said hill and rural cottage being on the east side of said Matoonek road, a little north of Venus' husband's (summer season) smithy, which stood a little to the south on the west side of the road, on land that after the gods and goddesses finally left Atlantis, made a part of the "Hazard Perry homestead farm," so-called until after the battle on Lake Erie, when it took the sobriquet of "Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's homestead estate;" and so a little further on, where Squire William Peckham, Jr. (the widely known and respected tanner), one of the truest and best men that was ever raised in South Kingstown, lived and died,

after bringing up reputably and carefully on the honest returns of his calling, a large family of children; and so again on northerly, leaving on the right hand the old Edward Hazard house, that stood a little south of "Dockray's corner," where young John Dockray lived in my early days. His father, old John Bigelow Dockray, lived at the same time in the house further on, now owned by "lawyer Ned Hazard" (the lawyer part of whose name belongs to Providence, in the Plantations, and the other three syllables to Narragansett, in Rhode Island); and so on, by the old bush-topped red cedar tree that used to stand between said young John Dockray's house and the corner where the Little Rest road comes in—up which tree a nine-year-old boy, named Tim Brown, once climbed to a crow's nest in the top of it and brought down four crow's eggs in his big mouth, which he put under his mother's old setting hen, and after they were hatched he carried the heads of the young crows to Little Rest and got the town bounty of ten cents apiece for them. Thence leaving Sugar Loaf Hill a quarter of a mile to the right, where old Jonathan Sweet, son of Job, the natural bone-setter, used to live, and his sons Job and William and grandsons and great-grandsons without number, any one of whom has set and mended more bones scientifically and without pain, during the last century, sheerly by a gift of nature, than has been done by all the surgeons and doctors in the United States—and hence the bitter enmity of those legalized torturers and murderers of mankind; and, after turning the corner to the left, proceeded on his way past the tall gum trees that used to stand in a swale close to the north side of the road

(where the great solemn-looking Quawks used in my early days to build their nests and lay eggs nigh upon as big and twice as good as hen's eggs), and so on by old Gid Grenman's house that stood on the north side of the road just in the south-east corner of "Old Britain" (called for short "Old Brit"), said Gideon having a beautiful green acre of land before his door that he had made rich by sea-weed, bones, old rags, &c., that he had, through scores of years, picked up and brought home in a back basket, strapped on his shoulders, which when he went fishing down to the Pint Judy rocks, in case he "cotcht no luck," he used to stuff with sea or rock weed and bring home on his back a distance of four miles and more; and so on westerly until he passed old John Gould's house, that stood in "Old Brit" on the north side of the road, he being the same scientist and philosopher who, as I have said before, used to say that he was sure the world never turned round, because if it did, the pot of small potatoes he always hung over his fire at night for his pig would be sure to be bottom upwards in the morning.

After recovering my breath after the foregoing rather lengthy sentence, I will, before proceeding further, relate an anecdote, wherein old Kit Robinson, in passing by John's house, just held up his horse a moment to inquire of old *Miss* Gould (John's wife, not *Mrs.* if you please, the latter term being applied in those primitive times only to "quality folk"), how her husband (then out at work by the day) expected ever to be able to pay for the *three parts* stone lot and one part moss (he heard he had lately contracted for), situated on the other side of the road. In answer the old woman told one by one

some dozen or more ways by which her husband expected to get the money, each and all of which were shown by old Kit to be fallacious in turn. Whereupon old Miss Gould, now driven to her wits' end, after two or three hesitating sighs, drew a long breath and remarked, that at any rate she thought they would get along somehow or another "in the scrabble," and pay for their lot, upon which old Kit Robinson rejoined, that he feared it would prove a "hard scrabble" for John, from which saying not only old John Gould's new purchase, but a large, rocky, stony, and mossy district of country, lying on the south side of the Little Rest road opposite "Old Brit," came to be known as "Hardscrabble." "Old Brit" and "Hardscrabble," miserable districts of country as they certainly were in the olden time, might have been singled out purposely by the fates to illustrate, as I have before more than once suggested, the truth of the words, viz.: "From what little causes great effects (sometimes) arise." Even so, and what if I should relate how the voters of these two little starvation districts once turned the scale, and elected a President of these United States, after a fashion, the exact details of which I do not at present incline to go into; but take them for granted on the testimony of old Paris Gardiner, who, in my boyhood, lived in a house that until very recently stood in dilapidated condition on the extreme north end of Hardscrabble, on the south and west side of the Little Rest road before referred to as separating that once God-forsaken district of country from "Old Brit." It would seem from Mr. Gardiner's veracious narrative, that previous to the election of the elder Adams to the Presidency, a most veracious stump

orator from Providence addressed the old Britoners and Hardscrabblers, on which occasion, after informing his audience how much he had been impressed with the venerableness and extraordinary intelligence of the countenances and faces of the assembly before him (some of which, he said, seem to inherit the dust of ages), and severally comparing them individually to the Nestors, Ciceros, Diogeneses, Alexanders, Julius Cæsars, &c., of antiquity, the orator hesitatingly informed his listeners, that he felt he could impart to such intelligent citizens as those before him a profound secret known to but a very few persons in North America, which, when learned, could not fail to convince every independent freeman present, who had any regard for the honor and well-being of his country, how immensely in all respects John Adams, the profound and fearless patriot and full-blooded Yankee, exceeded in every possible respect his competitor, Tom Jefferson, for the Presidency, who, to make the best of him, was nothing but a mean-spirited, low-lived fellow, the son of a half-breed Indian squaw, sired by a Virginia mulatto father, as was well known in the neighborhood where he was raised, wholly on hoe cake (made of coarse-ground Southern corn), bacon, and hominy, with an occasional change of fricasseed bull-frog, for which abominable reptiles he had acquired a taste during his residence among the French in Paris, to whom there could be no question he would sell his country at the first offer made to him cash down, should he be elected to fill the Presidential chair. With this exordium to commence with, the veracious speaker apologized for venturing to remind his auditors of a

fact; he said that men of their intelligence each and all already knew better than he did, that the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was concluded and signed at Paris on the 30th of November, 1782, by John Adams (the present candidate for election to the Presidency), Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, and Henry Laurens, the American commissioners on the one side, and Richard H'Oswald, Esq., on the Britisher's side, old John Bull with his characteristic pomposity and swelling Turkey gobbler self-conceit, holding that one Englishman was equal to any four Yankees, with something to spare to boot. After many days' discussion of the preliminaries of peace, without much, if any, prospect of the parties agreeing, the eloquent speaker said that old John Adams drew up a treaty with his own hand, which he first submitted to his brother commissioners, who, approving of every word it contained, one and all signed on the spot. Adams then laid the document before *H' Oswald*, after reminding him that four out of five of the disinterested commissioners had voluntarily signed the treaty, and he, H'Oswald, must also put his fist to it, or engage with him in a single fight. H'Oswald, who was a burly Englishman, twice as fat and rotund as Adams, declared flatly that he never would sign so one-sided a contract, and flinging off his coat, defied Adams to decide the question by a simple round of fisticuffs. Nothing loth, continued the stump orator, the brave and plucky Adams at once off with his coat, vest, and pants and set upon H'Oswald with all the fury of a wild-cat. For some minutes both parties held their ground about equal, but Adams unfortunately chanced

to place the sole of his heavy cow-hide boot on a piece of orange peel that old Ben Franklin happened to drop on the unsanded floor, he slipped, when Dick H'Oswald tripped him and fell with his whole heavy carcass directly atop of his antagonist. Old Ben now felt he had a duty to perform, and instantly casting away the part of the orange he still held in his hand, a piece of the peel of which had caused his brother commissioner's overthrow, he dove head-foremost right on top of Dick, and clinching him by both shoulders, set out to drag him off of his prostrate friend, and would no doubt have succeeded had not Jay and Laurens seized each a leg of Franklin as they shouted, "Fair play, Ben," and pulled him off of H'Oswald's back, but not until Ben had the presence of mind to snatch from the big broad cuff of his home-made sheep-gray diplomatic coat, the identical brass pin, three and one-half inches in length (which for the first nine months of his life he had used to hold his breeches up — said pin having been presented to Ben through his own written request by his mother when he was in his third year, and worn as a keepsake in the cuff of his coat ever since), which brass pin old Franklin quick as thought now stuck full half its length right into the centre of H'Oswald's fat buttock. "As you all well know, my most respected and intelligent hearers," continued the speaker, "the weather in that northern clime is always at that season of the year as hot as blazes, and mosquitoes are as thick and thirsty as you ever saw them in July on a salt marsh in Rhode Island, with an occasional gallinipper as big as a cockroach among them. These little stinging varmints had lighted in swarms on the scarified portions

of the two combatants during their '*blood and 'ouns*' struggle, and greatly tormented them, and now when Ben stuck his brass breeches pin full two inches into Dick's buttock, the terrified Briton fotched a spring three feet high, accompanied by a thrilling exclamation, 'A gallinipper, by *Gauhd*.' It was now Adams' chance, who, clinching Dick H'Oswald as he fell back, dexterously turned him right side down and put the licks into his smellers and peepers right and left, until blood spurted in streams from the haughty Britisher's nose, and both his *peepers* were bunged up as tight as the port-holes of a man-of-war in a hurricane, when, finding it was no go, Dick sung out, 'Nuhff,' and without further parley or ado, signed the treaty with his own blood (Adams kindly guiding his hand), together with a separate codicil, in which he *shwore* by all the roast beef and plum pudding there then was or ever should be thereafter in H'old H'England, that he would never deny his signature nor go back on his conqueror, the veritable doughty John H'Adams, who is, now let me say to this distinguished assembly, a candidate for the Presidency of the United States of America, in opposition to that frog-eating thief and *Parlez-vous* rapscallion, Tom Jefferson of Virginia."

"And now, gentlemen," continued the eloquent orator, "let me tell you, upon the honor of a Rhode Island and Providence Plantation politician and lawyer, and in the name of Will Shakespeare, the great Rhode Island dramatist, that in the truthful narrative I have pronounced in your presence, I have set down 'naught in malice, naught extenuate,' but have word for word adhered in every respect to the naked truth, with like

fidelity that characterizes all the remarkable facts, anecdotes, and incidents that are contained in the never-enough-to-be-praised printed tales of the Arabian Nights, and the travels by sea and land of the immortal Gulliver and Sindbad the Sailor. So now, gentlemen of Old Brit and Hardscrabble, I leave you to cast your votes in the coming crisis, on the results of which hangs the destiny of our beloved country and the world at large, just as becomes intelligent and incorruptible freemen like yourselves."

At the conclusion of the speech it was unanimously voted by the assembled freemen present, that any Old Britoner or Hardscrabble freeman who should not vote for the glorious John Adams at the coming election ought to be deemed guilty of treason and shunned by all his neighbors accordingly, whilst in case any *individual* or *individuals* should dare to vote for that half Injun, half nigger, half Frenchman, with a touch of the bull-frog, Tom Jefferson, he or they should be rode on a green split chestnut rail, sharp side up. The consequence was, that when '*lection* day came round, every freeman in Hardscrabble and Old Brit went to Little Rest and cast their ballots to a man for John Adams, which with the aid of manipulation[33] known only to President and Governor-makers, turned the scale in favor of John Adams, who accordingly was declared elected President of the United States of America.

Old Comstock proceeded with his load of cats on his way to Little Rest until he came to the "John Dockray Common," a tract of more than a hundred acres, that used, since my remembrance, to be dotted all over

with immense wide-spreading white and black oaks, every one of which, I think (the more the pity), are now gone. Here the old man stopped his horse, and turned him out to bait on the common, whilst he himself sat down in the shade of the old "Jimmy Scribbins" white oak tree to eat his lunch of jonny-cake and cheese. The cause of this white oak tree being so called was after this wise: Old *Jimmy Scribbins*, as I have before hinted in the matter of the yaller-breasted broiled eels at my grandfather's breakfast table, was a man of childlike simplicity, and although almost wholly ignorant of the ways of the world, he was, nevertheless, a most eloquent preacher in the Society of Friends, thus exemplifying the truth of those sayings in Scripture that "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings I will perfect praise," and again, He has "chosen the weak and foolish things of earth to confound the wise," or words of similar import. Now it so happened that whilst riding one day, Jimmy was seized with so violent a toothache that he dismounted and holding his horse by the reins, sat him down in the shade of this identical tree. The pain of his tooth became so intense that he finally thought he must die on the spot, when it occurred to him that it might be thought he had died through drunkenness and thus bring reproach not only on his own good name but on that of the Society of Friends; he (Jimmy) took a piece of white chalk from his pocket and wrote in large letters on the smooth bark of the white oak, "James Scribbins died of the toothake!" After a while the pain abating, the simple-hearted old man mounted his horse and rode away, never thinking to rub out the chalk

marks, which remained until they were effaced by the rain. Old Jimmy used to live with my grandfather, with whom, as before said, he was a great favorite, because of his honesty and simplicity. I could tell many anecdotes of him, but will relate a couple only, and then proceed to finish up Cat Story No. 2, preparatory to telling how Phillis, &c. (for short). One day while Jimmy was putting up a gap in the wall on my grandfather's farm, adjoining the Tower Hill, old Post road, that used to be the main thoroughfare since my and old Ben Franklin's remembrance between Boston and Philadelphia, there came riding by Parson Romain, a proud, fat, and sleek-skinned priest of the Church of England. The Right Reverend reined in his horse as he came opposite Jimmy and said, "Scribbins, how many tons of pudding and milk does it take to make one rod of stone wall?" Jimmy, who had just raised a heavy stone from the ground, held it poised in both hands whilst he turned his head a little awry and, looking straight in the Parson's face, replied, "Just as many as it takes hireling priests to make one gospel minister!" Romain passed on to the south-west with nary another word! On another occasion my grandfather had a very noted English female public friend (ministers among Friends being called public friends) to dine with him in company with her traveling companions. She was very neatly attired (as Quakers always are), and sat down to dinner in a broad, capacious apron as white as the driven snow. Jimmy Scribbins happened to be seated next to her on the right. Scarcely had the old man begun to eat his dinner, when chancing to look downward he fancied he saw a corner

of his shirt sticking out from one side of the falls of his leather breeches, which buttoned tightly with three buttons, two of them being made of Spanish pistareens and the other (the middle one) of a Spanish quarter of a dollar (as was common in those days), all of which he had securely fastened on with wax ends. Again and again as the uneasy Jimmy looked slily downward his eyes still fell on the strayed flap of his shirt, notwithstanding his repeated efforts to tuck it into place. Jimmy had stuffed his breeches to their uttermost limits with the apparently endless shirt-flap and sat in an indescribable state of confusion and bewilderment, thinking at times that he was really possessed by the Devil. When at length the time came to rise and leave the table, Abe, who I have before mentioned in these papers, stood back of the English public ministering friend, and when she rose to go, that born son of Satan, for some devilish cantrip known only to himself, snatched with a jerk the chair from behind her. She, on finding herself unable to straighten fully up, went through the motion of resuming her seat, but in consequence of Abe's deviltry, the English public female friend fell flat on her back, dragging Jimmy at the same time with her to the floor. My grandfather coming to the rescue, it was soon discovered that Jimmy Scribbins had mistaken a corner of the white apron of the English public female friend for the flap of his own shirt, and in his frantic endeavors to hide it, had forced more than two-thirds of the English public female friend's capacious apron beneath the falls of his leathern breeches.

Eighteenth Baking

WHEN old Comstock had finished his lunch of jonny-cake and cheese, he harnessed up Dobbin and jogged along the road with his eight bags of cats (100 all told) towards Little Rest, leaving Gavitttown half a mile to the left, where old Daniel Gavitt and his three brothers lived when I was a boy, the said Daniel being a Rhode Island freeman voter of such incorruptible integrity and sterling independence, especially in the matter of casting his vote at elections when Governor John Potter or any of his political friends were up for office, that the aforesaid Governor was in the practice for many years of annually sending his friend Gavitt an ox-cart load of salt hay, because, as he was often heard to remark, he (Daniel) was never known to go astray from the right path in the exercise of the inestimable right of suffrage, let the "charmer

on the wrong side charm never so wisely.'' And so on by old Jim Knowles' gambrel-roofed brick house, who for many years in the good old time underbid all other purchasers of the ''*poor of the town*'' at the annual sale of the town paupers at vendue to the *lowest* bidder, and as a general rule, fed and treated them as well as he could afford, except when ''Jim Knowles'' came home from some *doings* at Little Rest, drunk, when all the said town poor had to do was to keep out of their keeper's way until he sobered again; and so on to ''Tom Rodman's[34] corner,'' the said Tom, though the keeper of a New England molasses rum grog-shop, being one of the most honest men in South Kingstown, with a stiff leg without joint, which, when he rode, stuck out from the side of his horse at a right angle, said horse having learned by long practice, as I have often witnessed, to bear or sheer away, first to one side of the road and then to the other, to intercept Tom's *incline* and keep him from falling off his back (which Tom never did except when he happened to be sober), as in his maudlin condition he first leaned one way and then the other at an angle of forty-five degrees and some minutes, the bone of Tom's leg having been rotted clean away by what the doctors then called, and which allopath diplomats still call a fever sore, made then as now, in every known instance, by the stupid malpractice of the death-dealing fraternity of Antediluvian Fossilists, who are now plotting the destruction of all healers of disease, not (as I fearlessly aver in the name of justice and truth) because the *quack* healers (as the diplomatists arrogantly call them) *kill* as they assert, but for the reason that they cure, and more than all

others, the thousands of spirit healers who are now restoring to health numberless sick and ailing persons after they have been pronounced incurable by the *regular M.D.'s*, through the laying on of hands, a mode of healing practiced by Jesus and prescribed to His followers by Him as a test of discipleship, the immense success of which in the present day having raised the ire of the regular diplomatist practitioners to so great a pitch that they have already obtained the passage of laws in many states making mediumistic healing and natural bone-setting crimes punishable with fine and imprisonment under provisions of insidiously constructed laws, which would, were Jesus to return to earth to-day and heal a poor sufferer of an issue of blood or other infirmity as of old, cause Him to be cast into prison and subjected to a fine; the said house where Tom Rodman used to live having been occupied some years previously by Doctor Sangrado, a Connecticut human blood-swilling allopath, who was never known in a single instance, so far as I am informed, to gain access in the line of his hell-born profession to a family in the county of Washington, without sending with his lancet, opium, blue pills, Dover's powders, and scores of other murdersome mineral compounds and poisonous drugs, aided by the foul air of unventilated rooms, in which the stink of an hundred vials with as many Latin labeled boxes and packages of doctors' compounded poisons, ascended or descended towards death, just as the foul elements could find their way through unchinked crannies in the walls or floor of the room, always closely sealed (by Sangrado's order), with not a drop of fresh water even being permitted to cool the

parched lips and burning veins of the sufferer by the express commands of the same infernally-educated fool, who was used by his master the "*Dragon*," to fool still greater fools than himself and lead the way to "dusty death," from one to five of his so-called patients in every family, until he and other doctors like him had, by their legalized murders, decimated half a county, when at last "Shepherd Tom" and a few other fearless men of common sense succeeding in convincing the survivors in Narragansett that the fall fever, then dubbed typhus and now typhoid by the M.D.'s, that was then deemed to be, with scarcely an exception, a fatal malady, was altogether caused by the malpractice of Sangrado and his bleeding compeers, upon which discovery Sangrado was forced by the public indignation to leave Narragansett and flee back to Connecticut (the Devil's own state), where he succeeded in making a meagre living by persuading enough priest and doctor ridden patients to consent to be sent to their graves through his administering (as all the allopaths are still doing) doses of soothing but life-destroying morphines, opiates, and other mineral compounds and drugs which are measurably as destructive to life as was that of the now exploded lancet; not *exploded*, let me say, by the doctors, but rather *submitted* to by them in deference to and perforce of, a more enlightened public opinion, for I (Shepherd Tom) fearlessly assert that although the "leopard may change his spots and the Ethiopian his skin," never was there on earth since Mother Eve bit the apple, an organized body of Doctors of Medicine or of Divinity who were ever known to depart an iota from the rules

of practice or belief laid down in their mediæval books, unless in instances wherein the change was forced upon them by *Outside Quacks* and *accursed* reformers!

Now that I have recovered my breath after the foregoing tolerably lengthy but just anathema, I will continue my narrative of old Comstock's journeying with his eight bags of cats (one hundred in number all told) by remarking that some half mile south and west of the Tom Rodman corner, and beyond Sot's Hole, commences what is called the "ministerial woods," which extends through Hardscrabble to Tuckertown, a district of country that used in my boyhood to be pretty much peopled by the family of Tuckers, the house of Nathan Tucker, one of the very best, most venerable-looking, and most patriarchical men that ever lived *anywhere*, whether in modern or ancient times, being situated near the north-eastern, white, sandy shore of Worden's pond, more generally called "the Great Pond," because of its bigness when compared with Tucker's pond, and the half-score or more of other laurel-enveloped and clear water lakes that abound in what is known as "the Hills," one of the most picturesque districts in Rhode Island, where the fairies used to congregate and dance by moonlight in the olden time when the gods and goddesses made Atlantis their summer abode, and where, on the bushy borders of Worden's pond, great yellow otters used to harbor since my remembrance, one of which short-legged quadrupeds once run across my path as I was riding on my gray mare along the borders of the said Worden's pond, and plunged into the water, after which all I saw of the cunning creature was just the tip of his nose

making rapidly from the shore, said nose not looking bigger than a black Mexican bean, and after a minute or so, causing no more wake or ripple on the water than if it had been a small fly swimming on the surface; Joshua Tucker, the patriarch of all the Tuckers (then a proverbially honest, tribal family of Old Narragansett), living a mile further south of Nathan on the northern shore of Tucker's pond, abounding with a thousand beauties and also with yellow perch. The said Joshua being the same true Christian who during the famine caused by the cold season of 1816, when ice made throughout New England in every month of the year save July, thus destroying all the corn crop except what grew on the immediate sea-shore of the favored Atlantis (the former summer home of the gods), where the balmy breezes from the Gulf Stream protected the plant from the frost for some rods back from the salt water, who (Joshua) had his crib full of last year's crop of corn, which he dealt out by the peck or half bushel (never more at one time) to the poor, exclusively, at the usual price it commanded when there was a full crop, which price was less than half of what corn brought in that famine year at wholesale; said "ministerial woods" being so called because some poor priest or rather minister-hell-scared sinner bequeathed it on his death-bed to the Presbyterian Church, thinking he could thus atone for the sins of his soul by a gift of that he could no longer use himself; whom I have heard Tom R. say, who gets his knowledge of the after life direct from scores of angels, whom I have heard him also say he talks with in person face to face, as Moses did with God as naturally as with mortals, and

from whom he has learned that if the donor of the "ministerial woods" when in health had e'en just gone some cold day and cut a load of good, sound, white wannut or e'en white oak in said woods, and then with kind and sympathetic interest pervading his heart and soul, yoked up his Lamb and Lion and Duke and Darby, and after nightfall carted and tipped his load of wood at the door of some poor suffering widow woman, who with her orphan children were shivering with cold, unbeknown to her, and come away without saying *nary* a word about it, that such an act would bring to his soul a greater reward in Heaven than would the building and endowing of every steeple-house in Christendom under the false expectation that he would thereby reap a rich reward in kingdom come. Before leaving the "ministerial," I will just say that in a small hovel way off in the north-west corner of the forest, lived the old black sibyl or fortune-teller or prophetess or spirit-medium or witch, just as one's fancy might call her (they being all the same), Sylvia Tory, who died at the age of one hundred and four years, who Adam Babcock and Charles Barker (journeyman apprentice to Jonathan N. Hazard, carpenter), together with myself, went some miles one Sunday afternoon (about the year eighteen hundred and twenty) to see, and get "Sylvy Tory" to tell our fortunes (all entire strangers to her), which she did for Charles and me, dwelling upon our future life for an hour or so more in truth than fiction, so far as I at least was concerned, but when she came to Adam Babcock (then in robust health), not a word could he get from the old shriveled, gray-headed crone save, "Don't you by no means go east," which

Sylvia repeated as often as Adam pressed her to say more, for some half a dozen times, without a word's addition or subtraction, "Don't you by no means go east!" which made Adam *mad*, but still he offered to pay her his quarter, the same as we did, which she persistently refused to accept, and on my asking the contrary old critter after Adam had gone outdoors, why she would not tell him his fortune, the old witch shook her head oracularly and said that "that young fellow has no fortune to tell;" and sure enough, when Adam's indentures had expired, a week later, he went straight to New Bedford, some thirty miles due east of Sylvia's hovel, where he sickened in a few days and died a fortnight later.

And so old Comstock kept on with his eight bags of cats (100 in all) until he reached old Paris Gardner's, who lived at the foot of Tefft's hill, just in the hollow adjoining the Genesee woods (where the Narragansett Pier Railroad now runs through them), where I once saw, late in the evening, a great *Corpésant* (vulgarly called meteor) descend from the heavens and light in the Genesee swamp as big as a cart-wheel, which makes me think of old Jeffers, the *old Brit* wheelwright, who used to make first-rate cart-wheels without square or compass, but simply by the rule of "guess and allow," the aforesaid Tefft's hill being the exact steep place where old Jabe Boss of Hardscrabble (the half blacksmith, half carpenter, half cooper, and the other half tinker, who always put the finishing touch to his jobs of whatever sort or kind with a *rasp* a foot and more in length, with teeth half an inch long) dropped from his horse-cart a jug holding a gallon of sperm oil which

he was bringing from Thomas S. Taylor's (the storekeeper) on Little Rest to Shepherd Tom's factory in Rocky Brook, to oil wool with, when as he said, happening to hear something behind his cart going cajunck, cajunck, he looked back and there he beheld Shepherd Tom's sperm oil coming out of the mouth of the jug in gulps just like as if the jug was seasick, and when he got to it he found the jug empty, all but about the pint of oil he brought to Rocky Brook round about by the way of his own house, where he stopped to get the outside of the jug wiped. The aforesaid Paris Gardner having been elected a member of the "Little Rest Club of Good Fellows," because of his wit, on an occasion when the president of said club twitted him with being such a confirmed liar that he could not speak the truth if he tried to ever so hard, upon which the said Paris asked the president of the club what he would bet on that, when the president replied he would put up a quarter with him upon that question, whereupon Paris out with his quarter and said, "I can lie and I can speak the truth, but to tell the truth I would rather lie than speak the truth!" whereupon the club adjudged that Mr. Garner was entitled to take the stakes for speaking the truth in one instance at least, and in addition received from the president of the club a certificate of membership in consideration of his witty reply. There used to be when I was young, a funny story told of Paris Garner in connection with old Richard Corey, who worked for my grandfather by the day for many years. In going home nights after his day's work was done, Richard used to go through the Wilson woods, situated about half a mile north-east of old

Benny Rodman's Mill (now Peace Dale), where Richard used to say he once saw a black-snake mor'n twenty feet long, with a carbuncle on his head as big as a tea-kittle. Richard's path lay through a small open space in the Wilson woods, which was some fifty feet across (where probably a coal pit had been once burned), and one night as he entered this cleared spot, a great horned monster, looking and roaring for all the world like a black bull, sprung out of the bushes and grabbed Richard round the middle, telling him that he was the Devil, who had come, he said, to take him to hell in consequence of his being such an abominable liar, who he could bear with no longer; whereupon Richard begged most piteously to be let go for that time, promising the Devil that he would never lie again, eeny jest so long as he lived, if his Honor would let him go jest for that onct, but still Richard's captor remained deaf to all his prayers until he had dragged his victim way into the middle of the great swamp that lies on the east end of the big Wilson woods, when the Devil relented so far as to tell Richard that he would spare him for that time on condition that he would bring to him at the "Devil's Ring" (as the aforesaid oval-shaped, grassy spot has ever since that time been called, even to the present day), on the next night, a bigger liar than himself, cautioning Richard, however, to beware of agreeing to do what he could not perform, as it would be worse for him in the end if he did, and bidding his terrified prisoner to say whether he could think of any bigger liar than himself in all South Kingstown; whereupon Richard told the Devil that he didn't know but one bigger liar than himself, and that was old Paris

Garner, who lived at the foot of Tefft's hill, who, he thought, was a *ruther* bigger liar than himself, and that he knew of a way he could get Paris to come to the spot the next night without fail, whereupon after making a strange sort of gurgling in his throat that sounded very much like a suppressed laugh, the Devil released Richard on his solemn promise that *willi nilli* he himself would be on the spot the next night either with or without old Paris Garner, the biggest liar in South Kingstown, as he (Richard) asserted and believed. Now, as every well-informed man in South Kingstown knows, the old Thomas B. Hazard big house that lately stood on the east side of the old mill-pond (now the Wakefield mill-pond) was in the olden time a great resort for the pirates that used to infest the American and West India seas (which, by the by, reminds me that Old Nailer Tom Hazard used to show me several pieces of weapons of war that had been plowed up near his house, among others the brass handle of a broadsword on which the name of Artemus Gould, pirate captain or mate, was inscribed), among whom was the famous Captain Kidd, who, as is well known, was in the practice of burying his treasures along the American coast in holes dug in the ground, with which he always buried one of his men (generally a nigger, because they are the most honest), to keep guard over it. I remember well when I was a boy seeing a great hole in the Wilson woods, where it was said, guided by a dream, old Jim Wilson got a heap of gold, and so the next day old Richard Corey, instead of going to work to my grandfather's, posted himself to old Paris Garner's and told him that he, too,

had a dream, and had dug down in the place until he reached the nigger's bones that old Capt. Kidd buried with his keg of gold, and being afraid to touch said bones, he had come to get him (old Paris) to go with him to the Wilson woods and get the gold, promising to give him half of the kegful if he would jest go down with him that night and take the nigger's bones from off on top of it; but old Paris (who, by the by, was the very Devil himself, dressed up in a bull's hide, that played the trick on Richard) flatly refused to go with Richard, for the reason, as he said, that he, Richard, was so big a liar that neither he nor anybody else could believe a word he said; whereupon Richard went home, and from that time forward, instead of going and returning from my grandfather's by the shorter way of the Wilson woods, he always took a roundabout way further to the south, where there were no woods in his path.

Now it so happened that just after old Comstock passed the house of old Paris Garner, and got opposite old Adam Gould's, on the other side of the road, he met his contractor, 'Lisha Garner, who, hearing that Comstock was bringing his load of cats as he had agreed, to Joe Runnell's on Little Rest, set out to meet him on the way, when he no sooner saw the bags of cats in Comstock's horse-cart than he (Garner) expressed a wish to look at one of the full-grown cats to see whether they were mercantile cats, such as he had contracted with Comstock to deliver for one dollar per cat (100 all told), whereupon the old man (Comstock) carefully untied the mouth of the bag and took therefrom a big tom-cat, which he carefully handed

to Garner to inspect, as he (Garner) had requested; whereupon the said tom-cat manifested a disposition to bite Garner with his teeth and scratch him with his claws, which caused Garner, as he averred, to let go his hold of the devilish cross thing; whereupon said tom-cat immediately darted into an open window into old Gould's front room, upon which old Comstock (poor confiding man) hastily handed the mouth of the untied bag to the treacherous Garner to hold close whilst he ran into Gould's front door after the escaped tom-cat. But Garner (who was playing possum all the time) was no sooner left master of the situation than he out with his jack-knife and cut every string that Comstock had tied the bags with, and then nimbly mounting, rode back to Little Rest as fast as his horse could go, whilst poor Comstock, who had entered Gould's house in pursuit of the runaway tom-cat, was suddenly bereft of his understanding, and overcome with consternation, by seeing and beholding every full-grown and half-grown cat come pouring in an unbroken stream into the open inclosure of Gould's front room, and from thence through the open doors and windows into the thickest of the adjoining hundred acre swamp, which extends along both sides of the Genesee run until they are both (the swamp and the brook) lost or merged into the north-east corner of the great swamp, which is bounded for three miles on the south by the aforesaid "Worden's" or "Great Pond," out of the western extremity of which pond proceeds the main branch of the Pawcatuck river, on which near the pond used to stand Holburton's (the Englishman) wool-carding mill, whose son Harry I have heard tell how there was

a fellow by the name of Jim Smith, who lived near Zachary's bridge, not far from their carding mill, who was so cussed bad that "God Almighty could n't save him if He tried to," which north-west corner of the swamp is only a mile or two from the little rising mound situated on the north-west corner of said swamp, where the great swamp Indian fight came off one bitter cold night in 1675, when the noble Narragansett Indians were exterminated, as they were fighting for their country against the combined forces of devilish blue-law Presbyterians of Connecticut, and the cussed witch-drowning and Quaker-hanging Puritans of Massachusetts, who, after the battle, as I have heard old Daniel E. Updike (who used to keep the A No. 1 tavern in East Greenwich) say, took their prisoners to his grandfather's house (near Wickford) that stood on the side of Smith's block-house, said block-house being the first building of any kind that was put up in King's (now Washington) county by the first white settlers, and the next morning a company of the Puritans and Presbyterian sainted devils (before swearing in their daily morning prayers), took a lively young Indian into the orchard south-east of the house, where, out of pure cussedness, they laid his head on the stump of a tree, and cut it off with his father's chopping axe, — taking with them (the cats) in their hasty flight mor'n a half-dozen nice white perch, which the poor old negur Gould had brought home an hour before: the little fish being all his luck that day in his fishing '*bout* opposite Gooseberry Island, in Narrow (Pettaquamscutt) Cove, which fish his wife had just finished frying for dinner, which made old Gould dreadful mad with his wife

because she had joined the New Light meeting some months before, and he had always told her since then that every old woman in that church was a witch, and would be proved to be so before it was over with, which he said had now come to pass, and that every critter that had got into his house that day and carried off the fried fish were no other than the old women who had jined the New Light meeting turned into cats,—which brings to my mind that I have not yet written a chapter on the fish of Narragansett, which of course I ought to and must do, after I finish Cat Story No. 2, before I tell my readers how it came to pass that Phillis, my grandfather's superabounding cook, came to be the cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Nineteenth Baking

JIM SYMS (an honest old colored man), who lived in the farther end of the same house as Adam Gould, used to say that as soon as the last cat had scooted out of his west window and disappeared into the Genesee Swamp, old Comstock snatched the new beaver (that he had bought the day before out of his anticipated cat money) off his head and stamped it into the wet ground, whilst he cussed all the 'Lishe Garners, Billy Grays, and journeyman hatters that then were, ever had been, or were to be, for a full half hour, after which partial easement of his mind, the old man got

into his cart and urged Dobbin on his fastest gait toward Little Rest, where, on his arrival, he made an hour's diligent search for Garner without success, that wily cat contractor having, in anticipation of what would follow, concealed his whereabouts until old Comstock had left the village next morning for his home in Newport. After his arrival in Newport, Comstock proceeded to Lawyer Joe Aplin's office, who, for a reasonable consideration, after examining the terms of his client's unwritten contract with Garner for the purchase and delivery of the one hundred full-grown and half-grown cats (all told), gave it as his professional opinion, that said contract was of too vague a character to be enforced in a Rhode Island Court of Common Pleas, in the absence alike of both documentary and oral testimony, apart from the fact that Cook, the journeyman hatter, being in a measure a party concerned, rendered his evidence inadmissible before a jury; at the same time that he was not suable himself as a party (so Comstock said) from the well-known fact that he, the said Cook, was a miserable, unsanctified, wandering Massachusetts vagabond, not worth a damn'd copper. So Comstock, from sheer necessity, was forced to submit to the loss of his pig pork and bide his time to get even with Garner, nor was it long before an opportunity occurred to pay the "cat inspector" (as Comstock nick-named Garner) a part of the debt in somewhat like kind. It happened after this wise: Comstock arrived and put up at Joe Runnell's one blustering evening at February Court time, where he found 'Lisha Garner toasting his feet in the "gret-room," he having just returned from a long ride on

horseback in the cold. Said Comstock, without stopping to compliment, "Mr. Garner, I want you to go right over to Squire Totten's and get a writ to serve on Simon Belcher, who owes me nineteen dollars and ninety cents for a lot of pig pork, and is now stopping at his cousin's in Hopkinton City, on his way to Connecticut. I want you to go right off airly to-morrow morning, so as to catch Belcher before he gets over the line and out of the jurisdiction of Rhode Island into Connecticut. If you catch Belcher and bring him back with you," continued Comstock, "I will, in consideration of the bitter weather and urgency of the case, pay you double fees for your services!" Thus enticed, Garner got his writ of Squire Levi Totten, and early next morning started on horseback in a violent storm of snow, hail, and rain, to serve it on Belcher before he could escape to Connecticut, where he would be safe from Rhode Island law and all other law, except *Blue Law*. Late in the evening the deputy sheriff returned to Little Rest wet to the skin as a drowned rat and shivering with cold, and at once hied himself to Joe Runnell's, where he knew he would find a good blazing fire to dry and warm himself by. When Garner got to Joe's, he found all the "Little Rest Club of Good Fellows" assembled there, with Comstock in their midst. Said Comstock, on the deputy sheriff's taking his seat, "What luck, Mr. Garner?" "No luck a'tall," chattered out Garner. "I rode all day in the d—d storm, but could n't find nor hear a word of the cussed scamp." "What sort of a writ did you have?" asked Comstock. "Why," replied Garner, "as good and regular a writ as was ever served on an abscond-

ing debtor." "Ah," replied Comstock, "there's where you made a mistake, Mr. Garner; your writ was not of the right kind." "What kind of a writ," said the deputy sheriff, "should I have had?" "You should have got Squire Totten to have filled you out an *Ogmatorial* writ," said Comstock. "What sort of a devil of a writ is that?" savagely asked Garner. "An Ogmatorial writ," replied Comstock, "is a writ to take a man where he ain't!" The cat was now fairly out of the bag—and amidst a deafening roar of laughter from all the club, 'Lisha Garner hastened out of Joe Runnell's "gret-room," and took himself home.

Not long after this, Charley Comstock got a sign painted and hung on hinges for his tavern on Ferry wharf, in Newport, on which, as I think I have before hinted, a very life-like picture of 'Lisha Garner was painted, with the words underneath, "*the cat inspector.*" Comstock also published a little book about the same time entitled a "History of South Kingstown," in which a full account of his dealings with Garner and Cook concerning the one hundred cats, big and little, all told, was narrated, which I have said something about (I think) before. I disremember exactly the year in which Comstock raised his sign, but think it was when I was a small boy of some seven or eight years old, when we lived for a short time on "the Point" in Newport, I guess about the year 1805. It was just about the time I played truant from school for the second and last time, of which my readers may have heard. It was after this wise: Ike (my elder brother) and I saw some bad boys one day along the shore up by the "Blue Rocks," stoning a young robin that

they had set in a bush stuck in the ground. To save the life of the poor thing Ike and I gave the boys all the coppers we had, for the poor bird, and on the way home I persuaded Ike to give me his half of the robin. So I got Abe (that born son of the Devil) to make me a little stick cage for my bird, which I carefully nursed and fed until one morning I found it dead. What it died for I never could tell, for I stuffed it from morning till night with as many worms and grains of corn as I could cram down its throat, just as the doctors stuff a patient with beef tea, who is dying with a fever of their own making. However, the poor little robin died just as most of the patients of the doctors do, and so Abe and I concluded to bury it in one corner of the ship-yard, after breakfast, Abe to preach the funeral sermon from Lamentations III. 52: "Mine enemies chased me like a bird." Now it so happened that Abe was so long making up his sermon that the time came for me to go to school, and mother sent Margaret down where I was digging Robby's grave to tell me I must start right away to school else I should be too late! This made me mad, and instead of keeping on my way to school, I stopped side of the ship-yard, just in a corner made by the east end of the fire engine house and the south fence of the ship-yard, north of the William Hunter house, and made up my mind to stay there, happen what might, until school was out and then hasten home and bury Robin. There I stayed and stayed until it seemed to me as if forty years had gone by, and yet I saw no boys returning from school. At length, grown desperate with long waiting, I crept out to the corner of the street just as

old Sci Robinson was passing, and said, in a half whisper, "Uncle Sci, it 's past twelve o'clock, ain't it?" How the old nig found me out I can't tell, but he hollered loud enough to be heard a mile: "Ah! you rascal, you 're playing truant!" which made me shiver and shake all over. I will just say here in parenthesis, that old Scias was one of my great-uncle Thomas Robinson's negroes, who was just the crossest old critter that ever lived, although he was always treated with the utmost kindness by his master and mistress. Aunt Sally Robinson always made Sci's shirts with her own hands, and one day after she was seventy years old, she made Sci four new linen shirts and called him into the "gret-room" to give them to him. Said she, "Sci, I am growing old, and I fear these are the last shirts I shall ever be able to make for thee." Sci examined the shirts carefully, one by one, and then grumbled out, "Where 's the patches?" That was all the thanks Aunt Sally then got from Sci or ever did get from him! But this is not here nor there to the cat story, and so I will proceed: When Sci guessed so right about my playing truant, it struck me to the heart just as if I had been shot, and I again slunk back to my former stand by the engine house — where I stayed as it seemed to me for another forty years, when concluding all the boys must have gone home from school some other way, I too proceeded home, and on entering the "sitting room" where mother was sewing, with my guilty eyes fixed on the clock, I said, "It 's past twelve o'clock, ain't it, ma?" It lacked still a quarter of noon, and so I was blowed. I and Abe, however, buried Robin, whilst mother stood at the window and listened to the

funeral sermon. I think she was somewhat affected by Abe's touching words, for before I started for school after dinner, she gave me a note to hand to old Clark Rodman, the Quaker preacher school-master, which he read and never said nary word to me about playing truant. But I had got enough of that pastime, and never after, in all my school days, was tempted to repeat it. And here I can't help but say, that I more than half believe in the judgments of God, for of the five boys that were stoning the poor little young robin to death, I know that three of them have since died violent deaths, whilst of the remaining two, one died in jail and the other in a poor-house. Talking about schools, I don't remember of there being more than three in Newport when I was a small boy, though doubtless there were more. Suky Wickham kept one for very small boys and girls, I think, not far from the State House, in a little cross street running from the Parade to Marlboro' street. Old Clark Rodman kept another school for the bigger boys and girls somewhere a little south of the Parade and east of Thames street. Green Carr was the bully of Clark Rodman's school, and was always a leader of the boys of that school in their fights with the big boys of "Tower's school," who used to set themselves up for gentlemen. (I will just say here in parenthesis, that old Clark Rodman was much given to absence of mind. He was a Quaker preacher, and sat on the high seat next below old Bishop David Buffum, father of the late David Buffum, and grandfather of the present Thomas Buffum, who lives by the two-mile corner, near Newport. Clark was very careful to get to meeting betimes, and one Sun-

day morning he was seen bustling in a great hurry all about the house with a boot in each hand, complaining that he should be late to meeting, because he could not find the bootjack to put his boots on with.) Boys used to have jolly times in Newport, them days. I remember when a lot of big boys used to stand at the north-east corner of the Parade and Thames street (then called Vaughn's corner), with the bosoms of their shirts pulled out and full of frozen snow-balls, and pelt as many passing, well-dressed women and dandy-looking boys as they were a mind to, there being no bespangled, blue-coated policemen in those days to interfere with their innocent sport. They used to have glorious fights, too, them days. Newport was then divided into four boys' quarters; the "up-town boys" owning the north-east part of Newport, the "over-to-The-Point boys" the north-western part of the town, called then, as now, The Point; the "Long-wharf boys" living on the Long Wharf, and the "down-town boys" in the southern part of the town. Free Mayberry (still living) was the bully of The Point boys; Jim Shaw, of the up-towners; Ned Allen, of the Long Wharfers; and Green Carr, of the down-towners. There used to be a ditty song with four lines in those days in vogue that was a favorite among all the boys except the "Long-Wharfers." The words, when the lines were repeated by the "over-to-the-Point Boys," of which I was one, run thus:

"The up-town bullies,
The down-town brats,
The over to the Point gentlemen
And the long-wharf rats."

As sung by the up-town boys:

"The over to the Point bullies,
The down-town brats,
The up-town gentlemen,
And the long-wharf rats."

Again, as sung by the down-towners:

"The up-town bullies,
The over to the Point brats,
The down-town gentlemen
And the long-wharf rats."

The reason why the Long-wharf boys did not like the song was, because the rats could not be made to fit any other quarter of the town than the Long Wharf where they belonged. Consequently the "gentlemen" could never become the distinguishing burden of the song when applied to the Long Wharf. In those blessed days, all that was necessary to get up a regular row was for the boys of any quarter of the town to parade of an evening in another quarter singing the song with the "gentlemen" line applied to themselves, whereupon the bully of the invaded quarter would summon his forces and fist fight the insolent foe until one side or the other cried "Nuff," when the combatants would cease, often with bloody noses on both sides almost without exception. It used to be thought that the great naval victory won on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry and his first officer, Daniel Turner (both Newport or Narragansett boys), was greatly owing to the solid fun and capital training Perry's brave tars had been favored with in the street fights I have described, his fleet being largely manned with Newport and Narragansett boys.

"'Lection day" in Newport, from time immemorial, has been the greatest invention in the way of show that was ever got up by any Barnum on earth, whether in ancient or modern times.

I remember talking many years ago in Paris with Mr. Dennison, our then consul in that city, about the great cities and great spectacles of earth. He told me that when a small boy he went with his father to "'Lection" in Newport, at which time he was more impressed with the immeasurable magnitude of the town — the magnificence of its streets and buildings, and the splendors of the 'lection scenes and parades, together with the rich and resplendent costumes and semi-regalia of the Governor elect and his suite, as he marched up the parade with drums a-beating, fifes a-playing and colors a-flying — than he had ever been since, although he had visited nearly all the great cities in both Europe and America, and been present in several capitals and witnessed the coronations of Kings and Emperors, besides some Queens. "In fact," said he, "I have never since seen anything that could hold a dipt candle to what I saw on that occasion in Newport, nor do I ever expect to, either in this world or in the world to come."

In the olden time, every man in Narragansett who could raise money enough to pay his passage to and fro to Newport (which since my remembrance was but twenty cents over the two three-mile ferries), attended 'lection, and above all others, holders of office of any and of all grades and degrees. Of course, Deputy Sheriff Elisha Gardiner always attended and saw the Governor take his seat in the gubernatorial arm-chair.

It must have been in the spring of 1805–6, that Deputy Sheriff Gardiner attended 'lection in Newport for the last time. On that occasion, as he passed up from the Ferry wharf at the lower or down-town ferry into Thames street, he could but observe how exactly like himself was the full-length portrait that swung opposite Charles Comstock's tavern. This caused some uneasiness, which was not at all diminished when he saw two or three well-grown boys apparently comparing his own physique with that of "The Cat Inspector" on the tavern sign. He, however, put on the best face he could and marched up to the State House, where he arrived in season to witness the inauguration of the new Governor. Green Carr, the bully of the down-town boys,—where Charles Comstock resided,—was observed to be eyeing Deputy Sheriff Gardiner very closely and peculiarly, as he sat not a great way from the Governor. Green was a great admirer and friend of Comstock, because the old man lived on the Ferry wharf close by where he did, and besides occasionally treated him to a glass of cider for taking some country truck or a traveler's luggage from the ferry-boat up to his tavern, and besides this all the down-town boys (Green among the rest) had a patriotic fellow-feeling for Mr. Comstock, because he was a citizen of their quarter of Newport. So what does the bully of the down-town boys (Green Carr) do but to sidle round and tip the wink to *Jim Shaw*, *Ned Allen*, and *Free Maybray*, three bullies, severally of the "up-town," "over-to-the-Point," and "long-wharf boys," and intimate to them, one and all, that the veritable "Cat Inspector," whose picture was on Comstock's tavern sign, was come to town, and then about

to leave the State House on his way to the ferry-boat. Green Carr's hint to his fellow-bullies was sufficient, and Garner had hardly well got off the State House steps into the street when the four bullies of the four quarters of Newport, each and all raised their respective *Cat calls*, that brought around them nearly every rowdy boy in Newport. Nor were they slow in divining the service that was expected from them by their leaders, but immediately surrounded the unhappy deputy sheriff and began action at once. The deafening shouts of "cat inspector" rent the air, while a score of Newport's future heroes would be buffeting or ruffling Gardiner at once—from afore, beside, and behind. The hat of the unfortunate man quickly disappeared, and his garments were passing away by piecemeal, while every step he made, amidst showers of fire-crackers let off on his head, in his pockets, between his legs, under his nose, and elsewhere, lighted him on his struggling way until he reached a point on the parade opposite old *Charley Feke's*, the apothecary, who then kept the shop now occupied by Mr. Allen, the druggist, it being, I think, the oldest apothecary's stand in New England, if not in the United States. I may be allowed to just remark here in parenthesis, that I used to know "Charley Feke." His outside form was not much to boast of, he being but a little dried-up looking, crippled body, but then he was, without exception, the largest-souled and truest-hearted man and the best Christian that ever lived in Newport, by a long shot. The old man used to always keep a supply of children's apparel, shoes, &c., secretly stowed away under his counter, and whenever a poor, shivering

young 'un, whether boy or gal, came to his shop on an errand, or otherwise—the old man had a way of knowing exactly what they most needed in the matter of clothing, and could also make an exact fit without taking their measure—and so he would, with nary a word, do up the stockings, shoes, or what not, in a bundle and hand it to them just as they were leaving his shop.

It is true that I do not much believe in monuments, but still I must say, that if the Newport folks should be inclined that way, I think they could do no better than to erect one to "Charles Feke," and place it in Washington square, just a little way east of the fountain, opposite his apothecary shop. (In fact, a beautiful stone fountain would be the appropriate design.) I know that I am not a bit mistaken in old Charles Feke's deservings, for I have heard Tom R. (who never mistakes in anything) say that he once asked a spirit who was talking to him through the organism of an entranced medium, who had never heard of Charley Feke, what Feke's condition was in spirit life, who answered him that "Charles Feke was a Christian, and a man of true and unbounded sympathy, charity, and benevolence. Although eccentric, he was intelligent and of a deep, affectionate nature, and altogether, a noble, generous soul, who loves his fellow-men, and is one of the most refined spirits that I have seen. He is calm, noble, just, and his deeds of kindness whilst on earth are stars that light him on in his celestial progress."

Lucky was it that that "cat inspector's" way led by Charlie Feke's shop, who was the only man in Newport for whom his persecutors had sufficient love and

respect to enable him to rescue the poor tattered and exhausted biped out of their rabble hands. As it was, when the good apothecary approached, all the boys stood aside whilst he led their victim into his shop, soon after which Gardiner's persecutors adjourned to the lower ferry wharf, at the foot of Mill street, calculating to have the balance of their fun out when the cat inspector came down to take the ferry-boat on his way to Little Rest. But in this they were disappointed, for the good Samaritan, probably guessing their design, had the sheriff's torn and diminished garments removed, and arrayed him in an old Quaker suit of drab (that he happened to have in his house), after which he led Gardiner out by a back way into Duke street, and so down Marlboro' to Thames, and up Thames to Bridge street, and so over to Barton's wharf, where the "Point" ferry-boat happened to be waiting — aboard of which Charley Feke saw poor Gardiner safely deposited and started for Conanicut before he left him. This was the last time Elisha Gardiner, the deputy sheriff and nicknamed "Cat Inspector," ever went to "'Lection" — nor was it long before he sold his house and lot on Little Rest and departed for some parts unknown in the great West, clean across the Hudson river.

This ends Cat Story No. 2, thank the good angels — and I have nothing more to do but to write a chapter on Narragansett fishes — before I proceed to show how it came about that my grandfather's never-enough-to-be-admired, venerated, and beloved colored cook, Phillis, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Twentieth Baking

NOW that I have got rid of that everlasting Cat Story No. 2, before commencing on the fish products of old Narragansett, I think it may be well that I should answer a note of inquiry from a "young Rhode Islander," that came to hand more than twelve months ago. It runs thus:

"*My dear and never enough to be honored Shepherd Tom:*
"I have read your Jonny-Cake articles with a great "deal of pleasure. I notice in the last that Little Rest "was once one of the capitals of Rhode Island. Now, "I have always wondered why so small a State as "Rhode Island had two capitals, and I once asked an "old gentleman, a direct descendant of Roger Wil- "liams, if he could tell me the reason. He told me there "were five capitals in Rhode Island, and he supposed "they thought they could get along with two. This is, "doubtless, correct; but the question naturally arises, "why were there five? I think this question would be "of interest to many, and, therefore, if it would not "be asking too much, could you not explain the mat- "ter in some future baking, previous to showing how "your grandfather's now if never before celebrated col- "ored cook was the remote cause of the French Revo- "lution and the death of Louis XVI and Marie An- "toinette!"

If "young Rhode Islander" will turn to Hon. S. G. Arnold's "History of the State of Rhode Island," Vol. i, p. 219, he will find that as early as the year 1648,

the General Assembly of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations were clothed with both legislative and judicial powers, which functions were exercised to a certain extent by that body for more than two centuries thereafter. Arnold says: "In their judicial capacity they, the General Assembly, were to hear causes in the place where the action arose or the criminal was arrested, and at such times as were appointed by law. Hence, we presume, arose the custom, existing until a recent date, of the General Assembly's meeting in the different chief towns in the State."

This may have been the reason why Rhode Island used to have so many capitals, but I think there is another far more cogent. As everybody on this terraqueous globe knows, or ought to know, by this time, the stalwart men, who, with Roger Williams, founded Providence and Newport with John Clarke, of whom I am proud to say Shepherd Tom's ancestor, Thomas Hazard (whose bones now lie on the west side of the island in Portsmouth, a little north of Lawton's Valley), was one, and also one of the seventeen original proprietors of the island, the first seal of the associate proprietors being "Love is all powerful," were the only men that have ever existed on the earth since the day that mother Eve damned us all by sticking her teeth into the apple that grew on the tree of knowledge, that had a proper conception of the true democratic principles that lie at the foundation of civil and religious liberty. They, our worthy ancestors, were one and all fully imbued with the truisms which with them became primary maxims, that the rights of the many are constantly passing "into

the hands of the few," and that if you "trust men with money they will use it, if with power they will abuse it." It was to prevent such abuses that our wise and considerate forefathers ordained in their polity of government that the members of the General Assembly should be chosen in open town meeting once in every six months, a mode of procedure that was in vogue since my remembrance; and further, in order that the freemen in all parts of the state should be enabled to keep watch of their representatives, and see that they stole neither the rights nor money of the people, it was ordained in the charter obtained by John Clark and others from the rowdy king, Charles II, which, by the by, was the best constitution for a real Democratic Republican government that was ever devised by the wisdom of man, that the General Assembly should hold two annual sessions, one at Newport, the capital, in May, at 'lection time, and another session in October, the October session to be holden alternately every year in Washington county, at Little Rest, in South Kingstown (which at one time was the heaviest tax-paying town in Rhode Island), at Grinnage, in Kent county, and in the town of Bristol in the county of Bristol. It was also ordained that an adjournment of the October session should be annually accorded as a matter of grace to the village of Providence, which was then, as now, the most populous, compact centre in Providence county. These provisions were all adopted substantially with the state constitution in a convention holden in East Grinnage on the 5th of November, 1842, and remained in force until November,

1854, when the village of Providence, having considerably increased in population, wealth, and influence, managed to wipe out the October sessions by getting the constitution amended and made to read as follows:

"There shall be but one session of the General As-
"sembly holden annually, commencing on the last
"Tuesday in May, at Newport, and an adjournment
"from the same shall be holden annually in Provi-
"dence."

It is said that the "Devil's darling vice is pride that apes humility." A better illustration of which is not probably on record than is to be found in the above amendment, in which Providence, in all apparent humility, concedes the capital of the state solely to Newport, and then steals all the capital's advantages and perquisites by a meek, undemonstrative "adjournment" of the General Assembly to Providence. By the wise provision in the charter, the humblest freeman in Rhode Island formerly had an opportunity to attend, as a lobby member, a session of the General Assembly, and learn by actual observation whether or not the member whom he had helped, by his vote, to constitute a representative of the freemen of his town, was faithful to his trust and deserving of his suffrage at the next semi-annual election. In those halcyon times the freemen of Rhode Island were the actual sovereigns of the state, the Governor elect being used only as a figure-head (without an iota of power or a copper of salary), to show off on 'lection day, and fill, with becoming dignity and repletion, the Rhode Island and

Providence Plantations' chair of state. Three hundred pounds avoirdupois was about the minimum weight of a Rhode Island governor in my younger days. Governor Fenner the 2nd, the most weighty and popular governor Rhode Island ever had, I think would much exceed those figures. He was probably the heaviest native Rhode Islander in the state, all but Silas Babcock's wife. Silas himself was a gigantic heavy man, but lacked some hundreds of coming up to his wife, who weighed four hundred and forty-four pounds. She always rode a-visiting among the neighbors in an ox-cart, which she filled the whole breadth, so that Silas had to drive the team on foot. Silas Babcock and his wife lived in a very small house on the west side of the road in Pint Judy, half a mile south of the only turn in the road that is just opposite the Nat Armstrong house. Nat himself was a gigantic man, but not so fat as Joseph Congdon, who lived on the road about half a mile or more south of Silas' house, who, I think, weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds on the codfish scales at the Pier, which he owned at one time. George Congdon, Joseph Congdon's brother, lived about a mile north-east of Silas Babcock, and weighed about twenty-five pounds less than Joseph, who (Joseph) was one of the first to introduce merino sheep into Narragansett, about 1814, from Shelter Island, where he owned a farm. As I think I have before remarked, my brother Ike once met Joseph and George Congdon riding bareback on the same horse. One leg of a compass set on a chimney of Silas Babcock's house would sweep with the other, within a

mile radius, a circle that would include all the Babcocks, Armstrongs, and Congdons that I have mentioned. This may give the Rhode Island pigmies of the present day some idea from what a point of personal magnitude they have degenerated in two or three generations, brought about simply by their living on tea, gingerbread, and other nicknacks, instead of on milk porridge and jonny-cake, made of Rhode Island white corn meal, carefully ground in Rhode Island granite mills and cooked *à la* Phillis, as their forefathers did. I think Capt. Conner, of the Newport revenue cutter, weighed more fifty-sixes than Governor Fenner. But then he was not a native of Rhode Island, and was only fatted on government pap, amidst the balmy Gulf Stream breezes that ever blow in Newport. It was never necessary to signal to know whether Capt. Conner was on board when the cutter lay at anchor in the harbor, for if he was, the heavy tonnaged craft would be settled very deep astern.

Returning from this digression I may say that I have seen Governor Fenner the 2nd many times, but never without the accompaniment of his long black tandem whip, with which he could dexterously snap off the head of a mosquito perched on the tip of the leader of his tandem team, without either the horse or the rest of the mosquito being disturbed by the operation. When seated, whether in the chair of state or elsewhere, the Governor always held his whip erect by his side, with the long lash gracefully wound round the stock, which was some eight to ten feet in length. The Governor and his long whip seemed inseparable.

They were, in fact, both parts of the Governor, and it is doubtful whether his election tours through the state before election days would have been half as effective in obtaining votes without his whip as they were with it. I disremember the exact year when I chanced to stop at Daniel E. Updike's tavern in East Greenwich a short time before election day. Governor Fenner, as usual, was a candidate and sat in Updike's front room in a big arm-chair, with his long whip standing erect beside him. There was a crowd of freemen present, and the Governor called for a quart of New England and treated some of his friends. And then came to the front one of those master strokes of political genius that showed the Governor's consummate knowledge of the sublime arts that most influence the masses. Singling out in the crowd a simple-looking wooden-legged man, by the name of Money, who squatted in the farthest corner of the room, Governor Fenner reached out with his long whip and gently tapped the dilapidated pauper on the head with the lesser end of his whip staff, whilst with its butt end he significantly touched the unfinished tankard of rum, thus indicating that it was meant for him (Money). Instead of feeling themselves slighted by this preference, all others in the room felt flattered by the distinction and murmurs were heard from scores in the crowd: "Yes! that 's the governor for me! He has some charity for the poor cripple!" What with the darned temperance societies and the common schools of the present day, such magnificent strokes of policy would probably have but little or no effect on the mass of pedantic bookworms who do most of the voting at our town meetings.

Money, the wooden-legged man, was something of a character. Besides being crippled, he was quite weak in intellect, and was hardly able to get a living without assistance from his neighbors. One year Money planted quite a little patch of corn, which did very well for a time; but finally, the white worms struck it, and pretty much devoured the young plants, so that at harvest time but little grain was secured. The minister of one of the Grinnage churches, whose name I do not now recollect, called, among others, on Money, to sympathize with him on the loss of his crop. Said he, "Mr. Money, it is not well for you to take on so about the loss of your crop of corn; you should remember that the good book says that 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,' and that He has a right to bestow what belongs to Him on whom it pleaseth Him, whether it be men or worms." This did not, however, quite satisfy the thankless Money. Next year, before harvest time, the minister chanced to call to see Money again, and was a little surprised on learning that he had not planted any corn at all that year! Upon his asking Money why he had planted no corn, Money told him that he had "concluded to let the Lord feed his own worms that year." Daniel E. Updike, who was for several years Rhode Island's State Attorney, and afterwards the proprietor of the old Arnold Tavern in East Greenwich, was, as I have before hinted, decidedly the best story-teller that was ever born in Rhode Island or the world at large. My brother Ike and I used to make it a point to stop at his house overnight on our frequent journeys to Providence and Boston on horseback, just to hear him tell anec-

dotes about the people of the olden times. The old man was always neatly dressed in black, with short, plush breeches, silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes, with a clean, redundant ruffled shirt bosom. He always sat erect in his arm-chair, whilst not the least indication of a smile could be perceived on his countenance, though a room full of guests and neighbors would be convulsed and shouting with laughter at his humorous narratives. Not an incident could be referred to, or a subject mooted by any one present, that the old gentleman (for a true gentleman he was) would not at once seize upon and illustrate it with an anecdote. I disremember the exact evening that I happened to mention my having recently called at a dentist's in Providence: on which Mr. Updike commenced, and told how that the first dentist that he ever knew to come to Grinnage, stopped at his house and put up his card. His first patient was, he said, a strapping young woman, who, upon being shown into the dentist's room, asked what he *mout* charge for cleaning teeth. "I have half a dollar, madam, for purifying teeth," said the man of forceps. "Good gracious!" said his lady customer, "what 's that?" "Purifying means, madam, the cleaning of teeth," said the dentist. "Wal," rejoined she, "I guess my teeth want scrubbing about as bad as Sal Grinnold's or any other gal's in Grinnage; but before I give more than a pistareen to purify them, I 'll let 'em go till I find some feller fool enough to marry me without it." Before the girl left, the dentist pocketed the pistareen. His next customer was a bull-headed teamster from West Grinnage, with jaws as big by nature as an ox's, and

now swelled to twice the usual size. Being ushered into the dentist's room, he growled: "I say, you sur, what will you axe for digging out a stump?" "I have," timidly replied the artist, "twenty-five cents for extracting a tooth." "What in h—l is that!" yelled the countryman. "Extracting a tooth, sir, means the same as pulling a tooth," replied the dentist. "I did n't axe you to pull a tooth," replied the customer. "I ax'd you what you ax'd to dig out a stump, which ain't more'n half a tooth." Said the dentist, as he flourished in his hand the biggest forceps in his chest: "I have just the same, sir, for taking out a stump that I do for pulling a tooth." "You do, do you?" snarled the double-jawed customer. "Wal, I have n't slept with that stump for more'n a week, but I guess I 'll let it jump for forty days longer 'fore I 'll give more'n ninepence to have it dug out." The dentist asked him to take a seat and he would see what he could do for him. After pulling and hauling his roaring customer for some five or ten minutes all around and about the room with his forceps, the dentist finally succeeded in extracting the stump. "Wal," said the relieved countryman, "I 'd meant to gin you ninepence for gitting out that there stump, but you have hurt me so tarnally bad that I 'll be swow'd if I gin you more than fourpence halfpenny;" when suiting his action to the word, he handed the dentist a silver fourpence halfpenny and departed.

Not prospering much in East Grinnage, the dentist asked Mr. Updike to look him out a cheap conveyance to Nooseneck Hill, in West Grinnage, where some

wag had recommended him to go in pursuit of custom. The only conveyance that presented itself was an ox wagon, fitted up with a cage-like contrivance of stakes fully ten feet high and less than a foot apart, in which a West Grinnager had brought some hundred or more empty barrels for the Newport market. Seeing no other way to get to his destination, the dentist concluded to embrace the only opportunity that presented for his reaching West Grinnage; and the barrel-cage being brought up to the front door, two of the long side-sticks of the cage were removed, and after the dentist's chest was placed inside, he himself entered and seated himself upon it. The sticks were then again replaced, and the team started on its journey. This, Mr. Updike said, was the last he ever saw of the Providence dentist. But the man who drove the conveyance afterwards called at the tavern, and in answer to Mr. Updike's inquiries, told him that all along the road to Nooseneck Hill, the women and children came out of the houses to inquire whereabouts he was going to have his show.

General Albert C. Greene, who was decidedly the most popular man that was ever raised in Rhode Island, was a frequent evening visitor at Daniel Updike's. He, too, was a capital story-teller, but he seldom or never attempted to show off in that way in Updike's presence, feeling that all he could accomplish in that line was less than cake and gingerbread when compared with the performances of "mine host." I knew Gen. Albert C. Greene, for, I should think, nearly half a century. He was a perfect gentleman in all respects,

nor do I ever remember seeing him ruffled in temper in a single instance. Up to a late period of his life, Gen. Greene was always elected State's Attorney, let what party might succeed to power. He was particularly fond of telling funny anecdotes, in which he himself figured as a butt. I have heard him tell how, on a certain occasion, when there were a dozen different proxies in the field for state offices, one of his country friends called upon him, and with wonder depicted on his countenance exclaimed: "General, I have just seen a prox for the first time in my life without your name in it!" Another funny story I have heard Gen. Greene tell was of a witness in a case before the Court of Common Pleas, held in East Grinnage, in which Greene was attorney. The testimony of this witness, who was a small farmer living not many miles away, was exceedingly damaging to Greene's client. The fact testified to occurred in the village, and learning that the witness was addicted to drink, Greene essayed to discredit the testimony on the ground that the witness was under the influence of liquor at the time he saw the occurrences he testified to. So the General began — "Mr. Brown, please state to the jury what time you got into Grinnage that morning?" "Wal, Squire," answered Brown, "I guess not long arter sunrise!" "Where did you stop first?" asked the General. "Wal, as for that," replied Brown, "I guess I went first to Squire H.'s shop." Said Greene, "Did you take anything to drink there?" "Oh, yes, Squire," said B., "I always wet my whistle when I call at Squire H.'s." "And where did you call next?" said Greene.

"I guess I stopped next, Squire, at Capt. S.'s," replied the witness. "And did you wet your whistle there?" asked Greene. "I guess I did, Squire," said Brown; "I don't remember ever stopping at Capt. S.'s without tasting his New England." In this way the shrewd attorney led the witness for the other side in succession to nearly every one of the more than dozen grog-shops then in Grinnage, at each of which Brown "guessed he had wetted his whistle." Feeling that he now had entire possession of the situation, Gen. Greene, with an air of triumph depicted on his countenance, looked the witness sternly in the face, and said, "Now, Mr. Brown, I want you to look the jury in the face, and tell them how many gills of rum a man can drink of a morning without getting drunk?" This question seemed for a moment to act as a dumbfounder on the witness, but quickly recovering, Brown looked his exultant questioner blandly in the face as he replied: "Wal, as for that, Squire, they have got such a pesky way of watering their liquor down in Grinnage, that it is hard telling how many drinks it will take to make a man drunk." Upon this turn of affairs the discomfited attorney left the court room amidst uproarious peals of laughter from the Court, Bar, and Jury.

Well, now, I think I see the coast entirely clear, after telling all about the fish of old-time Narragansett, to wind up without further ado my Cat Story No. 2, and tell my impatient readers how it happened that Phillis, my grandfather's superabounding colored cook, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution and"—Whew—whew—what sort of a

big letter is this just come from the post-office with a superscription as long as my arm! Let 's see:

SHEPHERD TOM,
Vaucluse School District No. 1,
South Portsmouth P. O.
Town of Portsmouth,
Island of Rhode Island,
New Port County,
State of Rhode Island and
Providence Plantations,
New England,
Eastern States,
United States of America,
North America,
Northern Temperate Zone,
Western Hemisphere,
THE WORLD.

Well, well, if that superscription ain't definite enough to satisfy Mr. Key, our Postmaster-General, I think he must be very hard to *suit!* Who in the world can the letter be from? Let 's see!

"*North Scituate, R. I., March* 21.

"*Shepherd Tom:*

"Dear Sir, Please find enclosed the History of South "Kingstown. It will be sent with this note under the "address you wished ex-Governor Howard to address "you. Hoping it might help you to tell your 'Cat "Story No. 2,' we made up our minds to send it to "you.

"Truly yours,
"WM. H. CHANDLER."

Well, well, if that don't beat the Devil! (I liked to have said). How true it is that "man proposes but God disposes." I was just now boasting that I had got old Comstock and his cats off my hands, and here they have all come back again, and the whole thing is in a manner to be gone over again — for I know my readers would never forgive me without giving them a peep into the pages of Comstock's renowned "History of South Kingstown," so I shall perforce be obliged to an elucidation of this most interesting history, and again defer my fish stories to still another baking, after which, doubtless, I shall proceed and tell how it happened that Phillis, my grandfather's unequaled cook, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

A HISTORY

OF

SOUTH-KINGSTOWN;

WITH A

PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION

OF THE

HORNET'S NEST COMPANY,

AND THE

CATS LET OUT OF THE BAG:

By CHARLES COMSTOCK, L. L. D. F. R. S.

NEWPORT:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1806.

Twenty-first Baking

I HAVE just finished reading the book referred to in my last baking. It is entitled "A History of South Kingstown,[35] with a particular description of the Hornet's Nest Company and the Cats Let Out of the Bag, By Charles Comstock, LL.D. F.R.S. Newport: Printed for the author, 1806." It is an octavo pamphlet of forty pages. The cat inspector is pictured on the inside of the front fly leaf. He looks to be of a good height and rather thick-set. He is dressed in short, nankeen-looking breeches, tied with a ribbon at the knee, and dark stockings and shoes. His legs are spread considerably apart, thus exhibiting to great advantage a pair of fully developed calves. He wears a broad-brimmed but jaunty-looking hat. He holds a cat by the tail with his left hand, whilst he flourishes a branding-iron with his right. Beneath the picture is printed in italics, "The Cat Inspector." To show how almost exactly the traditional narrative I have given concerning Cat Story No. 2 agrees with what old Comstock himself related more than seventy years ago, I will make rather more copious extracts from the History than I might otherwise do, beginning with the preface, which reads as follows: "As there has not been any history given of that town, to my knowledge, and as the inhabitants of it are somewhat singular, I think it necessary that there should be a history of them given, to let the public know what sort of people are in the world (for the world lies in wickedness). And it is necessary that the youth should know this fact in their

early stage of life, in order that they may escape the snares and cheats in this world, which are made to deceive. For this reason I think it necessary to give the following history." The author of the history evidently does not mean to flatter the people of South Kingstown, but still on the very first page he says, "The people are free hearted in their victuals and drink; the most so of any part of the world that ever I was in." On the second page occur the following excellent moral lessons: "It is an easy town to get a living in; some of them get rich; and I have observed in experience so far through life, that where a place is easy to get a living in, the morals of the people are apt to be corrupted; for if people are not in some employment, they will soon get into vice. For idleness leads people to drinking, gaming, and other bad habits, which has frequently taken place in South Kingstown; for those who have been rich, have frequently brought up their children in idleness and luxury, which has led them into bad company and many vices, which have been the means of their spending what their parents gave them. I believe it is best for parents that are rich or poor, to bring up their children strictly in some honest employment." (Sager counsels than these were never given by Solon himself.) "As to their religion," continues the author farther on, "part of it is new, some of them are nothingarians, some of them Universalists, a few of them Friends, and some of them are Baptists, but most of them are nothingarians." Page 9th, "Many of them think themselves very cunning when they have cheated one another; for their art and craft is to cheat every one that they can. After

they have cheated another by deceiving or lying, they frequently boast of it, and say they have out-cunninged the person that they dealt with; that they told him a lie, and made him believe it was truth—for they glory in their shame; we read of some men glorying in their shame. They are not often ashamed, unless they have taken one another's word, and have been cheated by believing each other. . . . Some of them will call a man a fool if he stands to his word, if it was against his interest; for he might have got off by telling the man he made the bargain with, that he was in jest. This way of treating mankind they think very cunning." (The author evidently squints in the last sentence at his cat trade.) Again page 10th, "Many of them are poor pay; and it is very hard to collect any money from many of them, for one of them had been indebted to me for some time, and I found that it was hard to get the pay from him; I bought something of him, so that I became indebted to him; and soon after I became in debt to him, we settled, and I gave him a note on demand with his promise that he would not sue me, and he sued me in less than one hour after I gave him the note; for that is part of their craft." (At page 17, Cat Story No. 2 begins to develop itself thus:) "There is a little village in this town where the court-house stands, called Little Rest. Some people call it 'Restless Hill.' I think it resembles a hornet's nest, for the people are some like hornets." (For brevity's sake I must here pass by much interesting matter.) "I think it proper to describe something of the hornet's nest religion. Some call them nothingarians. That sort of religion puts me in mind of what a man said about

his religion, that he thanked God that he had no religion. Having given a small description of their religion, I shall endeavor to describe their wit, which I shall call hornet's nest cunning, which is as follows: There is one *——, who lives at the hornet's nest, and is at the head of that sort of people of that village, and its vicinity. One of the hornet's nest company told me that *——, who is a very fat man, fatted on lies. The above said *—— told me that he had broke up people from getting drunk at the hornet's nest; for his practice was to pour water in their sleeves, and that had broke up their getting drunk there. That, I believe, has been practiced frequently to strangers; and boasted of by above said *——. It is frequently the case when men are at the hill that they are very much imposed upon by that hornet's nest company; sometimes men that are old, and sometimes young; for men in the country are not so well versed in lying as that company." Page 22, "The hornet's nest company are very fond of office; are often proud of it; if it is a constable's office, for they are fond of being where liquor is passing about freely. It is generally the case that men that are proud of an office, are not fit for it. This *—— being witty, and very lazy, and very fond of office, and a deputy sheriff and an auctioneer in the town where he lives, and supporting his family by his offices, he and C—— put their heads together. C—— wanted to have the title of a Colonel, and *—— wanted to contrive to get another office. They contrived a plan to have a cat trade that C—— might bear the title of Colonel, and *——, whose wit and genius run very much in cats (for he had a very enterprising *ingenu*

in cats, and wanted it to be discovered to the public), bethought himself that he would contrive a cat trade; and that if his knowledge in cats could be known to the public, he might obtain the honor of the office of a cat inspector-general. And being very witty to obtain his ends, he agrees with C—— that he should be a cat merchant and himself a cat purchaser, in hopes that this would introduce a cat traffic. In order to obtain their ends, they set out to execute their plan to obtain their offices, or to get the title to them; for the name of an office, in such people's view, is a great thing with them. I being at Joseph Reynolds', and C—— being a stranger to me, C—— came in and sat down in the room, it being in the evening. By and by *—— came in with a calico gown on; and when he came in C—— took him by the hand and said, How do you do, Mr. *——? And *—— said to me, Mr. Comstock, this is Mr. Cook, of New London, and *—— said to Mr. Cook, This is Mr. Comstock; he lives in the great house that was formerly John Potter's and *——, knowing that I wanted to purchase a quantity of butter to carry to Nantucket, asked Cook what was the price of butter at New London? Cook said eleven cents. *—— asked him if he could furnish Mr. Comstock with a quantity of butter? Cook said he could furnish him with three or four thousand weight, with having a few days' notice, as he kept a large store at New London. I told Cook that I should want it on a credit of sixty days; and —— told him that Comstock was an honest man, and there was no doubt but that he would pay him honestly. And I told Cook that I would take one thousand weight first, and when I made the remit-

tances, I would take two thousand weight more; and we agreed. After we agreed about the butter, Cook asked me if I knew where he could purchase a quantity of mules. I told him that Connecticut was the place for mules; for we did not raise but a few in this State. Cook said they were all bought up in Connecticut and shipped off. *—— asked him what he would give a head for mules? He said if they were likely ones, he would give sixty dollars a head for them. Then *—— tucked my elbow, and asked me to go aside with him; and when we were aside together, he told me that Sylvester Hazard had two mules, that were very likely ones, and he wanted to sell them, and I could buy them on a long credit. And as I was much embarrassed (for *—— held two executions against me returnable in about ten days), and said that Cook was very anxious to get the mules, for he had come there with two bags of money; and said further that he thought he would give seventy dollars rather than not get them, for he offered sixty dollars; and said that I might get through with raising the money without straitening me, and make money by the bargain; and further that Sylvester Hazard was at young James Helme's, and that I had better go down there and see him and talk with him about it. Accordingly I went; and when I went into the house I asked if Sylvester Hazard was there. The answer was that he had gone home. In about two minutes *—— and —— and a number of young men that lived at the hornet's nest, came in; and when they came in inquired for Sylvester Hazard; and the answer was that he had gone home. *—— said he must see him that night or early next morning; *—— said

to me that I had better go and see Sylvester Hazard that night for —— would go there that night or very early the next morning. *—— asked Cook if he would give seventy dollars for likely mules. Cook said that he would not give but sixty dollars a head for them, if they were ever so likely. *—— asked Cook if he wanted to buy any jacks. Cook said he did not. *—— told him that the cats were destroyed in two of the West India islands; and that he had better carry some cats along with his mules, for they would fetch a great price. Cook said that he intended to carry a quantity of cats with his mules. *—— agreed with him to furnish him two hundred cats at seventy-five cents apiece; and he entered into writings; and I and two more men were joined with *—— in partnership. And when Cook was writing the agreement, he wrote it to have twenty cats that night, and if twenty could be procured that night, he would take two hundred at seventy-five cents apiece. I told Gardiner it was too late to get any cats that night. Gardiner said that I and George Douglass could go to Squire French's, for he had got six or seven cats. I told him that he would be abed, and Gardiner said that I could call at his window and he would get up. Gardiner said further that he had got five or six cats, and that he and his partner would go to his own home and get them, and meet us at the coffee house, and that we could furnish the cats in half an hour. I told Gardiner that I would not call anybody up to buy cats; accordingly I and Douglass went to Squire French's, and he was abed, and Douglass asked me to call him up, and I told him that I should not call him up, and Douglass called him

up himself, and when he got up, Douglass told him that he wanted to purchase some cats, and asked him if he had got any, he said he had got seven. I told him that I was agoing to bring some pigs next week to sell, and that I would pay him in pig pork for the cats if he and I could agree, and I asked him what he would take a head for his cats, and he said three pounds of pork for one pound of cat, and I told him that I thought pig pork was worth as much a pound as cat meat, and I should not give that price, and while we were talking about it, Gardiner and his partner came up and told me that I must not stand, for Cook had a notion of flying off from the agreement. I told Gardiner to go away, for that was not the way to purchase anything to show so much anxiety. Gardiner went aside and I agreed with French to give him three pounds of pig's pork apiece for his cats, and when we went to look for the cats, French found but two, and Gardiner said that Colonel Cook was at Joseph Reynolds', for they were abed at Barker's, and, accordingly, they went to Reynolds', and Reynolds and his wife were abed, and Cook took the cats, and said they were likely ones, and handed the money to Gardiner. Reynolds said that he had got some cats, and said that his daughter might sell them, for he was willing to take pig pork for them, and his daughter went and looked up the cats, and brought two, and Cook took them also, and the girl went up chamber and found the old cat, as they called her, and she had six kittens, and Cook said he must have four kittens in lieu of one cat, and we agreed and he paid the money to Gardiner, for we were all partners together, and I told Cook that I had agreed with

French for five more cats, and that I would give him an order for them, and he said he would take it, and Gardiner said that he had been to James Helme's, and that he had got eight cats, and he would take pig pork also, and said further that Elisha Potter had seven, and he would take pig pork likewise, and that Barber had five, and he would take pig pork likewise, and the order was written, and I signed them, and after we had got through, Gardiner openly declared that he had received all the money for all the cats, and for all the orders that Mr. Comstock had turned in, and he had received twenty dollars for Mr. Comstock, and Cook said that he had agreed with Lunt to go on to New London and carry two hundred cats, and that he had bought a cow, to give milk to feed them, and that he wanted twenty delivered to Peter Boss' next day by ten o'clock in the forenoon, and said if I would deliver them, he would pay one dollar extra, for delivering them to Boss'." (I will just say here in parenthesis, that Major Lunt, who lived for many years at Little Rest, where there is a monument over his remains, was General George Washington's barber throughout the Revolutionary War. Peter Boss' tavern used to stand on the site of the "young" John Dockray's house before referred to, on the Matoonek road, just south of the corner made by the Little Rest road.—*Shepherd Tom.*) "And it was agreed upon by the cat company that I was to wake up George Douglass" (who was the cousin of the great Stephen Douglass—*Ibid.*) "early the next morning, and I awakened him accordingly, and he and I went to Gardiner's and roused him up also, and he and his partner was to go

one way, and I and my partner to go another way, and accordingly we went to Sylvester Hazard's to get his mules, and we could not buy them so that it would answer, and Douglass said that he knew where we could buy some cats, and we went and bought two for six cents apiece, and then went to Doctor Aldrich's and he gave us one cat, and then we went to the hill, and there was a man at the hill that said he had some, and I went with him, it being about one hundred yards, and got two more, and I returned back to the hill. In the meantime the people that had got cats they wanted to part with, had brought them to the above Reynolds' and shut them up in a closet, about sixteen in all; and the time of day was nearly come that I was to deliver them at Peter Boss', and Sylvester Robinson came and told me that it was all a joke, and James Helme told me also that it was a joke, and that the man that Elisha R. Gardiner had recommended to be Colonel Cook, of New London, was Cook, the hatter; that they lived on the hill, and I told them that I had got the cats, and that I intended to deliver them according to my agreement, and that I intended that Cook should pay for them, or I intended to sue him.

"Afterwards I found out that he lived within the jail bounds, and that he was learning French's son the hatter's trade, and that suing him was like the old saying, 'Sue a beggar and catch a louse.' I knew nothing of his being so poor at the time I was carrying the cats to Boss' and I called for the time of day, and they said it was almost ten o'clock, and I waited about one hour, and I asked Boss for a room to put the cats in, and asked him if he would furnish Cook with the rest of the cats in

case Cook should come for them, and he said he would furnish the rest in case that he came, but he would not let me have a room to put the cats in: he thought it best for me to carry the cats and deliver them to Cook, and let him know that I had fulfilled my part of the contract, and it would stand clear to bring an action against Cook. And as I was returning to the hill I met Elisha R. Gardiner and James Helme, Jr., and Elisha R. Gardiner said that I had better take the cats off the mare and he would inspect them, and see if they were merchantable, and I took the cats off and he took them out of the bag one by one, and inspected them, but did not brand them under the tail, for he had no branding-iron, but he got the title of a cat inspector-general, and he viewed their eyes and I believe inspected them faithfully, and I don't think they can get a better cat inspector in the whole State; so he got the title of the office, and I think he is likely to retain it, for his judgment is, I believe, very good in cats. I suppose that it is necessary to see whether their eyesight is good, that I believe he is very careful about, for when he inspected the above said cats, he found two that he said could not see out of their eyes, for he said that there were but twelve merchantable cats, for there were two that could not see, so that I am confident that his judgment is very good in cats; whether his judgment will be so good in bitches I cannot tell, but I think it is likely to be good, for his abilities lies very much in cats and bitches, and filling pipes with powder and tobacco —he is gifted in that sort of business.

"The place where the cat inspector let out the cats was right against Adam Gould's house. I believe the

hornet's nest company have reported abundance of lies about the business, for they reported that Adam Gould had predicted that the new lights turned into cats, and when the cats went into his house, he said they were new lights turned into cats, according to his prediction: and that company said he went to preaching to them, and afterwards they reported that they turned into hogs, and that Gould had fourteen hogs, for when the inspector inspected them he said there was twelve merchantable cats, and there were two he said that could not see out of their eyes. The cat inspector said further that he had turned in forty cats to Colonel Cook, that he had not got his pay for, and he intended to sue him. This Elisha R. Gardiner is very fond of office, for he has been laying a plan in order to get another office, and I think he is likely to obtain it, if he gets his branding-iron, and comes over to Newport and brands the cats when he is requested to, for cats will not sell in the town of Newport unless they are inspected and branded with the letters 'E. R. G.,' under their tails as cat inspector, for they will not buy them unless they are actually branded by the hornet's nest inspector; I am willing to assist him all I can that he may obtain it, and to forward the business I shall place him on a sign with a cat under his left arm and a branding-iron in his right hand placed against her tail, I think will be my part towards making a great man of him."

On the thirty-sixth and last page of the History is a petition to the General Assembly to incorporate the "Hornet's Nest Company," and also an original poetic effusion, which runs thus:

TWENTY-FIRST BAKING

A New Catechism

More studied than an older and a better one.

"What is the chief end of man?
To gather up riches, to cheat all he can,
To flatter the rich, the poor to despise,
To pamper the fool, the humble, the wise;
The rich to assist, to do all in his power
To kick the unfortunate still a peg lower;
To cry up fair freedom, defend it with vigor,
Have slaves without number, and use them with rigor,
To deal fairly with all men where riches attend them,
To grind down the poor where there 's none to defend them,
To seduce the fair virgin to accept his embrace,
To cast on her then all the shame and disgrace,
To be angel without and devil within,
To pretend to all virtue and practice all sin—
This is most men's chief end, or their actions belie them,
And if you don't believe it, you may e'en go and try them."

I think I may now confidently promise my readers that Cat Story No. 2 is forever disposed of and finished, and that after dwelling some little while on the promised fish question, I shall be ready to show how it was that Phillis, my grandfather's redoubtable colored cook, came to be "the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette."

(I must, however, stop the press just here, *just* to say in parenthesis that the mention of the name of Phillis, my grandfather's superlative baker of jonny-cakes and other good things, brings to my mind the final exit of Mrs. Babcock, mentioned in my last baking. She went out of the house one morning to help her husband pry out a rock of some ten tons heft,

with a big long white oak lever, for which work nature had peculiarly adapted her, weighing as she did 444 pounds avoirdupois. So soon as the rock was rolled out of the hole, Mrs. Babcock hastened in to her kitchen fire, to turn her jonny-cake on the board, which she was just in the act of tossing topsy-turvy in the air, after separating it from the board with her case-knife, and again catching it *à la* Phillis on the board as it fell, when she ruptured a blood vessel, or some other internal organ, and instantly died in glory, with the half-baked jonny-cake, made of white Rhode Island corn, slowly and finely ground in a granite stone mill, yet in her hands.)

Again, I may here just say that Mr. L. D. Anthony, of Providence, informs me that Governor Fenner used to attend the old First Baptist Church, which he always entered from Benefit street, and walked up the broad aisle, carrying his eight-foot stock black whip erect by his side until he reached his big square pew near the pulpit, where he set his whip up exactly in a perpendicular in one corner.

Lawyer Ned Hazard, the first two syllables of whose name belong to Providence Plantations, as before hinted in these papers, and the last three syllables to the old John Bigelow Dockray house west of Sugar Loaf Hill, in South Kingstown, also tells me that Hon. Elisha R. Potter and Gov. Arthur Fenner were once weighed at a grocery on Market Square, near his then office, and their separate weights marked in the shop with chalk (I think), one weighing 320 and odd pounds, and the other 340 and odd pounds, but which was the weightiest he cannot exactly remember, but

thinks it was Squire Potter, who, of course, being raised in the South County, was heavier in proportion to his avoirdupois pound weight than Governor Fenner, who only grew up in Providence county.

Twenty-second Baking

NOW that I have got through with that everlasting Cat Story No. 2, together with the wonderful history it gave rise to, I feel, as the saying is, like a newly live-picked goose, in other words, as light as a feather, and will proceed without further ado to discuss the fishes of Narragansett, and relate then how it came to pass that Phillis, my grandfather's thrice supereminent colored cook, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. The first time I ever remember going fishing was in 1802, after bottom fish in Mrs. Dyer's run, a little south of Tower Hill, where I went to school to Robert Noyes. It was between schools, and although I rolled up my breeches clean above my knees, I somehow or other managed to get them so wet that when I went into school Master Noyes made me take

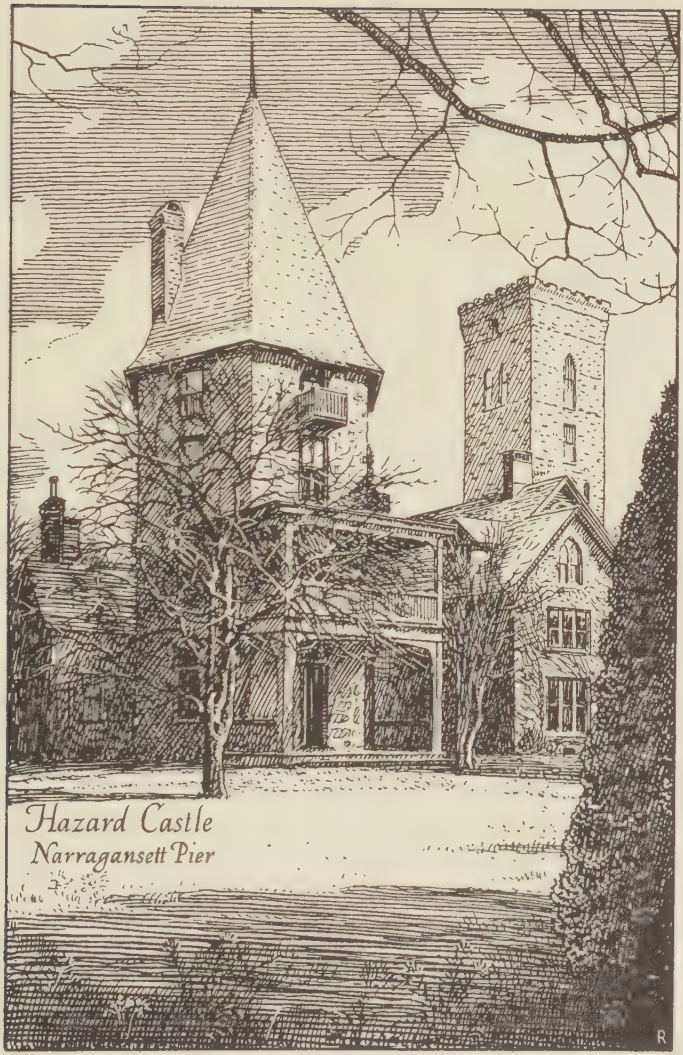
them off and hang them up to dry on old Miss Nichols' clothes-line in the back yard, where Jim Case was at work in his grandfather's garden just over the other side of the wall. (Old Squire Case, I will just say here in parenthesis, was a particular friend of Doctor Ben Franklin, who used always to tarry a night at the Squire's house on Tower Hill, when taking his usual annual trips on horseback by the Old Post Road to and from Philadelphia.) I can on'y just remember when Christopher Raymond Perry, father of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, lived for a while in the old Squire Case house, that stood on the south side of the Tower Hill road leading to the South Ferry, the farthest east of any house in the village. My brother Ike remembered going to Noyes' school with the Commodore, but I don't so exactly as he. Now Jim Case had a grudge agin me, and no sooner did he see me hang my checkered linen breeches on Miss Nichols' clothes-line and go back to be laughed at by all the gals in the school, than he whipped over the wall and snatched my breeches off of Miss Nichols' clothes-line and hid them under a great spreading red gooseberry bush in the further corner of his grandmother's garden. So after school was out, not being able to find my breeches, I had to go all the way home bare-legged—and worse and higher up than that! But if I go on to tell all about my fishing exploits, the Journal would never find a thousandth part the room to print them. Suffice to say, my nick-name at Bristol on the Delaware in Penn., where I lived a while when a boy, was "the fisherman," on account of my wonderful skill in the old Isaak Walton sublime art. (I may just say here, in parenthesis, that

somehow I was always addicted to nick-names. One of the first I remember to have had was "Lusana," because when I was at "Friends Westtown Boarding School," in West Chester county, Pennsylvania, in telling in geography school about old Tom Jefferson's new purchase of Louisiana, I pronounced the name as indicated above. This sobriquet held on to me for some time, until in taking lessons in botany I entered into a long dissertation regarding the Tulip Tree or American Poplar, and essayed to show off my extraordinary learning by uniformly referring to the tree by its Latin name, "*Liriodendron tulipifera*, which (*Tulipifera*), in consequence, became my nick-name with the boys for some months; and until one evening in geography school, when the examining committee was present, I showed off by repeating more than forty pages of Pizarro's Conquest of Peru, and spread the wings of my eagle very wide, when I pronounced the following passage, which I then thought was the finest in the English language: "The martial music at once struck up, the cannon and muskets began to fire, the horse sallied out fiercely to the charge, and the infantry rushed on sword in hand;" which splendid sample of rhetoric I remember to this day just as well as when I pronounced it, feeling myself bigger at the time than old Grant or any other hero of modern or ancient times. From that time the nick-name of "Pizarro" stuck to me until I left school. Before I was much over twenty years old, I kept sometimes from one thousand to twelve hundred sheep, which caused me to be called "Shepherd Tom," to distinguish me from some dozen other Toms in the family.)

To return, I may say I am certain that good fishing cannot be altogether acquired by either art or experience. It comes like Dogberry's learning, "by natur." When I was a stripling, I could catch pretty plenty when everybody else said there were n't any there! To illustrate: When a boy, I once went down to the end of Barton's wharf on the "Point" in Newport. There were more than twenty boys fishing there for grunters. There was a huge ship's cable (for Newport had ships in those days) coiled up on the wharf, leaving a vacuum in the middle of some four feet across and nearly as high. This was filled heaping full with grunters; not another fish of any kind had been cotched there that Saturday afternoon. The water was clear as crystal down to the top of the long eel grass on the bottom, and I could see every baited hook as plain as if I held it in my hand. Every now and then a grunter would start out of the eel grass below and get hooked. I had no pole and line with me, and I asked little Willie Wiseman to let me take his just for a minute. I had hardly closed my hands on the pole, when a monstrous big blue-fish (called sea-bass in New York) came right through all the baited hooks on one side, while a big eel darted toward my bait from the other side. The blue-fish was a little too quick for the eel, who turned and scud away right through where a dozen baits were hanging, without a nibble at either. I hooked the blue-fish and carried him up the wharf dangling on my line, all the boys following. When I got home Abe brought out the steelyards, and we weighed the fish, and found that it just turned on the eight-pound notch. That is what is called luck by most folks, but I say it is more than

that, but what, I confess I do not know. Spiritualists call it, I think, animal magnetism.

Speaking of that born son of the Devil, Abe, I remember my father took him and me in a canoe one day, down to the "harbor's mouth," in Narrow river, which is about a mile north of Narragansett Pier, a-fishing. My father hooked a big fish, but he broke away from his line. Said my father to Abe: "That tautog, Abram, would weigh ten pounds!" Said Abe: "Pretty hard telling, Master Rowland, how the steelyards will turn when the fish is under water!" Said my father: "Thou art a saucy boy, Abram, take up the keelig [anchor], and paddle home!" To tell the truth, I am almost afraid to tell all about the fish of old Narragansett, lest I should raise a doubt in some of my more skeptical readers' minds about my entire veracity. So I think I will just copy from a letter I received more'n six months ago from my brother Joseph, who has visited nearly every country and coast in the world, and besides that, owns "Sea Side," called by the summer visitors, "Hazard's Castle," situated just south of Narragansett Pier, directly opposite the best fishing-ground in Rhode Island, the world inclusive. Says he: "As late as 1845, I reco'lect that Stephen A. Chase and myself caught 101 black-fish (tautog) on my shore, at Sea Side, on one afternoon. I used to see striped bass by the hundred in the breakers in the autumn, some of them very large. I have seen people at the north pier wading in the dock and pitching out flounders by the hundreds with a pitchfork, as they would hay in the field at mowing time. Menhaden (bony fish) were sold at twelve cents and less, a bar-


Hazard Castle
Narragansett Pier
R

rel, for manuring land, and thousands of barrels were sometimes landed at a haul on the beach, north of the Pier. Farmers used to come to the Pier from towns bordering on the Connecticut line, in the autumn, to catch codfish for their winter's supply, and go back with as many as they would need for many months to come, all caught in one day with hook and line. I have known two farmers to take a boat at the south pier and go about the quarter of a mile from shore, and come back before night with over a ton of codfish to salt for their winter's use. Some seasons in October, I have seen the shore lined with fishing boats and smacks, some coming long distances. I remember seeing Captain Williams, that most original, honest, interesting old fisherman (a regular Norseman, one might readily imagine), come ashore one Sunday morning at about 11 o'clock, at the Pier, with three halibut in his boat, aggregating from six to seven hundred pounds weight. I remember seeing our nephew Rowland, when he was a boy, land at the Pier with one hundred and twenty-two horse mackerel he had just caught along the shore between the Pier and Point Judith." I will here remark that there was never a real good horse mackerel (called bluefish by some) eaten in New York or Philadelphia, for the reason that to be eaten in perfection this fish must be put on the gridiron within five minutes[36] at the farthest, from its flipping. Phillis, my grandfather's pattern colored cook, used to say she never did nor never could broil a horse mackerel for anybody, not even a nig, unless it was brought to her alive and flipping, for if there was anything on airth she 'spised, it was a dead horse mackerel. It used to make my mouth water to

see Aunty Phillis broil a fresh horse mackerel on her big gridiron over a great pile of *wannut* wood coals, nor would she allow a mite of butter to come near it whilst broiling, but that of the sweetest, richest quality, made from the cream of yellow-skinned, bug-horn cows, for as she used to say, if there was any one thing on airth she 'spised, it was bad butter, 'specially for cooking. What Phillis would say of oleomargarine I can only guess at. As soon as her mackerel was done, Phillis always made Margaret take it at once to the table, and set it before the gret-room folks smoking hot; nor would she permit my grandfather to remove it from the gridiron only just so fast as he served it to the family. When I was a small boy, I can't tell how many times I have seen Phillis standing in the doorway between the kitchen and the gret-room, so as to see that grandfather did not take the horse mackerel off the gridiron, and put it on a miserable half-warmed platter before it was helped. Talk about your English turbot and what not, they will not in the least compare with one of Phillis' fresh broiled horse mackerel. (I may just say here in an inside parenthesis, that I used to hear when a boy that "Point Judith point" was so called because it was first discovered by an old negro woman named Judith on board ship in a fog. The captain could not see the land with his spy-glass, and so he said to the old darky to point out the direction in which she saw it. Said he, "Point, Judy, point," and so when the captain saw it he put it down on his chart by that name, which has since been converted into "Point Judith," or "Pint Judy." Per contra, my brother Joseph tells me that Josiah Quincy, of Boston, during

whose mayoralty the Cochituate water was introduced into the city and the great reservoir built near the capital, once told him that Point Judith was named after a relation of his, "Judith Quincy," who married a Mr. Hull and went at a very early date to live on Point Judith.) But this is neither here nor there, about the fishes of Narragansett, so I will return to my brother's letter. "On cool autumn mornings, Jonathan N. Hazard (who then lived at Narragansett Pier) used to walk along the beach and pick up scores of fish that had got grounded by the breakers during the night whilst in pursuit of the little sprats they subsist upon, which lured them to the strand where they perished. They were chiefly Tom Cod or frost fish (young codfish). Capital river crabs were also often found among them." (I will just say here in parenthesis, that speaking of grounded codfish brings to my mind an incident I used to hear related when I was a boy. John Robinson, a son of Governor Wm. Robinson and half-brother of Shepherd Tom's grandmother, built the first pier on the shore of his farm, where the famous watering-place now stands. At that time an extensive trade was carried on from Newport and Bristol with Guinea on the coast of Africa, the outward bound cargoes being chiefly rum, and the inward, negro slaves, taken in exchange. Since my memory, still-houses, to furnish the outward-bound cargoes of rum, were quite plenty in Newport, and the ruins of the barracoons that were used to stow away the inward-bound cargoes of negroes until they could be sold to the plantations both South and North, were also visible. A good many of the poor slaves used to die in the crowded holds of the slave-

ships, whose corpses were regularly thrown overboard every morning or oftener. This caused the ship to be followed from the coast of Africa by huge sharks, natives to these regions, called man-eaters, because they came to be more fond of human flesh than any other kind of food, owing probably to its having been their principal nutriment from infancy. Whilst the carpenters were framing the woodwork of the pier, Mr. Robinson's son Sylvester went swimming way out beyond the breakers. His father, chancing to look that way, saw a great man-eater in the distance, some twelve feet in length, making his way rapidly towards his little boy. With great presence of mind he called to Sylvester, and told him he would give him a Spanish silver dollar if he would swim to where he stood within two minutes by his watch. Boys of that day did not, as now, find silver dollars growing on every bush, and, of course, Syl was very desirous to get the one promised by his father. So he struck out for the shore with might and main, the monstrous man-eater also quickening his speed as he drew nearer, and the scent of his destined prey became stronger in his nostrils. There had been no arrival of slave-ships for more than a week, and so hungry and ravenous was the man-eater that he seemed to have forgot himself in his eager pursuit of the boy, who had not been fully snatched from the water by his father before the shark turned himself on one side, and with open mouth, made a lightning dart at Syl, and grounded high upon the strand, when the carpenters dispatched him with their broad-axes.)

"You remember," continues my brother Joe, "Old Christopher Robinson's account of the great hauls of

striped bass they used to make late in autumn and the winter in the Salt pond, when he was young, weighing all the way from three pounds to forty and fifty pounds and even more; one hundred and seventy-eight thousand at one haul on his father's shore near the old corn-mill (now Wakefield), and ninety-five thousand at another. These bass they used to pile up on the adjoining meadow, and people came with carts from far and near (even from Puritan Massachusetts and Presbyterian Connecticut). Christopher used to tell us how, in his early manhood, he used to pitch these bass just as they came into the wagons at a copper apiece," or about two for a cent of our present currency. Now they sometimes sell striped bass, the king fish of the world, in Newport market, as high as *thirty cents* a pound! Only think what glorious times our ancestors must have reveled in, when they could have two bass, weighing fifty pounds each, for little more than a nickel, that now sell for thirty dollars, or 3000 nickels!

I may here say that the day preceding the great fire in New York in 1835 (that consumed more than half the business portion of the city) was as warm as a half-heated baker's oven, while the night of the fire that followed was the coldest that had been known for years, in fact, so cold that the water froze solid in the hose of the fire engines. On that warm day the bass had entered the breach that leads to the sea at the southern extremity of the Salt pond, in countless myriads, and the wind being southerly and both weather and water unusually warm, the immense school of fish stopped overnight near the surface of the water, doubtless meaning to settle down into their deep winter quarters the next

day. But early in the night the wind suddenly chopped round to the north-west and brought with it such an unheard-of low temperature that the lake was converted almost in an instant into a sheet of ice some foot and more in thickness, holding in its embrace nearly all of the striped bass that had entered the pond on the day before. A day or two after this I went down upon the pond and saw scores upon scores of men cutting out the bass with chopping axes. They had already piled up hundreds of thousands to all appearance in heaps as big as small hay-stacks. The whole surface of the lake looked like a huge piece of Mosaic thickly inlaid with frozen bass weighing two or three to twenty or more pounds each. New York and other markets were bountifully supplied with the finest fish from this source for weeks afterwards. Potter's pond, which lies on the south-western side of the Salt pond, on what was formerly the old Governor John Potter estate, is connected with the great Salt pond by a narrow strait. In the old Governor's day, he used to surround with nets millions of bass in the early winter before severe frost set in and haul them up to this narrow strait, when what with the force of the nets and the whooping and hurrahing of his host of negroes, the bass would be forced into the Potter pond heaping high. The Governor used then to stake up the narrow strait and so have the fish fast in a comparatively narrow compass, from whence he took them out with small nets through the winter just so fast as a market could be found for them. (I may just say here in an inside parenthesis, that it used to be thought that Governor John Potter was as skilful in fishing for the votes of Rhode Island freemen as he was for striped

bass. There lived not far from him, in the town of Richmond, an oldish man of a good deal of influence by the name of Wm. Barber, usually called "Um Barber," because he was very much addicted to using the word "um." Um Barber was one of the last survivors of the old fox-hunting ilk, that, as well as horse racing, was in the olden times a favorite sport with the Narragansetters, some of them having packs of fox hounds. In my early days a race course was in tolerable preservation on the old Kit Champlin farm in Charlestown. It so happened that Um Barber had a personal antipathy to Governor John Potter, and always opposed him in politics and at the polls with all his might. A hotly contested election was near at hand, in which Potter was candidate for Governor, wherein it was of the greatest importance that "Um Barber" should not oppose, even if he did not support him. How to reach "Um" was a difficult question. The Governor, however, proved equal to the occasion. He got up a fox chase, and invited Um Barber to become his guest for a day or two previous to the coming off of a hunt. "Um" was so passionately fond of the sport that he could not resist the temptation, and accepted the Governor's invitation, but with the firm resolve that it should not influence his vote in the coming election. The Governor plied his guest with many attentions, and when the hunt came off, insisted upon Um's being his especial companion in the chase. During the run, Potter was observed to take frequent libations from a black bottle he had in charge (filled with sweetened water), until by degrees he apparently became so boozy that some of his near friends thought it best to ride

by his side to prevent his falling from his horse. To all these, however, he turned the cold shoulder, and insisted that none but his friend "Um Barber" should attend him. Flattered by the preference, Um was always on the watch to support the Governor, lurch which way he would. After a while the maudlin candidate became confidential with Um, and disclosed several (apparent) secrets of his political party, asking his advice in regard to them. This was too much for the unsophisticated fox-hunter, who, on election day, brought with him a score of his friends, one and all of whom cast their votes for Governor John Potter, and he was elected by a bare majority, that Um's and his friends' votes might have changed. Um Barber and Governor John Potter ever after continued firm personal and political friends until separated by death.)

Since my memory, striped bass used to be not only a great deal more numerous than now in our Rhode Island waters, but bigger, frequently weighing from seventy to seventy-five pounds. John Cork[37] bore the name of being the greatest drunkard and the luckiest fisherman in all Narragansett, and through a long life followed both callings and no other. I disremember the exact time when I happened to be fishing for tautog on what is called the Flat rock, a mile south of the Pier. I think it may, however, have been in the month of November, the best season for shooting loons, for I recollect an English gentleman, attended by his Irish servant, stood a little way from me when he brought down with his long fowling-piece an extraordinary large fat loon, as it was winging its way southerly over our heads. The huge bird fell with a heavy thud

on the rock. Said his Irish servant: "Your honor might have saved your powder and shot, for shure such a fall as that would have killed the bird of itself!" On that occasion, John Cork caught two bass, the lesser one of which would weigh fully sixty pounds. John was, of course, on foot, and more than half drunk at that. He had just strung his two bass together with a four-folded fishing-line, preparatory to putting them on his shoulders to carry up to Christopher Robinson's and thence to my father's, who, he well knew, would each take a head and shoulder (the best part of a striped bass by a long shot) and thus lighten his load so as to enable him to get to Watson's shop, a mile farther on, where he would exchange the remainder of the biggest fish for rum, and take the other home, unless a chance customer should intervene, in which case his wife and children would have to wait for their share until next time or later. I was just about helping John to put his head through the ring made by the four-folded line, when Squire Kenyon came along on horseback on his way to Little Rest, and offered to take his fish as far as Watson's shop, provided he would give him the head and shoulders of the smallest one. John told him he would see him "d—d first." So Squire Kenyon hitched his horse to a bayberry bush and threw off his line for tautog. I helped John load his bass, and after draining his bottle, he proceeded on his way, until he chanced to stumble head-foremost into a stone hole on the Stephen Champlin farm, on the west end of which farm tradition says a young girl was murdered, just after Point Judith was settled, and her body carried nearly a mile by her ravisher and thrown off the Flat

rock into the sea. About an hour after, Squire Kenyon, catching no luck, mounted his horse and proceeded on his way, which led just by the big stone hole in which John still lay, with the four-folded line twisted about his neck and both the big fish on top of him. Kenyon again renewed his offer to help Cork out and take the two bass to Watson's shop or any distance short of it, for the head and shoulders of the smallest fish. John managed to squirm his head in a position that enabled him to bring his left eye to bear upon Kenyon's countenance, as with a stifled voice he ejaculated, "You be d—d." So Kenyon passed on, whilst John Cork kept pretty quiet until he sobered, and Tom Aaron, the Indian, came along and helped him out of the hole, and again started him on with one bass in front and the other on his back. I disremember the day when I chanced to be seated at Peace Dale, within hearing distance of a number of boys and men who were arguing whether or not Smith Lewis was a man or a boy. All but Jim Grennold said that Smith was a boy. The question was argued vehemently for some time, until Jim Grennold exclaimed with much energy: "You say that Smith Lewis is nothing but a boy; I say, he is a man! At any rate he chaws tobacco." Upon this convincing announcement, all the negative contestants gave in. The next question discussed was in reference to the successful and unsuccessful men in South Kingstown. After many examples of failures and some of success had been cited, John Cork put in his say: "Well, I started in the world with nothing, and have near about held my own. If any man here has done better than that, let him tell how he did it!"

I think it not improbable but that there may be some ignoramuses in Providence and Kent counties where there is but little or nothing known about salt-water fish, who may feel disposed to question the accuracy of some of the fish stories I have related. However this may be, I can honestly assure all the readers of the Journal and the rest of the world that if what I have heard be true, all that I have stated about the abundance of fish that used to abound in Narragansett less than a century ago, is but as cakes and gingerbread in comparison with the quantities that used to abound there in a preceding century. I have heard that prince of traditionists, Daniel E. Updike, of East Grinnage, say that in his father's or grandfather's day, that such countless shoals of striped bass used to come up the Pettaquamscutt (or Narrow) river to winter in the beautiful ponds at the head of tide-water, that people were said to pass over the river on the backs of the solid mass without wetting their feet. I disremember the time when Capt. Bill Wilson told me that his father worked for Col. Gardiner on Boston Neck, when he gave a great ball that was attended by many distinguished persons from Boston, Newport, and New York (Providence being nowhere in those days), on which occasion two of the Misses Brown, of Tower Hill, set out on horseback to attend the ball, but when they came to the fording-place in Narrow river, a little above Carter's gibbet (who killed Jackson), it was packed so full of striped bass that (their horses being smooth shod), they were forced to dismount and pass over afoot on the backs of the fishes that were jammed in such a solid mass as to be unable to move individually in any direc-

tion, except as the entire mass was carried along by the tide. Capt. Wilson said that Col. Gardiner had a six-pounder mounted on a hill near the house, with which he saluted his guests as they arrived, and that on the arrival of the Misses Brown, he ordered his nigger gunner to make a double discharge of the piece in their honor, because they had evinced such pluck in crossing the river on the slippery backs of the fishes. I may here diverge in a compound parenthesis, to say that I knew old Capt. Bill Wilson well. He was a pretty good day laborer if set to work alone, but if there were three or four or more men with him, they would not all do the work of one man, their time being taken up almost entirely by laughing at Capt. Bill's drolleries. He was a natural wit, who was never seen to smile himself, and yet he could not open his mouth without making others laugh ready to kill. When I first knew him, he kept bachelor's hall in a one-roomed cabin west of Tower Hill. All the cooking and table utensils he had in his house was an iron two-quart kettle, two pewter spoons, one pewter plate, and a half-gallon jug. He lived entirely on hasty pudding and molasses, making his own pudding, and I have heard him say that he never cleaned out his kettle until the crust became so thick upon its bottom and sides that it would not hold enough pudding for one meal. Then and not until then he scraped out his kettle, but never washed it, because as he said it would take out its sweetness. After a while the Captain married; but matrimony never agreed with him. His wife took to drink, and on one occasion, when in mid-winter she took the panes of glass out of the only bed-room window and sold them for rum, he

complained of her conduct to me. Said the Captain, "If my mouth was wide enough to reach from pole to pole, and my tongue as deep in my throat as the ocean, I could never tell what trouble that woman has given me!" Shepherd Tom was the first manufacturer in the United States who ever worked a pound of Buenos Ayres wool (or Mediterranean either), which first-named article was then always as chock-full of burrs as a fig is of seeds. Before suitable pickers were invented, all these burrs used to go into the cloth, which cloth, after being run through a boiling dye, I have seen look quite green in a prolonged rain-storm on the tenter bars, owing to the sprouting of the burrs. Captain Bill once bought some of this cloth before it was colored to make him a pair of shirts. Said he, in speaking of it to me some time afterwards: "I thought the stuff would make me a couple of warm winter shirts, in spite of the burrs, but I found that the wind would whistle through it just like a thorn hedge."

I was really in hopes of *doing* the fish of Narragansett in one baking, but I find I shall have to trespass on another turn of the jonny-cake before I explain how it came to pass that Phillis, my grandfather's most worthy and world-renowned colored cook, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Twenty-third Baking

I NOW mean to finish up the Narragansett fish in a jiffy, and then go right ahead and tell my impatient readers all about how Phillis, my grandfather's half-heaven and half-Guinea born colored cook came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. So here goes! But before beginning, I will just say, in parenthesis, that the Tom Aaron who acted the part of a Christian in helping John Cork (in my last baking) out of the big stone hole and starting him on his way rejoicing, was a full-blooded Indian of the old Narragansett tribe, who lived in the west end of an old house that used to stand on my brother Joseph's Sea Side farm. George Ammon, a half-blood Indian, lived in the eastern part of the same house. Tom was old enough to be entitled to a pension for service in the Revolutionary War, provided he had served his country therein, and so one day, taking George Ammon along with him for his sponsor, he proceeded on foot to Providence to lay his claims before Uncle Sam's commissioner. Said the commissioner, "All right, Mr. Aaron, but where is your proof of having served your country in its extremity?" Said Aaron, pointing to George, "Here is a fellow that knows all about how I sarved in the war." George Ammon was accordingly asked to put his hands on the Bible and take the oath, after which he swore, right hand and left, that he was "sartin Tom sarved in the war." The commissioner, observing that Ammon did not look more than half of Tom's age, asked him how

he knew that Aaron served in the War of Independence? "Why," said George, "Tom told me so himself." Tom Aaron and George Ammon were both great fishermen, and during the War of 1812 they used frequently to come to my father's to ask for newspapers to carry with them when they went fishing off Point Judith in a boat, to give as a peace-offering to the officers of the British war brig "Orpheus," which blockaded Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound during most of the war. On one occasion I told Tom that we had none but very old papers! "Never mind," said he, "I 'll just tell the Britishers that I can't read and that you composed upon the poor Injun." Speaking of the British war brig "Orpheus" brings to my remembrance her running on shore the ship "Whampoa," just by John Watson's Pier in Boston Neck. The "Whampoa" was loaded with brandy and other French goods, and the best of Cognac was very plenty in the neighborhood for years after that event, whilst almost every country lass sported French fans and ribbons. The first news I had of the catastrophe was from Silas Greenman's wife, whom I found one morning crying whilst she was running bullets for her husband to take with him down to Boston Neck to help expel the perfidious foe. As I may have said before, I came from England in 1839 in the steamship "Liverpool," commanded by Captain Frayer, who was a Lieutenant on the "Orpheus," and seemed to be more familiar with the Narragansett coast than I was. As soon as he learned that I came from that former charming summer abode of the gods, his heart warmed to me as a brother, and it really seemed as if

he could not do enough to make my voyage pleasant. He told me that he had command of one of the boats that pursued the "Whampoa," and that he would give a guinea to see an old Quaker that was plowing on the shore a little north of where the "Whampoa" lay, who, so far as he could discern, never once turned his head to look at the Flotilla, that was raining cannon-balls like hail in his direction, but kept on making furrows with his yoke of oxen all the same as he would have done had all been peace and quietness. I have since learned that the old Quaker, as Capt. Frayer erroneously termed him, was no other than Governor George Brown's foreman farmer, the late John Perry, father of Robinson Perry, and five other highly respected sons, now living in South Kingstown (John, the Town Clerk, among others), and cousin to Commodore Oliver H. Perry, who (the Commodore), on a somewhat similar occasion, showed a like disregard to British cannon whilst he was passing in an open boat, somewhere on Lake Erie, from his own burning ship to another, to lead her on to victory. I want all readers to understand that Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry was a genuine Narragansett boy from the crown of his head to the tip of his big toe! I knew Governor George Brown pretty well. He was a capital specimen of the courtly Narragansett gentlemen of the olden time, very tall, as straight as an arrow, and always superbly dressed when he went abroad, up to his dying day, at the age of ninety-two. Once upon a time, when party ran high, my father was a candidate for State Senator from South Kingstown, and was elected. In the height of voting at Little Rest,

when nearly every freeman in the town was present, S. Northup, a drunken freeholder, on presenting his ballot exclaimed, at the top of his voice, "I want every man here to know that I vote for Rowland Hazard in spite of a man who lives on Boston Neck, who wants me to scratch him off the prox, the three first letters of whose name is Governor George Brown."

To return to the fishes of Narragansett, my brother Joseph further writes: "Do you remember the Lamphear who sold his old homestead in Charlestown to a Mr. Foster, and forgot to reserve his family graveyard? A bitter feud afterwards sprung up between Lamphear and Foster. In the course of time Lamphear died, and his friends, knowing Foster's implacable temper, decided it would be useless to apply to him for permission to lay his remains beside his father's in the family burial ground, and began to make preparations for burying them elsewhere. One of Lamphear's friends, however, determined to see Foster on the subject, and was surprised to find that he gave his consent to have Lamphear's defunct body buried on his ground, not only willingly but cheerfully. This was a great surprise to all who knew Foster, and remained a mystery until some months afterward, when some neighbor queried with Foster to know why he so readily gave his consent on that occasion. "Oh," said Foster, "never fear but I will find land for as many Lamphears as anybody will find to bury!" Says my brother Joe, "Classic ground is the valley of the Pettaquamscutt and its surrounding ridges. What a treasure to-day would be a full history of it. Whally, the regicide, Gilbert Stuart, and the Minturns all lived in its upper regions. The un-

fortunate Hannah Robinson's father's farm was also bounded by it on the west, and also Francis Willet's, 2nd mayor of New York." I may just here be allowed to say, with becoming modesty, that the pathetic story of the unfortunate Hannah Robinson has been written by Shepherd Tom and published in a superb volume,[38] by John H. Sanborn, of the Newport *Mercury*, which all readers of faultless taste and cultivated genius and feeling cannot fail to perceive is the most thrilling, entertaining, soul-subduing, and instructive book that has been issued by the press, either in America or Europe. My brother Joseph continues: "You know of the three famous Irish school-masters in Narragansett, of the olden time, all high-bred gentlemen. Masters Kelly, Ridge, and Slauter, neither of whom were ever known to commit an ungentlemanly act, or swerve from the strictest rules of polite breeding. It used to be told that Master Kelly once happened to stop at a tavern where they gave him nothing but cold Indian dumplings for dinner. In referring to the dinner afterwards, Master Kelly said he had eaten a better and seen a worse dinner. Then there was Master Gano, as late as 1820–30, another Irish gentleman school-master, who would never stop to talk with anybody. He was supposed to be a political renegade; though he would give no account of himself, he sometimes spoke of his club in Dublin."

I may here say that James Robinson first engaged Mr. Gano to come to Narragansett as tutor to his children. He first kept his school in a small building near the entrance gate of Mr. Robinson's farm, now the Gov. Sprague estate. I remember taking tea in company

Stairway
Rowland Robinson House

with Gano on one occasion only at Mr. Robinson's. He was very polite, but taciturn. There was a dish of whortleberries on the table, which Gano declined being helped to, although several times pressed. Finally Mrs. Robinson asked him if he had ever eaten any whortleberries? Gano replied that he had never eaten but one, which made him sick! I have elsewhere related an anecdote how Rowland Brown once, by preconcerture with his friends, tested Master Slauter's proverbial politeness. It was an occasion of a fox hunt, when, after a hard day's chase, the party returned to Mr. Brown's palatial mansion on Tower Hill, tired almost to death, hungry as the devil. The table was quickly spread, but nothing but a huge Indian bran pudding appeared on it. Mr. Brown helped Master Slauter to a goodly portion with repeated apologies for the extreme meagreness of the fare, to all of which the old gentleman replied, "Very good, Mr. Brown, very good," suiting the action to his word by occasionally conveying a morsel to his mouth. After the experiment had been fully tested without Master Slauter indicating by word or look any disapprobation, Mr. Brown ordered a couple of splendid roast turkeys and fixings to be brought in, to which he bountifully helped his Irish guest, who, after taking a mouthful, turned urbanely to his host and remarked, "A very great addition to the supper, Mr. Brown."

"You will recollect," continues my brother Joe, "that tradition says that all Point Judith used to be kept clear of forest by the Indians so that they might drive the game down there and kill it on the points of rocks or in the water to which deer habitually flee when

pursued. All the old houses in Point Judith were framed of heavy white pine timber that was cut in the north and west part of the town. When the Champlin house on our sister's farm in Point Judith was taken down, a few years ago, the white pine sills, plates, and posts from 12 to 18 inches square, were as sound as when put in position a century and more ago. I may here say that the old heavy timbered Rowland Brown two-story house, more than one hundred feet in length, was first built more than a mile north of the village, where it lately stood, and was moved bodily over the uneven, hilly, and rocky fields to its new site; a piece of engineering that would be almost marvelous even in our day. This was done, it is said, because Mr. Brown felt lonely in his isolated situation."

Again I extract from my brother Joe's voluminous letter: "Of a later generation was Thomas B. Hazard, 'Nailer Tom,' who lived in a white pine, heavily framed house, in what is now Peace Dale, that was taken down not long since. This was an old 'Niles House,' and it is said that Capt. Kidd and his crew used, not unfrequently, to resort there, and were entertained by Mr. Niles, for days together, he finding his account in furnishing a place in the wilderness where the pirates might enjoy their wild reveling, such excitement as freebooters and all men of evil habits of life need and must have, if possible. Kidd and his companions used to land, as tradition said, where the South Pier now stands; that was always a natural slip formed by an outlying bar, and where small boats could land at almost any time. Thomas B. Hazard told me that in the field adjoining his house a piece of sword-belt

was plowed up, that he had seen, marked 'Artemus Gould,' and with a couple of lines of amorous verse. Thomas B. also told me that he once possessed a history of some of Kidd's cruises, in which the names of his crews were recorded, and that among them was the name of 'Artemus Ward,' a cognomen, probably, for Gould. He said the book had been stolen from him." And yet let me here say that with all this convincing testimony within its reach, the Journal of the 23d of September has the temerity to question whether the redoubtable pirate, Robert Kidd, or William, if you please, ever buried a dollar of treasure anywhere in Rhode Island, or anywhere else. I knew Thomas B. Hazard, "Nailer Tom," like a book. He was one of the most remarkable personages I was ever acquainted with: a man who could relate entertaining anecdotes three hours on every evening of the year, and then begin with an entire new set for the whole of the next year. They were generally of an illustrative character, like the following: Some neighbor happening to remark that now-a-days all the evils of the country seemed to be charged on Old Jackson, the then President, Nailer Tom said it made him think of an old, harmless man named Grennold, who lived in Newport, when he was a boy, whose name almost everybody associated, without knowing why, with any evil that happened to befall him. If, said he, a man chanced to lose a button off his breeches, it was "Damn Old Grennold." If another happened to stub his toe, it was "Damn Old Grennold," and so on to the end of the chapter of accidents. "Now," said Nailer Tom, "instead of damning Old Grennold, everybody damns Old Jackson, and with as

little reason in the one case as in the other." Nailer Tom served his seven years' apprenticeship at blacksmithing, in Newport, with a man named Dodge, I think, who did a good deal of ship work, sometimes by the job, at others by the pound. Dodge's shop was near Gravelly Point. When he was engaged in job work, the question would be sometimes asked, "Mr. Dodge, ain't you making that work rather light?" The reply would be: "Nobody can tell the strength of iron." When, on the other hand, he would be doing the ship work by the pound, the question would be asked, "Mr. Dodge, ain't you making that work very heavy?" The reply would be: "Nobody can tell the power of the wind and the waves." My brother Joseph continues: "Capt. John H. Saunders lived on Boston Neck, and there built a three-masted schooner of about seventy-five tons, the first I ever saw or heard of, and Narragansett people wondered what he meant by such an adventure. But these are to-day a most popular class of vessels, some of them being of 900 tons burden. I saw one a few days ago of 632 tons discharging a cargo of bones at Plymouth, here in England, that she had brought from Buenos Ayres, owned in Fall River, Mass. It is a current fact[39] that the first power looms ever used were started at Peace Dale, where at the same time there was only a carding-shop and a flax-seed oil mill."

I will here remark that I ought to know these facts pretty well, for by turns I tended with my own hands all three of the concerns my brother Joe mentions. Thomas R. Williams, of Newport, invented the looms, and started the first one in our oil mill. My father next

bought four looms of Williams, and I run them on webbing and saddle girthing in the carding-shop. I have woven more than one hundred yards a day on one of these looms. The matter has been discussed, and, I think, settled, with Providence county folks, that these were the first power looms ever started in America, say somewhere about 1814 or 1815, in spite of the Lyman claim or others. At that time nearly every farmer in the state raised flax for family use, and we could procure enough flax-seed in Rhode Island to run the mill; now there is probably not a bushel raised in the whole state. We used to give one dollar a bushel for flax-seed, and sell the oil for one dollar a gallon. I wish all the readers of the Journal, who need a hearty laugh for their health, could have been present once and seen the face of a boy from Yorker (Yawgoo),[40] which lies north of Kingston village, whilst I measured him out a gallon of linseed oil. Everybody ought to know that oil and water won't mix. The oil in the cask had got so low that it would only trickle out of the spile, so to help it along I would every now and then pour a little water into the bung-hole of the cask. The boy said nary a word, but such a *look* as he steadily regarded me with, as he saw me, as he supposed, filling his jug with oil and water, nobody but Hogarth could put on canvas or paper, either in oil, water, or ink.

My father began to manufacture linsey-woolseys about the year 1797, at which time he got the cotton in the seed from Charleston, S. C. It came in "pockets" of some seven pounds weight. The seeds were picked out by hand, the cotton was then carded with hand cards, spun on hand wheels, and woven on hand

looms; the wool used for the filling of the linsey was carded, spun, and woven in the same way. When I began to manufacture at Peace Dale in about 1814–15, my wool was carded into rolls by machines. It was then put out in bundles of some twenty-five to thirty pounds each over half of Washington county to be spun on hand wheels, then brought home, scoured and colored and again put out to families living from one to ten miles away, as before, to be woven on hand looms. All this was done on horseback for eight or ten years, there being no four-wheeled carriages or wagons, except Elisha R. Potter's carriage, in the county. How many millions of miles I have ridden through mud-ice-rain-snow and storm whilst engaged in that business, to say nothing of sunshine, I can't tell, and if I could, it would not be believed. Sometimes to get the yarn from one bundle of rolls in the hands of a delinquent spinner, I would take a journey on horseback perhaps a dozen times, at a distance to and fro of as many miles, and so again with the weaving. As Captain Bill Wilson has said elsewhere, "If I had a mouth that would reach from pole to pole, and a tongue as deep in my throat as the ocean, I could never tell the trouble" I used to have with delinquent spinners and weaving women in Narragansett. Some time ago I stood by a stripling in one of the Peace Dale mills, who was tending two spinning jennies, when I estimated that he turned off as much yarn in one day as seven hundred women used to spin for me in the same time on hand wheels.

But whoa, whoa! I say! if I was to go on and give a consecutive narrative of my manufacturing experi-

ences in detail, let alone my farming and sheep keeping, all the Journals that were ever printed would not contain the half of them! The fact was, I knew nothing about manufacturing or machinery myself, and there was then nobody in the country to learn of, and all my experiences were purchased at the expense of the hardest kind of knocks. The first overseer of my factory, a Mr. Larkin, I have known to fasten the crooked belt to a stripper pulley with a tenpenny nail driven to its head to keep it from running off, or as he expressed it, that he might "know where to find the darned thing." My second overseer was a Quaker by the name of Warner, who I set to tending the cards one morning, and then went fishing for trout in the brook about ten feet from the south end of the carding-shop. I had n't been there long before I heard a violent crash in the shop window, and then was splashed from head to foot by a great thing falling in the water not a yard from my feet, which, on closer inspection, I found to be the fancy cylinder of my finishing card. I hastened into the carding-shop, where I found the floor strewn with card strippers, chain rollers, &c., in dire confusion. Warner was looking round about as if to find something, and on my asking what it was, he said he by accident dropped his felt hat between the in forward stripper and fore tumbler of the pesky machine, but as he could not find it, he guessed it must have got kearded up. So without more ado he commenced picking up the broken pieces and putting them in place, and on lifting the fancy box he found his broad-brimmed hat beneath it, which looked as if it might have been in the possession of a couple of frolicsome young bears or more for

an hour or two. My next head overseer was a professed scientist from Providence county. He was a perfect "know-all." His first move was to take from the carding machines all the workers or "chain rollers," as they were then called, and set the fore tumbler and doff an inch or less off from the main cylinder. This, he said, kept the rolls from knotting. It did in a measure, but the wool was so little worked by the card that the Foul Fiend himself could not make it into yarn of any less size than the roll itself. I soon sent Alexander, that was the name of the scientist, back to Providence—and put up posters for another overseer of my woolen-room, which consisted of one single breaker, a finisher, and a picker, the teeth of which last were made of spikes six inches in length and mor'n an inch in diameter, firmly set in a four-inch timbered slotted cylinder, some three feet in diameter and four feet in length, that whisked round in a still heavier frame, full of teeth of the same size as those in the cylinder. The wool in those days was apt to be very cotted, and when I put that kind into the rising and falling feed-box, some half a pound at once, and raised it up so as to bring and keep the unpicked wool in contact with the teeth of the picker, I always kept a bright look-out because I had known the chair on which I sat in front knocked all to smash by the flying teeth and broken timbers of the devilish thing, just as I had sprung from it with all the velocity terror could inspire. About noon one pleasant summer day a gentleman by the name of Dickens presented himself in striped tow-cloth jacket and breeches and offered his services as a professional wool-carder. Said I, "Mr. Dickens, are you pretty

well acquainted with the process of carding wool?" "Process!" said he, "what 's that?" Said I, "Do you know how to card wool?" "I guess," said he, "I mout ought to know, for I used to help granny keard wool before I was knee-high to a hoppergrass!" Just at this moment I threw the main belt on my breaking card. The expression of the boy's countenance whilst I was watering the oil, as before described, would not, in all its multitudinous aspects, in the least compare with the mingled look of surprise, consternation, horror, and terror that now pervaded the features of Mr. Dickens. Turning his awestruck eyes first to the driving drum over his head, next to the whirling carding machine, and lastly on me, he gave a yell and then a spring for the open door, out of which he shot like a winged arrow. My curiosity was awakened by this rapid transit, and I hastened to the nearest window. Dickens had, by the time I got there, reached a five and a half foot single wall that stood about twenty rods from the factory, over which he flew without touching a stone, and held his way on in a bee line for the pier, looking as he went more like a streak of lightning than anything on legs. I afterwards learned that when Dickens reached the pier, he jumped frantically into his boat, and in an incredible short time rowed to the island, where he spread a report that "Shepherd Tom" had got the infarnal machine over there in 'Gansett that they blowed up Bonaparte with; and yet under all these difficult and trying circumstances, and thousands more like them, and even worse than they, Pioneer *Shepherd Tom*, after paying every debt, succeeded in realizing a competency in about his 40th year, and then retired

entirely from active business, and has ever since then diligently labored without a farthing's pecuniary pay, or hope or wish for reward, for the good of mankind at large, according to the best light God and His angels have bestowed upon him, and ever expects to continue so to work, not only throughout all time, but eternity. Nor does he seek or wish a better or a happier lot either here or hereafter than that which results from doing unselfish good. "God save the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," and all the rest of the world, man, beast, bird, fish, and reptile included.

"In those days," continues my brother Joe, "the mass of the laboring class in Narragansett, though often given to drink, were honest, and generally took pride in doing a good day's work, so as to fairly earn their wages, which were from six to eight dollars a month and board for the eight warm months. Manual day labor was almost always paid in kind, that is, half a bushel of corn or four pounds of salt pork and board for a day's work from sunrise to sunset. For mowing the price was double. The laboring people were mostly idle in the winter, but supported themselves by choring, clamming, and fishing, and now and then a day's work for the farmers. They always made it a point of honor to keep out of the poor-house or "off the town," as they expressed it, nor would they permit a near relative to be placed there if any of the family could support them.

"Churches, there were next to none, and there was very little avarice among the laborers — a few of whom occasionally attended the Quaker and '*new light*' meet-

ings. There were a few thieves, but they were marked men; if anything was stolen, it would be generally known pretty nearly who did it. Bill Carter was the thief who robbed Asa Steadman of his pork while he lay abed confined by the rheumatism. Asa was poor—so he sent for Bill and asked him if he did not think a man must be very bad to rob one so poor and helpless as himself of his winter's provision. To this Carter gravely replied: 'Mr. Steadman, it is my opinion that anybody that is bad enough to steal is no respecter of persons.'

"I think it was old John Smith whom you caught stealing your wood, and who replied to your rebuke, that he 'always thought it was rulable in Narragansett for a man to have wood for cutting and backing it.'

"I think it was Jonathan N. Hazard who missed his axe, and on meeting black Jim Tefft (a noted thief, whom he suspected), asked him when he was going to bring back the axe he stole from him. Jim seemed horrified at the charge and defended himself stoutly. Jonathan expressed surprise at Jim's alleged innocence, and remarked that he could not think of any one else who would steal it! But Jim got in the last word when he rejoined, 'Mr. Hazard, you may depend upon it, there is a great deal stole around here on my credit!' In those days doors of houses in Narragansett were seldom locked at night. My gold watch, costing $160, lay for years on a table by my chamber window on the ground floor, almost always, night and day, for I seldom wore it except when I went on a journey, and the window was almost always open, and people pass-

ing by continually, but it was never disturbed. This was at a period when there was no church in Narragansett, except one at Kingston. Now we have nearly a dozen churches, and a door-mat is scarcely safe on the step at night. Even hen roosts must be locked, and thieving is everywhere and burglary frequent. Rum-shops are viler than ever, poor-houses are crowded, whilst some of the inmates have friends who could easily support them, but avarice has been awakened to a degree, of late, that it is scarcely less dangerous or wicked in its influence than midnight robbery itself. "You must remember old Gardiner Kenyon, who lived on Point Judith and died at the age of ninety. He had been in bed some days with illness, when, on hearing his wife direct a daughter to send for a doctor, he cried out, 'Wife, don't bring any doctor into my room: I have concluded to die a natural death.'

"I consider the Sweets a most remarkable family, not only as natural bone-setters, but as an innocent, inoffensive, easy-going, happy people, with no particular calling or occupation; yet never victims of poverty, or even rich enough to excite avarice, excepting in one instance, and he a farmer.

"The Tuckers of Narragansett are also a very remarkable family. Not enterprising, but steady workers, farmers on a small scale, generally. Steady, industrious, self-reliant, thoughtful, with fixed principles, and, as a rule, highly conscientious, full of moral courage, as well as physical, and so devoted to principles that I have no doubt a regiment of them, fighting in a cause that they espoused from principle (and they would willingly fight for no other), would whip any

two merely military regiments that could be brought against them from any part of the world.

"I presume you have not forgotten that remarkable man, Hazard Knowles, of Conanicut, nor his idiotic son, who, when his father once broke through the ice, called to his son to help him out, which he declined doing, saying, "I see that farm coming to me now [by inheritance, of course]."

I may here say that I knew the Hazard Knowles my brother alludes to pretty well. He was the wealthiest farmer in his day in Conanicut, if not in the state. He was the father of several highly respected and efficient sons, besides the idiotic one, whom I have heard the old man say was fit for nothing but a "member of Congress." I was once hastening on foot across the island of Conanicut, to take the steamboat for New York, and much feared that I should be too late, when I saw this idiotic son of Hazard Knowles tearing through an adjacent field and frantically crying to me to stop, which, from the apparent urgency of the case I did until he reached me, all out of breath. "What," said I, hurriedly, "is the matter!" "Do stop a minute," said he, "while I play a tune for you on my cornstalk fiddle."

Well, now, if that don't beat the diable! I have just read over this "baking," in which I promised my readers to finish up my fish story, and will be whipped if I can find a word about fish in it, although I have written about almost everything else in creation. The fact is, I am just about going to leave home, and in my hurry and confusion of ideas I mistook the date of my brother Joe's letter, and got hold of a wrong one.

But there is no use in crying over spilt milk. So I must let this go to the Journal, so as to pacify my impatient readers until I can find time to do the fish of Narragansett.

Twenty-fourth Baking

NOW I have got my foot into it, I may just as well keep it there until I finish the remainder of my brother Joe's letter, concerning which I made such a horrid mistake, before I proceed to tell anything more about Narragansett fish; after which I fully intend, when the slippery things are all done for, to tell how "Phillis, my grandfather's"—but no more of that for the present, for as Will Shakespeare's King Lear said, "Madness lies that way." Towards the close of my brother Joe's letter, he says: "Lands in Point Judith and Boston Neck appear to have been largely bought up by Boston capitalists at an early period, and the demand in the West Indies for New England farm products, not only grain, cheese, &c., but mules and horses, seems to have warranted such a proceeding. Every part of Narragansett Bay seems to have had one or more trading vessels to the West Indies, whereby the farmers were enabled to get for their products the cash to build large houses all over the new rural districts, adjacent thereto, and to live in style and enjoy many luxuries." I will just remark here that my father used to say that his grandfather, Robert Hazard, owned two schooners that traded to the West Indies from the South Ferry, their outward-bound cargoes being largely furnished by the produce of his own farms, he raising annually one hundred horses for export to the West Indies, besides great quantities of cheese. We used to have in our house one of his cheese vats which held nearly a bushel, and it was said that he had twelve

cheeses made a day in the height of the season, of its size. Barley was also extensively raised on the shore farms in South Kingstown in earlier times, and immense crops of potatoes, after Thomas G. Hazard, of Boston Neck, introduced the use of sea-weed as a manure. By the by, I don't think there was exactly so much cash brought from the West Indies in those days as my brother Joe seems to think. The return cargoes were mostly molasses, a large part of which was distilled in rum for home use, and the Guinea trade. Again, farm produce was shipped to the West Indies and exchanged for sugar and molasses that was carried to England and France, and exchanged for European goods. For a long time America was supplied with foreign goods mostly in that roundabout way. Molasses, too, was a great medium of barter. The South Kingstown town records show that many large farms in that town were exclusively sold for molasses. Says my brother Joseph: "Jas. Potter, son of Elisha R. (whose mother was a Mauney of Huguenot descent), built the first stone house in South Kingstown (at the South Ferry) in about 1845. I built the second one, and laid the foundation of it at my Sea Side farm in Point Judith, in 1846. That house is popularly known as 'the Castle,' but the title is entirely repudiated by me. I had the entire foundation of the building laid by John Noka (originally pronounced No-cake), an Indian of the Narragansett tribe, or as near one as any other then living (about half-blood), he being a most excellent mason, a quality common to the Narragansett tribe of Indians and their descendants. The Narragansetts seem to have been a remarkable race of Indians." Of course

they were. Let me here ask in parenthesis, what thing of any kind, mineral, vegetable, animal, or human, was there ever raised or produced in Narragansett, that wonderful land and home of the gods and goddesses of antiquity, and long before *that*, that was not a good deal more than *remarkable?* Not so gentle, as were the famous Mandans of Louisiana (or Texas, perhaps), but a people of great courage and energy, very industrious, and excellent workers, either as farm laborers, masons, or other mechanical pursuits. "I had a particular object in employing Noka to lay the foundation of my stone house, which he did all himself, besides working on the superstructure from beginning to end, for I meant the house to be a record for the Narragansett tribe, a monument to it, as it were. I dare say you recollect the old Narragansett story that was the occasion and gave rise to the saying, 'Boston folks are full of notions.' It seems that a Narragansett Indian who followed the tinman's trade, was in the habit of going down to Boston every spring to ply his vocation as a tinker, and usually returned in the course of sixty days or so, with his pockets full of small change that he so obtained. On the last occasion of this kind, however, it was observed that the tinker returned from Boston within two or three weeks of the time he left his tribe. This excited the curiosity of his fellows, but nothing was known of the cause until some two years afterwards, when another of the tribe happened to go down to Boston. On his return to Narragansett, he reported that the tinman had been caught stealing in Boston and was whipped at the cart's tail therefor. It was not long before some one of the tribe asked the tinker why he

left Boston so soon on the occasion of his last visit to that town. Said the tinker, in reply, 'Oh, these Boston folks be full of notions,' and hence the origin of the current saying.

"The Indian grave-yard on their little territory in Charlestown must be an interesting spot. I am told the graves are made of stone from bottom to top and very solid, at least the old ones. I do not know if you remember the two coverts that the Narragansetts had, from which they watched in early times against the depredations of Indians in canoes from the Island of Aquidneck. Both of these coverts are made at points where canoes would easiest land. One of them is just below the South Pier, near by the natural slip formed by a bar on which the pier is built. The other covert is on 'Little Neck,' close to the west bank of the Narrow river and nearly opposite the Hopkins rock that is on the river shore of Thomas Potter's Boston Neck farm, and only a short distance below the lower or third Narrow river bridge that was built about 1847. The traces left of the covert show it to have been of an oval shape, about thirty feet long. The space was, since I knew it, well defined by a little oval trench, dug in the ground, the earth being thrown up on one edge of it, all around and about a foot above the general level. These trenches and ridges are well preserved by the tough sward that the rich soil would naturally produce. They were probably designed to drain off the water that might accumulate in stormy weather within the coverts, and keep the bark or otherwise covered tents of the native "coast guard" comfortable. I have often visited and examined both these Indian coverts. The

one at Narrow river (Pettaquamscutt), however, has been lately ignorantly or barbarously plowed down. The other covert by the pier is intact, but has been somewhat damaged of late years, and I fear must soon disappear unless measures be taken for its preservation. They attracted my attention many years ago, and I learned from old folks at the time that their origin and purpose were such as I have described, a tradition that their location seems to fully justify. Of this most interesting race considerable trace was left during our own earlier period of life. Several of the Narragansett tribe, half-bloods or mixed, fought in the Revolutionary War. Old Guy Watson, whom we used to see so often attending elections, courts, and the General Assembly in his Continental regimental coat, was one of these. Guy was at Fort Ticonderoga; he also helped Captain Prescott and fought at Red Bank, as did also a Mr. Hazard of Newport, whom I have heard shot Count or Baron Dunlap dead in his saddle. James Warmsly, who lived in a house of James and John Sherman's on the Old Kingston road, was a half-blood Indian, and not a man of any color or condition in Narragansett was more truly and sincerely respected than he. Rhode Island had probably not a single citizen who was more upright and correct in his daily walk than this humble, laboring, half-blood Indian. The last King of the Narragansetts was 'King Tom,' I think. Brother Isaac bought his chair of state of somebody, and also a little copper kettle that he used. Brother Rowland has the chair now, and perhaps the kettle."

I will just here say in parenthesis, that I think my brother Joseph is under a wrong impression as to King

Tom being the last King of the Charlestown tribe of Narragansett Indians. Queen Esther, his only sister, succeeded to the throne after King Tom's death. Wm. Kenyon, late of Charlestown, saw Queen Esther crowned in about 1776, as he writes to Mr. Wilkins Updike. "She was elevated on a large rock, so that the people might see her. The council surrounded her. There were present about twenty Indian soldiers with guns. They marched her to the rock. The Indians nearest the royal blood, in presence of her counselors, put the crown on her head. It was made of cloth covered with blue and white peage. When the crown was put on the Queen's head, the soldiers fired a royal salute and huzzahed in the Indian tongue. The ceremony was imposing, and everything was conducted with great order. Then the soldiers waited on the Queen to her house, and fired salutes. There were 500 natives present, besides others. Queen Esther left one son named George; he was crowned after the death of his mother. I was enlisting soldiers and went to him, and asked him to enlist as a soldier in the Revolutionary War. The squaws objected and told me he was their King." King George was killed by the falling of a tree, in the 22d year of his age. "No King," says Updike, "was ever crowned after him, and not an Indian of the whole blood, now (1847), remains in the tribe." I used to hear Molly Hazard tell a good deal about Queen Esther, who was often at her father's [Sylvester Robinson, son of Gov. Wm. R.]. Queen Esther was imbued with a haughty spirit, and could not be induced to speak a word of English, averring that she would never speak the language of the destroyer of her people.

Now that I have got through with that unfortunate wrong letter, I propose in earnest to take up the right one, and finish up the fish of Narragansett without further delay, and then proceed to show how Phillis, &c. So here I begin anew with the Narragansett fish: "The clumsy and apparently helpless woodchuck (ground hog of Pennsylvania)," continues my brother Joe, "holds out amazingly in Narragansett, for he can neither fight nor run, and every farmer is his mortal enemy and trains his dog especially to kill him." I will say here in parenthesis, that I used to know one farmer who was too tender-hearted to even kill a woodchuck. It was old Mr. Babcock, who lived just north of the Commodore Perry farm, in Matoonek. A woodchuck had dug his hole in Babcock's bean patch and committed great depredations on the crop. Babcock used occasionally to waylay and catch the woodchuck, when he would whip him severely, but always let him go with a renewed reminder that it would be worse for him next time, if he did not let his beans alone. "Yet," continues Joe, "they do not seem to yield much. I have them about my house, but I allow *nothing* killed on my farm, not even a skunk or a snake."

I may just here remark in a short parenthesis that my brother Joe's mention of a snake brings to my mind the immense black-snakes that used to prevail in Narragansett, held by old Dick Corey to be lineal descendants of that great fiend of human progress, the snake mentioned in Genesis. This is the same Dick Corey who, as I have said before, used to tell of a black-snake he encountered in the Wilson woods, north-east of Peace Dale, whilst he was huckleberrying, that was

as long as a fence rail and carried on his head a carbuncle as big as a tea-kettle. The letter continues: "Nor have I for thirty-five years. But the woodchuck seems to be everywhere, despite the farmers, who so hate him for the little corn he eats." My brother Joseph ought here to have added "and beans." I have heard old Enoch Lewis say that when he was a boy they used to make better beans and corn in Narragansett without any corn in it than they then did with both beans and corn. Old Enoch lived in the house that stood, when I was young, on the bank of a big gully right at Columbia Corner, that was all washed out in one thunder-storm. Friends (or Quakers) rode by the place on their way to meeting at the old meeting-house that used to stand upon the elbow of the road near the "Tower Hill House,"[41] and on their way back, two hours later, from meeting, there was a gully washed out some forty or fifty feet deep, and thousands of loads of gravel carried into the old coon (now Wakefield) mill-pond. Enoch used to say that he was one of the boys that used to ride between Narragansett and Virginia, to bring and carry back the fast horses that were furnished by the Virginia gentlemen to compete with the still faster Narragansett horses on the race course then so common in this blessed country.

My brother Joe continues: "I dare say the woodchuck of Rhode Island, or ground hog of Pennsylvania, does more good than harm, as even the crow is found to do. I have long observed that where farmers are the most intelligent the least objection exists to what are supposed to be noxious animals and birds. In Scotland moles have not been killed for twenty-

five years past, but I found in exploring England, that mole catching was there a common pursuit, as I think it is yet to some extent. About the year 1837, I stood on a hill on Ram Island, a part of the old Carder Hazard farm, now called the Foddering Place, in Point Judith, when in about thirty acres of land (the area of the island), we counted fourteen woodchucks all in sight at the same time, most of them standing up on their haunches by their holes in the ground, looking at us." Christopher Robinson's pond (now Silver Lake) was full of fish in 1820 and later, such as sunfish, white and yellow perch (some of them weighing two and three pounds), pickerel, and some catfish. When I first went from West Town school to Narragansett I recollect of going to this pond to fish one afternoon, and caught four hundred fish. I was perfectly amazed, for to get a dozen a day at Bristol on the Delaware, even of sunfish (called pumpkin seeds in contempt in Narragansett), would be a grand piece of luck. My surprise was such that I finally concluded, strange as it seems to be, that the people of Narragansett had never learned that there were any fish in "Kit's pond." I was but thirteen years old and perfectly mystified. It did not occur to me that the big fish of the sea was the attraction, nor did I know then that even the laboring people of Narragansett abhorred the idea of eating fresh-water fish, with the exception of trout, as was really the case. The same feeling existed then (I wish it had continued) in regard to small birds. To have eaten a blackbird or robin, or anything of the sort short of teal, wild ducks, green-headed plover, grass plover, curlews, partridges, woodcock, snipe, and

quails, would have been as repugnant to their taste as the eating of rats and mice. Unfortunately, some one conceived the idea of making Kit's pond profitable, and stocked it with pike. These pike have now pretty much cleared out all other fish, and hold about full possession of the pond. Some of them, I think, weigh seven or eight pounds. I may just here say that I used to hear of pike taken in the Snuff mill-pond, where Gilbert Stuart was born, that would weigh from twenty-five to thirty pounds each. "Minks have been pretty much exterminated in Narragansett because of the high price obtained for their skins. Weasels, some of them white, still remain, and should be protected to keep down the guinea rat, now so common and destructive all over the southern part of Rhode Island. The guinea rat is a curse brought from Africa, in slave-ships, that have exterminated the native blue rat of the country." Just let me here add, as the pale-faced men of England have exterminated not only the red men of the Narragansett country, but of nearly all North America. "Some years ago muskrats were numbered by thousands in the ponds about the sea-coast in Narragansett. Their skins were then worth four cents each. Soon after these rose in market to *seven* cents apiece, muskrats almost entirely disappeared. Thomas B. Hazard, that remarkable man, a perfect chronicle, told me that he remembered when the last wolf was killed in Narragansett, at the upper end of Boston Neck, in about 1750." I will just here say that when I was a boy, I used to hear a good deal about a wolf that came to his death in what is to this day called the "Wolf Bog," on the north border of Peace Dale. The story

ran after this wise: A big gray wolf gave chase to an old slab-sided, long-bodied, sharp-nosed sow of what was then called the land-shark breed, which kind of swine the late William French, of Kingston, always contended made the best pork and hams of any breed of swine, which I, too, think is the fact. Just before the old sow reached the edge of the aforesaid bog, the wolf grabbed her with his teeth, by the end of her tail, which caused the terrified creature to increase her speed so marvelously that, as old Jim Newberry, who was cutting wood near by, said, neither the sow nor the wolf could be separately discerned with the naked eye, they somewhat resembling a streak of lightning as they passed along, only rather quicker in motion; so quick, in fact, that the terror-stricken old sow in her heedless course plunged directly through a maple tree two feet in diameter that stood in her way, dragging the gray wolf after her more than half his length, when he was caught by the rebound of the maple just forward of his hips and so held secure until Jim Newberry (whom I used to know) came forward and dispatched him with his wood axe. This story may be rather tough for people of contracted minds to swallow, much less digest; but yet it would seem to rest on a foundation, else why has the boggy swale where the wolf came to his end always to this day been known as the *wolf bog?* Beavers were gone before our day, but a panther (from the north, probably) was killed by a twelve-year-old boy in Hopkinton about the year 1819. The boy and beast were both exhibited." I may be permitted here to say, in parenthesis, that I remember all about this affair well. The boy that killed the big

panther, weighing, if I remember, a good deal over one hundred pounds avoirdupois, if not one hundred and fifty, was out in the woods with his younger brother. When they discovered the huge creature up in a chestnut tree, the twelve-year-old boy told his little brother to keep watch of the animal until he could run to the house and get his father's big gun, which happened to be loaded with ball or very big shot. When the twelve-year-old got back he told his little brother to stand before him, so that when he kneeled down to fire he might rest the heavy gun on his shoulder. This the little fellow did, and so the two together shot to death the huge beast at the first fire.

"The negroes," continues Joe, "are a superior race to the whites in many respects. They have loving, feminine hearts, the highest endowment of nature. The religious element is preëminently active in them. They possess great natural sagacity, quick perception, and high respect for human nature, as demonstrated in their courtesy to each other, their equals, as well as towards other races. They have, also, great self-respect naturally. Their social faculty is very large, and they more delight in mere social intercourse than any other race I ever saw in my travels through a large portion of the world. They have great power of insight into the character of those they meet. They are graceful in manner and movement, as well as deportment, especially their women. The most queenly-looking woman I ever saw was a mulatto, aged about forty, who is living in Narragansett now. Their stateliness of walk is very striking. It sometimes rises to the majestic at the South; but this may be the result

in part from the colored people in that portion of our country habitually bearing their burthens on their heads. The Hindoos also have it, who, by the way, have, without doubt, great natural capacity that is not at all appreciated or understood by European races, but which will take form some day in a movement that will astonish the world."

I think there is a great deal of truth in what my brother Joe says about the negro race. There were many of the old Narragansett negroes who had served cultured masters and mistresses who possessed the most courtly breeding and manners. There was old Bristor Gardiner, whose manner and bearing would have done honor to a President of the United States. My father was once keeping bachelor's hall many years ago in the Rodman House, at the old mill (now Wakefield), which he then owned, and leased out to *Rodman Carpenter*. A fine loin of veal had been roasted for dinner one day, which was set up for the next day's dinner without being cut, we having unexpectedly got our dinner abroad. Next morning my father, chancing to go into the kitchen, found Bristor sitting alone at a table regaling himself on a loin of veal. The old darkey immediately arose from his seat, and with the most polite demeanor and manner, greeted my father, and then patronizingly observed with a bow that might have excited the envy of Chesterfield, "Master Hazard, I have brought a peck of corn this morning to your mill, to grind!" The toll of the corn, one pint—which went, of course, to the miller—at that time might be worth *one cent*, but what could my father say or do but smile at the polite assurance of the courtly

old customer. "There are," continues, after a while, my brother Joe, "millions of fine sea perch (one of the best of fish) in the Salt pond at all seasons, and myriads of herrings in the spring. I remember when hauls were made in the Salt pond, not many years ago, in which common hands engaged sometimes made one hundred dollars each in a single night for their individual share, and the seine itself took one-half of all the fish caught, and there were other parties engaged in the hauling who took far more each than a mere hand share. Then there was the smelt *ware* at the upper end of the Salt pond below Wakefield. What quantities of delicious smelts were formerly taken there, although the yield is now light. As late as 1840, we used to get these smelts fresh every morning, in their season, for two shillings (33⅓ cents) a peck. Then the flounders, and flatfish, and eels, and great snapping-turtles that used to be so common in that beautiful lake!" Speaking of snapping-turtles reminds me of William B. Rotch, a son of Benjamin Rotch, formerly of New Bedford, and later of Milford Haven, Wales, who was knighted for introducing the whale fishery into England, and myself going down one evening nearly sixty years ago, to catch eels in the smelt *ware* alluded to, where I have caught scores of fine, fat yellow-breasted eels of an evening, with a bob *only*, instead of a hook. On this evening, however, we fished with hooks, and strange to say, although we had plenty of bites, we caught not a single eel. The bite was always a nibble of the most gentle kind, and every time I jerked, my hook brought up as if caught in an old log or stump at the bottom of the *ware*, which caused me

to slack the line, and when I pulled again, it always came out of the water without difficulty, but with no eel upon the hook. After wasting an hour's time in this equivocal sport, I thought I would try an experiment. So at the next nibble, instead of slacking up when I felt the obstruction I pulled steadily on my line, when lo, up came slowly a great snapping-turtle, who spit out the hook the moment he touched the ground and I had slacked the line, just as the turtles had all done before whilst at the bottom of the smelt weir. Having learned the trick, we soon caught half a score or more of the turtles of some eight to ten pounds weight each. Thomas B. Hazard, Jr., son of Nailer Tom, was probably the greatest turtle catcher that was ever known. He used to set great baited steel traps for them, of his own making (he being a blacksmith), in most of the ponds (under deep water) in South Kingstown, and he also had a method of taking turtles with strong hooks fastened on the ends of long poles, with which he would feel for them at the bottom of ponds at certain seasons of the year, when they lay imbedded in the mud, and draw them out with his big hook. He told me that he once caught eleven snapping-turtles, none of your turtles, but regular turkles, in one of the Hill country ponds, each and every one of which weighed exactly eighty-two pounds, comprising, as he surmised, one whole litter, the individuals of which always, as he averred, keep exact pace with each other as they grow, in weight. I disremember the exact time (it must have been when I was a very small boy) when one morning black Pomp brought home to my grandfather an immense snapping-*turkle* that he got in

Indian Run pond, and cut its head off at the wood-pile. Phillis, who made the best *turkle* soup of anybody in the world, had it boiling in the big pot all day, and when evening came, the fire getting a little slack, she sent Abe, that born son of Satan, out to the wood-pile, in the dark, to bring in some chips. Soon such a horrible yelling, screeching, and hullaballoo was raised by Abe as nobody but that son of the Devil could accomplish, as he came limping into the kitchen with the head of the snapping-*turkle* fast to his big toe. Pomp said it was no use trying to make the snapper's head let go, for snapping-*turkles* never do let go till it thunders, and so he told Abe to go to bed and lie still till the next thunder-storm. Phillis, however, after telling Abe to stop his noise, and remarking that if there was anything on airth she 'spised, it was Pomp, who didn't know that a live wannut coal was just as good to make a *turkle* let go as a thunder-clap, and suiting her action to her words, she seized the big kitchen tongs and took a red-hot coal from her kitchen fire and held it right atop of the *turkle's* head, when it let go of Abe's toe as quick as you could say Jack Robinson; but I should like to see the man or woman, black or white, who ever got Abe out to the wood-pile again after dark!

Speaking about eels makes me think of my Uncle Robert Hazard, and his cousin, George Hazard, going eeling one moonlight night on the end of old Uncle Thomas Robinson's wharf, on the Point in Newport. Uncle Robert pulled up an eel, which, however, dropped right off his hook into the water again. In his excitement he fell off the wharf, and not being able to swim,

he sunk several times, whilst every time he got his head above water his cousin George, who thought Robert had jumped in on purpose to catch the eel, would sing out, "Got him, Robert? Got him, Robert? Got him?" Fortunately old Tommy Goddard, who happened to be passing the head of the wharf in his boat, comprehended the situation, and rescued Robert from his threatened watery grave. My Uncle Robert held a grudge against George after that for quite a time, because he did not try to help him out when he fell off the wharf. Awhile after this Uncle Robert and his cousins, George Hazard and Tommy Robinson, were all three sleeping in the same room at Uncle Thomas Robinson's, George and Tommy in one bed and Uncle Robert in another. Tommy Robinson had lately returned from the wilderness country in Vermont, where he had gone prospecting. He and my Uncle Robert afterwards married sisters by the name of Fish and settled at Ferrisburg in Addison county in that newly organized district, where their descendants are numerous and highly respectable. Speaking of Vermont makes me think of a young man who once went to England as traveling companion (after the usage of Friends) with a public Friend, perhaps Joseph Hoag, the Quaker Prophet, who foretold minutely, in 1803, all about the changes that were to take place in the United States, including the late Civil War, which prophecy I have had in my possession for about forty years. No historian could more correctly narrate to-day the leading points of the great changes that have taken place in the country from 1803 to the close of the Civil War than that old Quaker preacher and prophet did before any of them occurred.

Well, what I was going to say is that while this young man was dining at a friend's house in England, he mentioned that in Vermont they had trees three hundred feet high! After dinner an English Friend sought a private opportunity with the young man and cautioned him against relating such an improbable story as he had done about the trees of Vermont, as no solid Friends in England would believe him, and he might thus bring reproach upon the society. Some few years after this it so chanced that the English Friend, who had reproved the young Vermonter, chanced to visit America on a religious visit, and coming to Vermont, he dined at the house of the father of the young man. After dinner he told his friend that he would be very much pleased if he would now have one of those three hundred feet trees he told of in England felled, so that he might see it measured. The young man answered that a hired man was then chopping in the woods, and he would take him out where he was, and, if necessary, get him to cut down a tall tree for his satisfaction. Just as they got within speaking distance of the woodchopper, a tree fell, which the English Friend measured with his own hands and found it to be three hundred and ten feet as it lay. As I was just saying, Tommy Robinson had lately returned from the Green Mountains, in Vermont, where he had seen more than one bear. So in the night referred to, he dreamed he caught a bear, and clinching both his hands into the long thick hair of his bedfellow, he sung out, "A bear, a bear, Robert." Robert took in the situation at once, and remembering George's shabby treatment of him in connection with the eel, he shouted back, "Kill him,

Tommy, kill him." Upon this, Tommy put the licks into his cousin George right and left, who struck back with equal good-will, and a desperate fisticuff fight ensued, which continued until old Uncle Thomas Robinson, hearing the racket, entered the chamber and separated the combatants, but not until both had given each other bloody noses! There, now! I think all reasonable readers will give me credit for having made good dispatch in this baking on the fish question, which I shall doubtless be able to finish up in my next, and then go straight ahead and tell how it happened that Phillis, my grandfather's thrice renowned and incomparable colored cook, came to be the cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Twenty-fifth Baking

SAYS my brother Joe: "What myriads of oysters, clams, and quahaugs, and acres of wild ducks, widgeons, broadbills, dippers, teal, and summer ducks there used to be in that beautiful lake (Salt pond)! We used to get those oysters, as good as any known, for thirty-three cents a peck, and seventeen cents a quart gotten out of the shell. Trout were in all our streams, from Crooked Brook in Point Judith (at its mouth, at the cove) to Brown's Brook, Indian Run, Rocky Brook, and Saucatucket river, and I have known one caught at Pickerel Point," the junction of Saucatucket river and Indian Run, "that weighed four pounds and seven ounces." That was a whopper for a brook-trout.

The biggest trout I ever caught was in the month of March, many years ago, just after the old Peace Dale mill-dam was carried away in a freshet. As I was sauntering along the bank of the Saucatucket river, some ten or fifteen rods below the dam, I saw a big speckled trout side of a rock, and I just thought I would try the English method of catching trout where the water is cold, by tickling! So I just put my hand down slily behind the tail of the fish, and making a sort of half-moon or rather crescent with my fingers and palm, I carried my hand beneath him and manipulated him gently with the tips of my fingers. Whether it was the warmth of my fingers, or what, I don't know, but the trout did not move otherwise than to rise gradually to the surface of the water, my hand following him all the while, with the ends of my fingers occasionally

gently tickling him, until he got his back almost out of water, when with a sudden jerk I landed him on the bank. I took him home and found he just turned the steelyards at three pounds and one-half.

To return to my brother's letter, he says: "Old Mr. Kidder Randolph, Col. Totten, Chas. Grant Perry, Doctor Dunn, all from Newport, and others, used to know these streams well, and were sure to be there in season. The last time I saw Col. Totten, he was an old man and Major-General Totten.[42] He almost wept over his recollections of his trouting days about Peace Dale. I remember he said that those waters produced the finest trout he ever saw anywhere" (To be sure! Let me say here in parenthesis, what else upon earth could be expected of Narragansett waters), "adding with a tremulous voice, 'I fear there is no hope for me that I shall ever see those charming streams again.' I met Col. Tarrant (an Englishman, who was a great sportsman and used to be at Newport and in Narragansett a great deal about 1825 to '35) here in England (in London in 1868, I think). He remembered his American life, much as Col. Totten did Narragansett, and spoke of Newport, where he had been so much, and of its comfortable boarding-houses, and its beautiful surroundings, with much feeling. His wife was with him at the time, both well advanced in years, but in good health and active. Our blackberries, blueberries, whortleberries, dangleberries, strawberries, cranberries, and fox grapes constituted our wild fruits, chiefly with chestnuts, hickory nuts, a little back from the shore."

I may here say that within sixty years, the hickory

(or walnut, as we call it) was a more common tree around the immediate shores of the ocean and armlets of the sea than any other tree. When I was a boy I used to go nutting on Little Neck, in the upper part of Point Judith, where just on the edge of the cove, there was a large grove of wannut trees that bore very well. Immediately on the western outline of this little forest of walnuts stood the big rock, with a smaller one at the foot of it that may now be seen, with which the big one was crowned less than a century ago. A beautiful little poem is yet in possession of members of the Robinson family that was written by Amy Robinson, daughter of Thomas Robinson, of Newport (who married Robert Bowne, of New York), in commemoration of this classic rock and of the vandalism of the young men who in frolic rolled the lesser rock down from the summit, and thus in the poetic words of the fair writer, "Robbed the hoary monarch of its crown." All along Pettaquamscutt river and cove, from its head-waters nearly to the sea, walnut trees, since my remembrance, used to abound to a greater extent than any others, especially on the western side of the river. And so on most, if not all the points of land projecting into the sea and on the shores of the islands in Narragansett bay. These have now disappeared almost as generally as the buttonwoods,[43] and the old pasture fantastic-limbed white oaks that used to be so common on the sea-coast and lent such a weird charm to our landscapes. Since my memory great fish-hawks used to make their nests in the tops of these old white oaks. "Our blackberries were" (says Joe) "and still are in some localities unsurpassed, and I once found a wild strawberry

near Peace Dale, that was three-quarters of an inch in diameter.'' Strange enough, speaking of that big strawberry brought into my head the dark day that occurred exactly at the same time with an eclipse of the sun, a remarkable coincidence, as old Ducky[44] Brown used to say, somewhere, I think, about 1806–7. Ike and I went strawberrying after dinner and had capital luck, having got several quarts, when we were horrified by the sun suddenly going out of sight and leaving us in darkness before the middle of the afternoon. We hurried home, and in passing the hen-house observed that all the fowls had gone to roost. It scared me dreadfully at first, and I felt just like praying, but just so soon as the sun came out again, my pious fit went off and I acted just like what the old nigger preacher said, that ''his bredren were just like de hog eating acorns under de oak tree and never looking up to see where dey come from.'' The idea I want to impress my readers with is better illustrated by old Jim Phillips, who used to live in the old house that stood just back of the sand-hills of the Narragansett Pier beach in Little Neck, near the mouth of Narrow river. Old Jim used to go fishing in a crazy, leaky boat, and one day he got caught outside in a terrible squall, accompanied with a sea that threatened every minute to swamp his boat. So the old fellow began to pray: ''Easy, Lord, easy, Lord, poor old man and poor old boat!'' Jim kept repeating the words until his boat luckily fetched into the mouth of the river and grounded in comparatively smooth water, when he jumped ashore, shouting, ''Now blow, Devil, blow, Devil, stout old man and stout old boat.'' Jim Phillips[45] was a lucky man.

The night before the great September gale of 1815, Jim pilfered from Hazard Knowles — who then owned and lived on the Little Neck farm — a big, scraggy buttonwood limb, which he threw down by his door. The next day, almost at the commencement of the gale, an immense sea, or *tidal wave*, came rolling in before the cyclone, way over the highest tops of the sand-hills, more than twenty feet high, which swept the house clean before it and drowned all in it, except one colored woman by the name of Weeden (who happened to get on the roof with a child under each arm, which she was successively obliged to drop) and old Jim Phillips, who managed to get on the stolen buttonwood limb, and was landed in safety more than a mile up the river near by where Mrs. Weeden came to land. To return, says Joe: "The high blackberries were very large and fine, and I never heard of their failing until within the last twenty years. Blackberries are now worth about ten cents a quart in Narragansett. The old price was two cents and huckleberries three cents. I remember when, in 1822, Thomas and John Williams made several hogsheads of blackberry wine for sale, by way of experiment. They got all the blackberries they wanted brought to their door for one cent a quart." Let me here remark that this was before the cussed manufactories were built that enable people to get a living without being obliged to tear their clothes and scratch their legs, hands, and arms picking blackberries at ten quarts for a dime.

I think now I have about got through with the fish of Narragansett, unless it be to say that there are some sheepshead along the Point Judith and Boston Neck

roads, which some think a superior fish to the tautog. Boston folks don't know how to cook a tautog, which to be first-rate should be nailed to a red-oak jonny-cake board, and baked *à la* Phillis before a hardwood fire. The sheepshead seem to be a very domestic fish, and to live in pairs. Old Benny Nichols,[46] who lived in the old Robert Knowles house, a little east of Peace Dale, used to go down every year to a certain hole in a rock at Boston Neck and catch a pair of sheepshead. I never knew him to catch more than two, nor did he ever catch less. Just two and nothing more. So now good-bye to the Narragansett fish! except just to remark on taking leave that monstrous big bull-frogs abound all over Narragansett and peeping frogs without number, although some say there are no such things as peeping frogs, it being the little speckled turtles that make the weird and pleasing music that is generally attributed to frogs. Speaking of bull-frogs makes me think of what (by tradition) occurred in Windham, Conn., many years ago, when that poor, bigoted colony was wholly under priest and blue-law rule. Col. Dyre of that town was a great Indian fighter, and one night his men were all called together by blowing of horns, beating of drums, and special messengers. A terrible Indian war-whoop and cry came from the depths of the forest, which filled every heart in the settlement, of all ages and sexes, with dismay, not even excepting the bravest of the brave among the men. The name of the commander was pronounced in so loud and thrilling a tone that there could be no doubt of his being singled out as the chiefest object of the dreaded Injuns' vengeance. In fact, there was hardly any other distinguishable

words heard, except "Colonel Dyre! Colonel Dyre! Colonel Dyre!" from the beginning to the end of the war-cry. The colonel was a brave soldier, and he resolved to lead his men at once against the enemy. They moved with great caution, and guided by the terrible cry they soon came upon the enemy encamped in a small pond in the wilderness in the shape of some hundred or more bull-frogs, who were rejoicing at having found a good supply of water in a severe drought that had dried up every other stream and pond in Windham. The men of Windham, it was said, ever after this had a special antipathy to bull-frogs, and made a point of conscience and honor to destroy every one they could find trespassing on their domain.

I presume every Rhode Islander who loves jonny-cake properly made *à la* Phillis, out of white Rhode Island corn meal slowly and finely ground by Rhode Island granite mill-stones, and baked on a red-oak board before a hardwood fire, must be heartily glad that Shepherd Tom is now just about to commence to tell how it happened that Phillis, his grandfather's never-to-be-forgotten unparalleled colored cook, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Before the main facts of that remarkable historical phenomenal incident are narrated, it is necessary for me to say that among all the culinary accomplishments possessed by Phillis, my grandfather's most wonderful of the wonderful colored cooks of Old Narragansett, there was not one that would compare with her god or goddess-like skill in making coffee. Phillis used to say there was nothing in this whole airth that she 'spised more

than she did a man that did not like good coffee, unless it be a *feller* who could n't tell the difference between her coffee and such stuff as was made by them monkey cooks that belonged to Old Chambo, Go to Grass, Admirable Stang, Markis Fayette, and them early Parleyvoos, that came to Newport and Narragansett to fight the Britishers, just 'cos Mari-Tonet could n't get—but I am anticipating and must stop just here and proceed with my preface. Phillis said she never knowed one of them fellows that could n't tell the difference between her coffee and bad coffee that was fit for anything else, as Will Shakespeare, who used to keep "Will's Coffee House" at New Lonnon, used to say, but "treason, stratajim, and spile." I think, however, that had Phillis lived until now, she would have felt equal contempt for the housekeepers of this day, who, to save a little trouble, buy their coffee ready burnt at the grocery shops. For the "*gret-room*" folks Phillis always made my grandfather get the best Old Mocha coffee. In fact, he always had a store on hand, twenty years or more old, which, she said, she could not be cheated in, "'cos Mocha coffee allers had gravel-stones in it, 'cos the half-nigger Arrabs, who lived there, did n't know northin', and spread their coffee on the ground to dry." When Phillis set out to make her best coffee for breakfast, she used to wait till all the "*gret-room*" folks were up, washed and dressed, and ready to sit down to the table. She then put her coffee into her long-handled iron pan, and held it over the fire, herself stirring it all the time with a sweet-scented white *wannut* stick that she called her coffee stirrer. It was very seldom that Phillis allowed any of her coffee

to get burned, but if a grain did chance to, she always picked it out and threw it into the fire; for Phillis used to say that if there was anything on airth she 'spised, it was bitter, burned coffee, which was not "fit for white folks, niggers, nor injuns." The very minute the coffee was done parching, Phillis put it in the coffee-mill and made Abe grind it as quick as he could, for she said the very best part of the coffee began to mount up toward heaven (from whence she said the gods brought it to Narragansett) the moment it was parched enough, and continued to do so through all its stages of preparation until it was drank. Whilst Abe was turning the coffee-mill, Phillis always sent Margaret to the "*gret-room*" to tell the folks to set down to the table, whilst my grandmother put the sugar and cream into the coffee-cups, which were always full twice the size of tea-cups, so as to keep the coffee hot. In fact, my grandfather's coffee-cups were more than four times as big as the old-fashioned Narragansett tea-cups which, when tea was first brought from China and held to be a very great and expensive luxury, were not much bigger than the half of a bantam pullet's egg-shell. I remember hearing Molly Hazard (daughter of Sylvester Robinson, who lived in the gambrel-roofed house that is now incorporated intact into the Governor Sprague Folly, near the Pier in Point Judith) say that on occasion of Judge Lightfoot, a very absent-minded and scrupulously polite old gentleman, of Newport, taking tea one afternoon at her father's, she and several other young ladies who chanced to be present at the time, thought they would have a little fun with the old Judge. So when they sat

down to tea, they got the sociable old man in excellent spirits and talking freely, while Molly plied him with renewed cups of tea. Three cups then was the major quantity sanctioned by the rules of good society. When Judge Lightfoot had accomplished that number, he put his teaspoon across the top of his cup, to indicate, as was the custom, that he had taken the prescribed quantity. By this time the polite old "ladies' man" had got in so voluble a mood that he forgot himself, and on his fair hostess pressing him to allow her to refill his cup, he bowed and saying "anything to please the ladies," passed it up to be filled again. This was repeated again and again with the same accompanying words, until the Judge's cup had been replenished *twenty-seven* times, and the hot water had given out.

My grandfather had an old yellow-skinned bug-horned cow that Phillis made him keep until she died a natural death, in the twenty-fourth year of her age, because, as Phillis averred, her milk gave richer and sweeter cream for coffee than any cow on the farm. Just as soon as Abe had ground the last grain of coffee, Phillis always put it in her coffee-pot and set it over the fire for a prescribed time known best to herself, and settled it with an egg-shell. Margaret then took it immediately in to the breakfast table to be drank without delay, the whole house, besides a considerable portion of out-doors, being so thoroughly impregnated with the delightful aroma of the precious decoction that all the horses, cattle, pigs, sheep, and poultry on the farm used to draw near from all the quarters to snuff the delightful perfume, and even whole flocks of

passing birds have been known to light upon the chimney and roof of the house before breakfast was over. Whilst I abominate with all my heart, body, mind, and soul such coffee (so called) as is furnished at the restaurants and most of the hotels of the day (including first-class), to say nothing of the tens of thousands of private families, in which it is so fearfully desecrated, I do say that I have never, since my sixteenth year, at which age I was first allowed by my thoughtful parents to drink either coffee or tea, taken a breakfast without coffee. It is true that for more than thirty years I was unable to drink coffee, but then, during the whole of that period, let me have what else I might beside, I never knew what it was to take a morning meal deserving the name of breakfast. And now, in my eighty-fourth year, I do faithfully say that I would rather have a good cup of coffee for breakfast, accompanied with nothing else but a good jonny-cake made *à la* Phillis of Rhode Island white corn meal, finely and slowly ground with Sherman & Town's (in North Kingstown) granite mill-stones, with some sweet butter that has never been within speaking distance of hell-compounded oleomargarine, than to have everything else on earth beside, minus good coffee. I may say further that in my experiences, I have ever found that those people who have a fine taste in coffee, have a cultivated taste in everything else, including not only articles of food and drink, but all the works of nature and art, of whatever degree and kind, including sculpture and painting, poesy and love-making. I may just say before going farther into the main subject of this "baking," that one of the best cups of coffee I ever

drank was on an occasion when I happened to stay all night at the house of Sammy Holden, a plain, unpretending old farmer, who lived in the northern part of Narragansett, and was by many regarded as one of the oddest and most outlandish men in Rhode Island. When I drank my coffee that morning at his house, I made up my mind that Sammy Holden was not properly appreciated by his neighbors, and so I instituted an investigation of his manner of life and its surroundings. His farm, I found, consisted of about seventy-five acres of rather indifferent or poor natural soil, but which he had in some way made much more productive than most of his neighbors. His family consisted, besides himself, of a neat, tidy looking wife, a grown-up daughter, and two plain but manly looking sons. His house was of one story only, but pretty roomy, and was kept in prime order, both within and without, as was everything on his farm. The house was situated on a beautiful gently ascending slope, and protected on the north and west by a wood-lot containing about one-third of his farm, say twenty-five acres. His barn, corn-crib, sheep-shed, poultry house, granary, work-shop, wood-shed, and some other small buildings were so arranged that with the dwelling-house they inclosed a contiguous oblong hollow square (the house fronting south on the south side of the square) of some eighty by sixty feet in dimensions that seemed almost impervious to any winds. There was a copious, ever-living spring of the purest water in Holden's wood-lot, sufficiently elevated to allow his bringing the water under ground in wooden pipes to his house and barn, from whence it was distributed in other directions, so that

there was no occasion of seeking for water elsewhere, either for the use of his family or farming stock. Nor in severe winter was it necessary for any one of his household to expose themselves to the inclemency of the weather, everything necessary for their comfort as well as that of his farm stock being comprised within the buildings and cellars opening on the quadrangular space before described, on one side of which was a covered way leading to the wood-house, crib, and barn, which last-named building was capacious enough to contain all the hay and other fodder raised on the farm. The whole of the comfortable buildings I have described, I learned had not cost the odd old man to exceed six hundred dollars, excluding the timber, boards, and shingles procured from his own woods, and the labor of himself and sons thereon. Mr. Holden's farming stock consisted of four cows, a pair of oxen, one good, gentle mare from which he occasionally reared a colt, four or five young cattle with which to replenish the neat stock as the older ones were from time to time sold off; a breeding sow and pigs, some twenty-five ewe sheep, and a sufficient number of geese, turkeys, ducks, and farm fowls to supply the family bounteously with poultry and eggs and leave quite a surplus to send to Newport markets. He also fatted every fall some five or six pigs, about half of which were consumed in his own family and the balance sold. One of the peculiarities that caused Holden to be considered odd was that he always permitted his hogs to run at large, for the reason as he said that the flesh of swine treated in that way was perfectly free from the elements that impart scrofula to the human system, in which opinion I agree

with the old man. Mr. Holden sold but little of his wool in a raw state, his wife and daughter spinning a good portion of it into linsey-woolsey, sheep's gray cloth, for men's wear, blankets, flannels, and knit stockings, for the surplus of which, after supplying the family wants, a market was found in the neighborhood or in Newport. When Mr. Holden and his sons cut and laid in their winter's firewood, they saved all the timber and good sticks suitable to make rails, yokes, ox-bows, fork stails, etc., which they worked on and finished mostly in the winter in a shop well supplied with the necessary tools, to which was also attached a little smithy, he and his boys doing their horse-shoeing and repairing of farming tools themselves.

I found another reason why Mr. Holden was considered odd was because when he or his boys went fishing or elsewhere about the country, it was their habit to put a box into the horse-cart in which they rode, and as often as they saw an old bone, leather shoe, or woolen rag in the road or on the sea-shore, one of them would get out of the cart and throw it into the box. In the winter time these bones were pounded up and together with the woolen rags, old shoes, etc., were composted with muck and barn manure and put on the corn-field, which, as the old man and boys said, caused a great increase of the crop of corn, besides affording a needed fertilizer for the soil, the good effects of which were observable for years. Every fall and spring Mr. Holden and one of his boys were accustomed to go to Newport, taking with them what things they had made in their work-shop in the winter, and the cloth, flannel, stockings, etc., that the wife

and daughter had manufactured out of the wool and flax raised on the farm not needed for family use. These things they found no difficulty in selling at fair prices or exchanging for necessary supplies; for everybody in Newport knew that whatever came from "Holden, the Odd" was of the best quality. Among the supplies procured in the fall was always quite a number of interesting and instructive books to be read aloud by one of the family during the long winter evenings. Another reason why Holden was held to be odd was that when any of his poor neighbors, through sickness, accident, or inefficiency, got behind in their farm work, he and his boys, who were always fully up to their farm work and never hurried, used to go without saying nary a word, and hoe out their unlucky neighbor's corn, potatoes, or what not, that they saw suffering, or mayhap mow and put up his hay or oats. Or if it were in the winter season, they would see that the poor neighbor's farming stock was well cared for. Nor was the old man or his sons ever known to speak a word concerning such free offerings outside their own family, which to most of the neighbors seemed very odd indeed. Upon the whole, after finding out what I could of old Holden and family, I made up my mind that the more such odd men as he there were in the world, the better it would be for all mankind, and the brute creation to boot; for whilst the last would always be sure of kind and gentle treatment, were all the people on earth like the Holdens, they would be ten times more comfortable than millions are now; whilst all the money now spent for jails, penitentiaries, criminal courts, churches, and gallows might be saved.

TWENTY-FIFTH BAKING

Now that I have got the preface to my narrative about how Phillis, my grandfather's stupendously wonderful colored cook, came to be the remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, I mean after my return from Narragansett, where I expect to go to-morrow, to recommence my narrative of those astonishing events in another baking of the jonny-cake, and perhaps get through in one paper with telling all about how it came to pass.

Twenty-sixth Baking

I HAVE just returned from Narragansett, where I think I intimated in my last baking I was about to go, before finishing up these highly interesting and instructive reminiscences of the "olden jonny-cake times," by a recital of the way in which Phillis, my grandfather's world-renowned colored cook, came to be, as before hinted, the "remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette," which I intend to do in this baking, and have done with it—come what will! But before proceeding, I will just say that the month of October, as a general rule (as everybody worth knowing knows), is just the divinest month in the whole twelve months of the year in Rhode Island, and more especially in the southern coast of its vast domain, which was formerly known as Atlantis, the delightful summer resort of the gods and goddesses of antiquity. Well, it so happened that early in the afternoon of the most exquisite day in that exquisite month, Anno Domini 1880, I found myself seated on what is known as the Flat Rock, situated about a mile south of the old (or north) Pier on my brother Joe's farm (called Sea Side), congratulating myself upon having done in my last baking, once for all, with the fish of Narragansett, and enjoying to the full the magnificent never-tiring beauties of the ocean and the adjacent unequaled scenery, in front of where I reclined. Scattered hither and thither all over the broad surface of the amphitheatrical-shaped rock that slopes gently to the rolling billows that have

ever murmured or roared around its base for countless eternities, were groups of summer visitors of all ages, sizes, and of both sexes, whilst on a projecting point of the rock stood an old fisherman trolling for striped bass. As I sat admiring the dexterity with which he hooked and brought by degrees a fifty pounder to the edge of the rock and there kept the big fish in play until, taking advantage of an extra huge swelling breaker, the experienced old man landed his prey high on the rock, I naturally thought to myself and wondered whether or no the gods in past times, when they spent their summers in Atlantis, ever indulged in the grand sport of trolling for striped bass. Scarcely had my thoughts indulged in the surmise, ere I felt a gentle benumbing influence stealing over my senses akin to sleep, but yet it could not have been an ordinary slumber, for my natural senses seemed to be wonderfully quickened and clothed with powers far exceeding those I possessed in my waking moments. Casting my eyes southerly, I observed a gigantic figure standing on Indian Rock, which, by a sort of semi-divine afflatus, I knew on sight to be no other than Neptune, the god of the sea and horses. Securing firm foothold near the seaward edge of the rock with his trident, Neptune successively harpooned more than one five-hundred pound porpoise as they came rearing and plunging along on the gallop like so many sea-horses, and with his strong arms tossed them one after another clean across Pint Judy, a distance of more than two miles, into the Salt pond, into which they fell with a splash that would upset a dozen canoes and a catouse loud enough to be heard way up to Grinnage. What I then

and there saw enables me to correct a mistake in mythological history which records that the reason why Neptune was called "god of the sea and horses" grew out of the indisputable fact that he once struck the ground somewhere in ancient Attica, in Greece, and out jumped a full-fledged horse which, transported to Hispania (now Spain), became the sire of a race of pacing horses unequaled in speed and easy gait by any horses in the world. That such a race of horses did exist is true; but their reputed origin is all a myth. My maternal grandfather, Governor William Robinson, perceiving that the race of Narragansett pacers had much deteriorated since the gods, who first brought them from Hispania, had been forced to abandon Atlantis, owing to the invasion of the Connecticut blue-law Presbyterians on one side, and the Quakers and witch-hanging Puritans of Massachusetts on two of the remaining sides of Rhode Island, made a new importation from Andalusia, in Spain, of the precious animals, the progeny of which finally became extinct in Narragansett, for the reason that the rich Virginian and West Indian planters, who used to attend with their fast horses the annual races in Narragansett, succeeded in buying up and taking away every mare of the breed. Experience, however, has proved that such was the delicate formation and texture both in body and spirit of this wonderful race of Narragansett pacers, that they could not prosper anywhere in America outside of the Narragansett country, the Ancient Atlantis, where the balmy Gulf Stream breezes ever blow and impart to the ambrosia and other cereals and vegetable productions, a fineness of texture and flavor nowhere else to be

found on this terraqueous globe. Thus, owing to a conglomeration and confusion of ideas, such as attaches more or less to the writers of all history, whether sacred, mythical, or profane, Neptune became dubbed as "god of the sea and horses" because of the Attic myth of his causing a horse to arise from the earth by striking it with a trident (which was not his element at all, by the by), when the truth is Neptune derived the appellation from the fact that he was addicted on occasion of his spending his summers on the rocky shores of Atlantis to striking his trident, not upon the ground, but upon the sea, and raising therefrom huge porpoises, or *sea-horses*, and tossing them in sport a mile high above the earth, and two miles away into the Salt pond. Neptune's appropriate title should undoubtedly be the God of the Sea and Sea-Horses, *viz.: porpoises.*

And now I saw approaching from landward the most splendid human form that I ever laid eyes on, a long curly auburn haired, beardless youth, faultless in form and feature, and graceful beyond compare in person, attitude, and motion. He wore a laurel crown and shining garments, and held in his right hand a bow and arrows, with a shield and harp in his left, and a coiled fishing-line thrown over his shoulders. As he approached, he laid the shield and harp on the rock, from whence instantly issued the divinest music. I knew him at once to be no other than Apollo, the glorious god of Rhetoric, Music, and Poetry. He was attended by nine beautiful celestial females, each holding in her hand an instrument of music, such as the harp, the cithera, the psaltery, the pipe, and the cymbal. They all seated themselves gracefully on the rock,

and commenced playing on the instruments, accompanying the performance with voices so sweet that in the *tout ensemble* the fishes of the sea drew near in great numbers, and leaped in ecstasy from their briny element. These attendants on Apollo I knew at once to be the nine Muses, the patrons of the sciences, music, and poetry, and presiders over the feasts and solemnities of the gods. Taking his stand on the rock near to the sea, Apollo laid his bow and arrows down some ten or twelve feet behind him, and then placing his coiled line carefully on the rock beside him, he disengaged the golden sinker and hook, and swinging the line artistically several times round and round, sent it on its course, whizzing like a sky-rocket, full five miles to sea. Twice the god thus threw and trolled in his line without a bite, but on the third trial, a huge, two-hundred pounder struck the bait and was hooked. Talk about your miserable modern ways of *reeling* in a twenty-pound bass by machinery, to save labor indeed! Such sportsmen should have seen the fisher-god bring that two-hundred pounder home hand-over-hand, with his sturdy arms alone, and land him safely on the rock beside him, and then hide their heads in shame. With all Apollo's skill, dexterity, and strength, it was a work of time. Having plenty of sea-room, the prince of fish would make a semi-circle gyration of several miles, with one end of the arc at Beaver Tail and the other near Pint Judy Pint, cutting the water of the ocean in twain with the sizzling line, like a two-edged sword, as it passed to and fro. But all this time the distance between the god and his prey was slowly growing less and less, and after half an hour's playing, the mon-

strous bass was dextrously landed on the top of a big incoming wave, safely high and dry on the rock. Although the delightful vision lasted but just fifty-nine minutes by my watch, the space of forty Journals, each with a supplement, would not suffice to tell of the glorious things I next saw, beginning with a regatta, in which the goddess Aurora led the van, coming from the east in her chariot of gold, drawn by white horses, so fleet of foot that they dallied not long enough in their course to make the slightest impress on the surface of the waters they spurned, her charioteer Phœbus bending forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, so as to maintain his position, directly under the accompanying bright morning star, with the twelve morning hours in beautiful female costume, gracefully marching in quick succession by her side, followed by all the celestial and terrestrial gods and goddesses and their numerous retinues, together with the gods of the woods and the sea, not even excluding the infernal gods, led on by Pluto (who, however, I observed, were, for some cause, required by Jupiter to keep within the boundaries of Massachusetts, in Buzzard's Bay), the procession continuing until, far as the eye could reach on every side, the gently rippling ocean was covered with thousands of yachts, galleys, and other marine conveyances, in comparison with the meanest of which, Cleopatra's barge would look like a mud scow, and so on to a magnificent tournament, presided over by the god Mars, that came off on the Narragansett beach, north of the Pier, to a closing reception given by the goddess Venus, who presented her cards with her own hands, from her ivory chariot, drawn by swans

and doves, as she made her circuit attended by two cupids, three graces, and her train-bearer, Adonis, all Pint Judy being in those halcyon days, one immense variegated parterre and flower garden, park and pleasure ground, full of beautiful bowers, labyrinthine walks, broad avenues, tall, spreading trees loaded with the most fragrant and beautiful flowers and fruits, amidst which millions of fairies, singing birds, and angels were ever warbling forth notes so varied and divine that any prima donna now on earth, could she once catch the echo of such music, would go hang herself out of envy, spite, and despair.

And so all closed, with a mock battle between Jupiter on one side and Neptune and Æolus on the other, Jupiter flashing forth in quick succession his lightning-driven thunderbolts from his throne on a great black cloud overhanging the sea, just opposite where the South Pier now stands. Whilst Neptune and Æolus brought their united forces to bear on the wind and waves, until the sea was at times forced back ten and a half miles from the shore, leaving hundreds of whales, porpoises, and other monsters and fishes of the deep floundering amidst the sands and rocks that lay at the bottom; and then again forcing, through their united power, the waters skyward in one Alpine wave that roared the heaven-reverberating thunder of the father of the gods into silence, overleaped his cloud-encircled throne, dismantled and swept from their hoary battlements every gun of his red artillery, quenched his lightning with the foaming deep, and hurled old Jupe himself floundering from his thunder-cloud until he fotched up on top of one of Jimmy Robinson's sand-hills north

of the Pier, where he lay sprawling like a big ten-year-old bull-frog, until old drunken Jim Phillips happened to come staggering along that way and sot him on his pins agin, whereupon the gods and goddesses in Pint Judy, together with the thousands upon thousands of the lesser deities and retainers, sot up such a shout of laughter that I awoke with a start from my reverie, and vowed that, come what would and happen what might, then and there, I would go straight ahead in a down-grade train in spite of all the heathen gods and goddesses in heaven, earth, and hell, and without turning to the right or to the left, tell the Journal how it came to pass that Phillis, my grandfather's never-to-be-forgotten heaven-inspired colored cook, came to be the "remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette."

So, to be brief, it was after this wise: premising that the facts were related to me in confidence, when but a small boy just out of petticoats, by my grandfather's old colored man-of-all-work, Mose, who, as I have before said, was a personage of such singular veracity, that I have not a doubt in my mind, but what his story is as much to be relied upon in point of facts, taken literally, as that written by his great prototype in the book of Genesis. So here goes: "Once upon a time," so said Mose, as he sat in the kitchen corner one cold evening in January, toasting his feet before Aunty Phillis' big blazing fire: "Once upon a time, the *Dolphin* of France and the *Prince of Whales* of Hingland both fell desprit in love with '*Ria Tonet*, the bootiful darter of old Jule Cæsar, King of Rome. 'Ria was en'y jest the bootifulest gal in the whole world out-

side of 'Gansett, and one Sunday night, when the *Dolphin* and *Whales* were both settin' up with '*Ria*, the *Dolphin* down on his knees and swore by *Saint Peter*, *Saint Paul*, and *Saint Dennis*, that if '*Ria* would n't promise to marry him, he would blow his brains out that very blessed night! En'y jest arter the *Dolphin* swore this, down went *Whales* on his marrow-bones afore 'Ria, and swore by *St. George* and the *Lion* and the *Unicorn*, that if she would n't 'sent to stand up in Quaker meetin' with him, he would go straight out of the kitchen door and drown hisself in her Daddy's well! What to do, poor '*Ria* did n't know! But jist then she thought of somethin'! '*Ria* was mighty fond of parfooms, so she told *Whales* and *Dolphin* that which ere one of um brought her the nicest smelling parfoom the next Christmas night, should have her! So airly nex' morning *Whales* and *Dolphin* both started afore sunrise for hum. *Whales* lived in Lunnon and *Dolphin* in Paris. When *Whales* got hum and told his dad what '*Ria*, old Jule's bootiful darter, had promised, he gave his son two thousand dollars and told him to go straight to the King of Parsia and tell him that he wanted him to get a big vial chuck full of the sweetest smelling *Hotto* that could be 'stilled out of roses and never mind the cost if it was as much as a t'ousand dollars. So *Whales* took his two t'ousand dollars in his saddle-bags and started off a-horseback to get the parfoom for '*Ria*. *Whales* had just got to Parsia and made a bargain with the King to have a big vial of parfoom made out of the inside leaves of the *Hotto* rose, they being the best smelling of any of the rose leaves by a gret sight, when along cum the *Dol-*

phin riding on his mule. The *Dolphin* told the King of *Parsia* how his dad, the King of *France*, had sent him a bag holding two t'ousand francs to pay him for a vial of the sweetest smelling *Hotto* that could be got in all Parsia. So soon as the King of Parsia found out that two t'ousand francs were n't half so much money as the t'ousand dollars was that Whales had paid him for his vial of *Hotto*, then he told his women folks to 'still the *Dolphin's Hotto* out of the outside leaves. The *Dolphin* did n't find out how he had been cheated till all the roses in Parsia had died for that year, and so *Whales* told the *Dolphin* he guessed he need n't go to see '*Ria* no more, for the *Hotto* he had made was from the rose leaves that growed right round the heart of the *Hotto* rose that were a t'ousand times sweeter as them that grow'd on the outside. When the *Dolphin* found out how badly he was 'posed on, he was just the maddest and miserablest critter you ever seed, and 'clared out and out, that he would never go back to see '*Ria* agin, nor hum nuther, but would go to Injy and get passage in a ship for 'Meriky, and turn into a wild Injun. So poor *Dolphin* got his mule saddled and bid the King of *Parsia* good-bye, and started off, and after two months' riding got to Bombay, where old *Nick Brown's* (of Providence) East Indy ship, named the 'Mount Hope,' was just about starting for Rhode Island, aboard which the *Dolphin* and his mule got a passage to 'Meriky, in 'Gansett Bay.'' Mose said that he was just cutting his night's wood one mornin' on a chilly afternoon in October, when he saw the forlornest looking critter comin' down the lane on a mule that he ever sot eyes on. When he got to the wood-

pile, Mose said he axed him if the 'Gansett Injuns lived about them parts. Mose told him that there was plenty of niggars lived in them parts, but that the 'Gansett Injuns lived way down in Charlestown, ten miles furder on the road. Just then, Mose said, Massa Hazard came out the kitchen door, and after a while axed the forlorn-looking critter to go into the house. So he went in and sot down by the fire to warm hisself. Arter a while Massa Hazard axed him to go into the gret-room with him. So the poor, forlorn-looking skarcrow did as he was told. What the poor critter said to Massa Hazard, Mose said he did n't know, but he never seed Massa Hazard so perlite to any strange man before in all his life, as he was to him all at onct. Missus Hazard, too, came out in the kitchen and told Phillis to make jest the goodest jonny-cakes and muffins for tea as she would if she was making 'em for a prince, and be sure to spare no pains in her coffee next morning for breakfast. When bed-time come, Margaret showed the strange man into the gret-room chamber, where Missus Hazard only let her grand company sleep. In the morning when the poor critter come downstairs and sot down to the breakfast table so as to be ready to drink Phillis' coffee jest so soon as it was boiled, Abe said he never seed in all his life such a dumbfounded looking skarcrow as the poor critter was until he begun to smell the parfoom of Aunt Phillis' coffee through the cracks in the kitchen door, when all at onct he seemed to grow ten years younger than he was afore. When the coffee-pot was brought in and Margaret poured out a cup of coffee for the stranger, he guv it one sniff with his nose and then took a big vial out

of his pocket that was sealed tight with wax, and arter taking off the wax with his knife and prying out the cork with his fork, he handed the vial to Missus Hazard and axed her if she would do him the favor to pour that stuff that was in the vial into her slop-bowl. Instead of pouring it into the slop-bowl, Missus Hazard poured it out into a coffee-cup, when the whole room was filled with the bootiful parfoom, Mose said, of Hotto o' Roses. When Missus Hazard handed the empty vial back to the stranger, he went to work and filled it with his teaspoon with coffee from his cup. Jist so soon as he had got his vial full, the critter got up from the table without eating a mouthful, and went to his bed-room and brought down his saddle-bags, out of which he took some red beeswax and sealed up the vial so tight that not a drop of air could get in or out of it. He then told Massa Hazard that he would do him a great favor if he would have his mule saddled a little quicker than no time, so that he might start right back to Newport, where he came from the day before, and where a ship was about to sail for Marseilles in France, where he wanted to go without a minute's loss of time. Mose said that he brought the mule to the door all saddled and bridled, and tied the stranger's bundle of close on behind the saddle, when he mounted, and handing him a pistareen and bidding all a hurried good-bye, he started right away for Franklin's Ferry, where a boat lay ready to go, as it happened, at the wharf, which the critter jumped his mule, and went aboard straight away to Conanicut Ferry wharf, and so over the island and across the ferry to the down-town ferry wharf in Newport, near where the French ship named

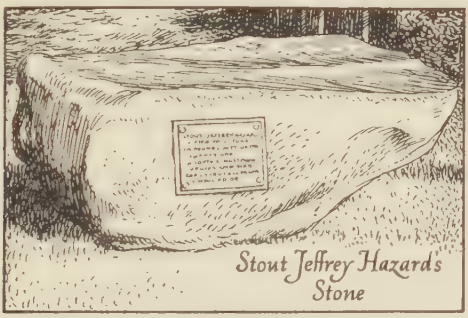
"Parlyvoo" lay that was bound to Marseilles, and which sailed about one hour after the *Dolphin* of France, for such he heered arterwards was the princely title of the poor forlorn stranger, got his mule histed on board. As good luck would have it, Mose said he heered the ship had an oncommon short voyage, and jest so soon as she anchored in the harbor at Marseilles, the *Dolphin* jumped a-horseback on his mule, and then right overboard and swum ashore, nor did he stop to dry his clothes, but started right away for old Jule Cæsar's house, the King of Rome, with all the speed and jist as fast as his mule could go. Mose said the *Dolphin* did n't reach ole Jule's until 9 o'clock on Christmas Eve, when he arrived just as *Whales* had took 'Ria's hand in his and had just stood up to be published by the Pope of Rome, so as to be married next day. Mose said that just as soon as the *Dolphin* got sight of what was going on, he hollered out, "You jist stop that nonsense all on you, till you see what I have got to say to 'Ria," when suiting the action to the word, he hauled out of his breeches pocket the vial of Phillis' coffee, and after taking out the stopple with his jack-knife, jest put it right under 'Ria's nose. Up to that time Mose said 'Ria had *Whales*' vial of otto clinched in her right hand, which ever now and then she took a sniff from, but after smelling Aunt Phillis' coffee, the otto was so dreadfully bad smelling that she jist slatted it into *Whales*' face and eyes, telling him all the time she wanted no more of his nasty stinking otto, nor him nother, and the best thing he could do would be to leave her daddy's house at onct, as she did n't want him there bothering her and her dear *Dolphin* any

longer. Ole Jule told *Whales*, too, that he had better clear out and go right home to his *daddy* and *mammy*, for he never did like him from the moment he first set eyes on his ugly pug-nosed phiz. So *Whales* went to his bed-room and packed his things in his saddle-bags right away, and started for hum in *Lunnon* without bidding anybody good-bye. So 'Ria, Mose said, married the *Dolphin* the next morning. But, after she had got out of bed, 'Ria's waiting-maid came to the door of her chamber and told 'Ria that *Whales* had come back agin and was then in the back yard axing about some of his things that he had forgot. Upon this Mose said 'Ria got straight out of bed and went to the back window and asked *Whales* what on airth he wanted so airly in the morning? *Whales* told 'Ria that he had come back arter his red and yaller-spotted silk bandanna hankicher that he had forgot under his pillow, and his yaller nankeen umbril. Upon this 'Ria went and got *Whales*' hankicher and throw'd it out of the winder to him, telling him at the same time that it was half cotton and not all silk as he wanted to make folks b'leve—and that he had better get his mammy to wash it as soon as he got hum, as it was dredful nasty. As for his yaller umbril, 'Ria said she could n't find it and did n't b'leve he ever left one there! *Whales* said that he put his yaller umbril in the poke-hole side of the fireplace. So 'Ria went and found the umbril in the poke-hole and throwed it out to *Whales*, and wanted to know why the darned fool put his yaller nankeen umbril in that poke-hole for? *Whales* told 'Ria he put it in the poke-hole to keep it out of sight, becas he knowed the *Dolphin* would steal it. This made 'Ria

awful mad, and she hollered to *Whales* if he did n't clare out at once, and never show his ugly face in her Daddy's house agin, she would set her Daddy's dog on him. As *Whales* was getting over the fence to go away, 'Ria called to him and told him not to go and tell everybody that some of her folks broke them two sticks in his yaller umbril, for she had took notice that they were broke the fust day he showed his ugly nose in her Dad's house. Mose said that next morning, arter an airly breakfast, the *Dolphin* took 'Ria up behind him on his mule's crupper and started for hum in Paris. The *Dolphin's* mule did n't know how to go easy, Mose said, "like the 'Gansett pacers, and trotted so hard that 'Ria shwore by St. Bridget she would n't go a step furder without the *Dolphin* would buy her a pillion to ride on! So the *Dolphin* went round all the forenoon to look up an old pillion that he could buy cheap. After a while he found an old farmer who had a pretty good pillion that he had no 'casion for, as his old woman had died that used to ride on it, and did n't know as he should ever git anuther. The farmer asked three dollars for the pillion, but arter bartering an hour he took up Louis' offer of two dollars and a harf. So the *Dolphin* and 'Ria started ag'in, and in about fourteen days got to Paris, just a week before the Dolphin's daddy died, and the Dolphin and 'Ria were crowned by the Pope, King and Queen of France. When 'Ria got to be Queen she sent all over Paris to find some French cook that could make coffee like Phillis', but she could n't find any that could hold a dipped candle to Phillis. This spiled 'Ria's temper and made her so mad that she cut such didoes that Bonaparte came

along," Mose said, as he had hearn say, "and hanged Louis and 'Ria with a green grapevine, across a ten foot Varginny zig-zag rail fence, Louis on one side and 'Ria on t' other."

The readers of the Journal are all aware of the dreadful revolution that preceded and followed the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, so that I need not weary them with any further details. Should any captious bipeds feel disposed to find fault with my endeavors to redeem my pledge to tell how Phillis, my grandfather's never-enough-to-be-praised colored cook came to be the "remote cause of the French Revolution, and the death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette," or to insinuate that I have brought my story to a lame and impotent conclusion, I hope they will charge a part of the blame to Mose, rather than all to SHEPHERD TOM. *Good-bye.*



Stout Jeffrey Hazard lifted this Stone,
In pounds just sixteen twenty one,
In South Kingstown he lived and died,
God save us all from sinful Pride.

Notes

Notes

Note 1, *page* 36.

General Charles R. Brayton served with distinction in the Civil War, and was made Postmaster of Providence. The gallant officer was a strong partisan in politics, losing his office through the discovery of his misuse of Government moneys for election expenses of the party. He later studied law, became attorney for many powerful corporations, and eventually was known as the political boss of Rhode Island. The loss of his eyesight seemed to strengthen his grip on politics. Tall, strongly framed, and massive, he had a contempt for weaker men. His sangfroid was well illustrated in his later years when, under severe criticism as a machine politician, he addressed his fellow delegates in a political convention in Pawtucket as "*Friends and Fellow Machinists.*"

Note 2, *page* 44.

Amongst the rare treats to be found on Friend Almy's table were large Spanish olives. On one occasion, when a country Friend from the Main (as all other parts of Rhode Island were called in contradistinction to the Island of Aquidneck) was a guest, he, being very fond of plums, and sure that he saw a dish of green gages before him, helped himself without comment, but, after one taste, said to his amused host, "Excuse me, friend, if I put *this* plum back; *it's spiled.*"

Note 3, *page* 50.

The wells in Washington County often seem to bubble, but not from air or gas. An underground river flows under much of this blessed land, so that the surface of the water is dimpled, as any one can see for himself, if he but look down the right well.

Note 4, *page* 86.

This childlike faith was a striking characteristic of Shepherd Tom in his dealings with mediums in later life. Moreover, in his maturity, there was no "Abe" to inject a doubt. He scorned any question, no matter what its origin, and accepted as gospel truth statements quite as fantastic as that made by "Mose."

Note 5, *page* 90.

"Metcalf Bowler was born in England in 1726. Emigrated to America in early manhood and settled in Rhode Island. For nineteen years he was Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. For six years he was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. For one year, Chief Justice. He, with Henry Ward, was a delegate from the Colonies in 1745. He kept a four-in-hand, and had two houses, — his town house, now known as the Vernon Mansion in Newport, and his country house at Portsmouth, now known as the Chase Farm. He prided himself on his well-tilled garden and farm, and was one of the few men in Colonial days who had a greenhouse. He wrote 'A Treatise on Agriculture and Practical Husbandry,' and speaks of it to the 'candid reader' as the production of some leisure hours. He introduced the now famous Rhode Island Greening into America. The first tree was grown on his Portsmouth farm. The seed came from Persia. He is supposed to have brought it home, after being shipwrecked in China. Other accounts say that, knowing his taste for gardening, one of his sea captains brought him a cutting which he developed. He gave a great entertainment in Newport to the friends of liberty to celebrate the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1777. A portrait by Copley is said to be in the possession of John Lippitt Snow of Providence." *Extracted from the Notes of Mrs. Robert Bonner Bowler.*

Note 6, *page* 111.

Little Rest, that is, Kingston Village.

Note 7, *page* 111.

Kingston Court House, where the Legislature sat, was also used as a Court House as late as 1900, when the new Stone Court House at West Kingston was built. If Shepherd Tom had lived to see this pretentious new house built, we may be sure he would have drawn very uncomfortable inferences from the bad design and poor workmanship of the new building, which had a leaky roof, and, worst of all, a vault so badly contrived that it mildewed and rotted the records it was meant to protect. The old Court House was dignified, roomy, and capacious. Legislatures, Courts, and Town meetings were there

assembled for more than one generation. It is now (1915) used by the people of Kingston as a public library.

Note 8, *page* 113.
Recently known as the Lucca House, a gambrel-roofed, shingled house of generous proportions. Still in good repair in 1915.

Note 9, *page* 123.
This form of the Wee wee woman tale is forgotten hereabouts. Was it told by his grandmother Peace, or Granny Hazard? The former came from Barbados, and this may be the West Indian form.

Note 10, *page* 131.
This house was north of and across the street from the Wilkins Updike house, still standing (in 1915), and kept in perfect order by Mrs. Hunt (whose mother, Mrs. Richard K. Randolph, was an Updike), who is greatly interested in all antiquarian lore. The James Helme house was last used as a dwelling by Fayerweathers, descendants, doubtless, of the slaves of the family of that name. In 1900 the sagging ridge and bulging sides had made it a picturesque ruin, in which condition it still gave shelter to several families, until finally taken down piecemeal in 1909. So solidly was it framed, however, that the razing of this old house was a long job and a costly.

Note 11, *page* 132.
Mat Waite was the son of a silversmith, John Waite, who wrought at his trade near upon a century ago. His father also was a worker in silver. John Waite was Captain of the South Kingstown Reds all through the War of the Revolution. The scales and some tools which belonged to him are preserved by his great-grandson, Benjamin Waite Case, of Wakefield, R. I.

Note 12, *page* 133.
This cotton manufactory, long since forgotten, was a small affair, even for those days. It stood on the westerly slope of the hill southwesterly from the Court House, near a beautiful spring of water which still gushes from the earth near what is now called *Biscuit City*. This spring gave a supply of water, used on an overshot wheel,

some say thirty feet in diameter. The owners of this factory formed the first corporation in New England for the cotton manufacture.

Note 13, *page* 134.

This list might be greatly extended. The speech of the South County is still quaint, though since the advent of the "summer boarder" (pronounced *summer bowder*), much of its originality is lost. A few examples are: Driftway, first used of a pass way for teams between sand dunes, often applied to a wood path, or private road. To spread sea-weed *suantly* is to spread it evenly. Some still speak of a Robin, meaning a shirt. Hapharlots are still woven in South Kingstown, being a kind of coarse coverlet. If you ask the right man how he is feeling, he will perhaps answer that he is "some weller" to-day. The driver of a load of sea-weed will understand if you ask him "How 's the flight, heavy?" He may answer "Yes, quite heavy," or "Wall, no, rather short." The "flight of sea-weed" may sound odd, but it 's orthodox in the South County; it applies to the mass of weed washed up on the beaches after a storm.

Note 14, *page* 138.

The sketch of Joe Runnell's tavern will help to identify this famous resort. It is on the northerly side of the village street, but has not been used as a tavern since some years before the death of John N. Taylor in 1894. The present owner, Dr. Philip K. Taylor, changed the building into apartments, now used by teachers in the Rhode Island State College. Dr. Taylor himself prefers a berth as ship's doctor, and plies regularly between New York and West Indian ports.

Note 15, *page* 142.

William B. Weeden tells of an English captain who was captured by a swarthy privateer, Captain Gazzee, of nondescript dress and outlandish rig, and brought a prisoner to East Greenwich Harbor. A bystander noticed the Englishman, who had borne himself bravely to that moment, furtively shedding bitter tears. On being asked the reason for his grief, he said he would not have cared if taken by a vessel of war, ending with, "but it 's more 'n I can bear to be

captured by a dam'd old squaw — in a hog trough." See Weeden's Early Rhode Island, page 340.

Note 16, *page* 144.

Besides the hot lemonade sweat, Shepherd Tom was firmly convinced of the merit of a cathartic pill, usually sold in small boxes of a dozen packed in powdered liquorice. He once gave me two of these to rout a cold I felt coming on. On my complaining the next morning of their too drastic effect, he said, "Why, two for a child is right, but I usually take a whole box myself." I believe this was literally true. Cf. Richard Ligon's True and Exact History of the Island of Barbados. London, 1657. The Physic Nut, page 67.

Note 17, *page* 146.

Dr. Aldrich had a son Luke, who became an undertaker. He made the coffins himself, and buried them. Asked how his business throve, he answered solemnly, "Pretty good, thank 'ee, specially in *short* sizes."

Note 18, *page* 148.

The implacable hatred of Connecticut here breaks out with even less constraint than usual. The origin of this feeling dates back to the early settlement of the two states. Rhode Island was filled with a host of sectarians and free thinkers, individualists one and all. Connecticut, on the other hand, was mostly settled by Presbyterians, who closely watched their neighbors in the effort to keep their own population orthodox. But the venom was often assumed in these Jonny-Cake Papers, though I can still see the gleam in Shepherd Tom's cold blue eye as he told some story to the discredit of Connecticut.

Note 19, *page* 154.

Rodman's Mill, so called from Benny Rodman, who stuck his buttonwood switch into the mill-dam at Peace Dale. His grist-mill was near this mill-dam.

Note 20, *page* 154.

This lively allusion is to the long period after the Sprague failure during which the late Governor William Sprague held possession

of Canonchet, at times by force of arms, even defying the officers of Court sent to take possession. He kept a force of armed sentries on duty for some months.

Note 21, *page* 156.
Asa Stedman. Asa's pond, the lowest Rocky Brook pond, was named for him; now sometimes ignorantly corrupted to Lazy pond.

Note 22, *page* 158.
Of Kit Comstock a rural witticism is remembered. He was bald, quite completely so, but wore a flowing beard. When asked what had become of his hair, he would reply, "Oh, I pulled it through," with a tug at his beard.

Note 23, *page* 159.
In this parenthesis, the feeling which once ran high between Newport and Providence shows clearly enough. Upon the one occasion when Uncle Tom spent a night with his nephew Rowland (here alluded to), at his house in Providence, he demanded to know how it was possible to live in such an unheard-of place. On being given a big plate of hot Jonny-cakes, made by Isaac Rice, a very wonderful cook (with Indian blood in his veins), he remarked that he'd admit they would help a man to live contented anywhere, "even in Providence."

Note 24, *page* 168.
This casual mention of Sim Hazard, "the Narragansett Lawyer," leads naturally to regret that proofs of his acuteness are not given. But there is no room for doubt that a taste for the law was fostered in the region of which Little Rest was the centre. So lately as the year 1888 there was living on Pondhead Road one of these "sea lawyers," who, like unlettered Sim, loved to attend Court, knew the dates for regular and special term, and besides knew the docket of cases, and the names of counsel retained. This was George R., as honest a man as ever was born, quick-tempered but kind-hearted, just and fair but unyielding when imposed upon; law abiding himself, he was equally determined that others should respect the law. He loved the chance of a lawsuit as the pampered youth of to-day love a ticket to the Harvard-Yale football game. One day George's neighbor caught a little son of George's stoning his house, and

threatened to have the boy arrested. When George heard of it, he told his wife to forbid the sheriff if he tried to arrest the child, then only five years old, relying on an ancient rule of law prohibiting the arrest of minors under seven against the wish of parent or guardian. The sheriff came and arrested the boy next day against the protest of his mother, who had her mother behind the door as witness.

In due time the neighbor brought his suit, and Squire C. was retained by George to defend. Now Squire C. was held to be the ablest advocate in those parts, but feeling sure of his case, permitted the enemy to entertain him so freely that, when called on, he made so lame a defense that he lost the case. George paid him $20 for his services, and remarking that he would attend to the matter himself, appealed to the higher Court. As soon as the neighbor heard Squire C. had been released, he retained him to appear for him when the appeal should come up.

George R. obtained leave to argue his case, and told the facts so clearly and forcibly that he won his case without delay. It was a hot June day, the Judge had risen after adjourning Court, when George, grinning broadly, asked leave to speak a final word. The lawyers, Court, attendants, and spectators paused to listen. "Yer Honor," said George, his eyes gleaming, "I've heered of *good* lawyers losin' cases now 'n' then, but this is the fust time I ever heered of a *good* lawyer losin' both sides of the *same case*."

Note 25, *page* 169.

A bronze tablet let into the surface of this stone bears this legend:

> "*Stout Jeffrey Hazard lifted this Stone,*
> *In pounds just sixteen twenty one,*
> *In South Kingstown he lived and died,*
> *God save us all from sinful Pride.*"

Edward Everett Hale, President Noah Porter of Yale, and Mrs. Rowland Hazard of Oakwoods, mother of the present writer, were judges of the competition, when some twenty or more verses written to mark this blue stone were submitted to their decision. The judges had no clue to the authorship, and were perplexed by the excellence of the proposed inscriptions, finally agreeing upon this one here quoted, which proved to be the work of Rowland Hazard[8], who

had the stone removed from Boston Neck to Oakwoods, where it still remains in this year of grace 1915.

Note 26, *page* 178.
Written about 1880. This desire, to test "railroad, bank, and other corporation thieves" by Mount's method, has found expression in the career of Roosevelt. The same idea now actuates the mob, which joins in a country-wide accusing cry, denouncing *all* corporate activity, hounding the railroads to the point of extermination, heedless of the social and commercial paralysis that must follow a belief, however ill-founded, in wholesale and universal fraud. Violent though he was, Shepherd Tom set bounds to his diatribes. He was more sane, more discriminating, than the audacious Colonel of Rough Riders.

Note 27, *page* 179.
For location of Cæsar's Plain, consult the map.

Note 28, *page* 180.
Rochester was the official name of Little Rest before it was so called. This must be an error, one of the very few of its kind which occur in the Jonny-Cake Papers.

Note 29, *page* 191.
This allusion to the benefits coming through the Manufacturing Industries to the people should be considered in connection with Note 24 (on page 168). It is an example of the exercise of sound sense, and renders unto Cæsar that which is justly his.

Note 30, *page* 191.
Somewhat careful inquiry in New York and Rhode Island fails to reveal the name of either one of the consorts of "Sal Wilcox." That it is an incident based on fact is thought likely, but the name was very probably changed of set purpose; a desire to avoid the penalty for libel doubtless combined with a prudence seldom practiced by Shepherd Tom to conceal the victim of his satire under a fictitious name.

Note 31, *page* 210.
Joseph M. Blake, the "Nestor of the Rhode Island Bar," had a son Charles, who was the author of a literary hoax, printed in the Ap-

pendix to this volume. Edward H. Hazard (brother to Dr. William H. Hazard, of Wakefield) was a contemporary of Shepherd Tom, and a clever lawyer of convivial habits; he was often asked to write obituary notices for the Providence Journal. His style was discursive, but pleasing and very unique. Some one told Charles Blake that Lawyer Ned's style was "inimitable." "I'll show you about that," said he, and forthwith wrote *his own* obituary, following the manner and style of Lawyer Ned "inimitably." So clever was the pretended obituary that when seen by Lawyer Ned, it so chagrined him that he vowed he would never write another obituary.

Note 32, *page* 226.

That this flight of fancy was meant by Shepherd Tom as a satirical joke at his own expense is proved by the extravagant claims to personal beauty here made. For one who was notably careless of appearances, and never gave a thought to physical grace, this sudden assumption of the rôle of Apollo must have appealed to that keen sense of the ludicrous with which the reader has become familiar. Forbes & Co., of Boston, lithographers, cannot now furnish a copy of this portrait of Phillis.

Note 33, *page* 237.

This very obvious political satire, ludicrous though it may seem to some, was as venomous a thrust at "President & Governor makers" as T. R. H. could make it. He was greatly shocked and highly indignant over the Hayes-Tilden national election, and also was deeply disgusted at the "counting out" of the Rhode Island governorship of his nephew, Rowland Hazard, who in a three-sided election polled a plurality of the votes cast, but lost the election in the end when a Boss-ridden Legislature declared another candidate, who had actually fewer votes, elected by the General Assembly.

Note 34, *page* 242.

Tom Rodman's grog was held to be the best in the County. Squire Hooper and his old crony, Gran'ther Holland, differed on this point alone, for Gran'ther Holland always upheld the peculiar merit of Elisha Watson's drink. These two rumsellers were keen rivals in the groggery business, both managing to keep their customers in debt, and in the end taking even their farms at forced sale. In short,

they were a precious pair. The story runs that one foggy summer morning, Gran'ther Holland sent word to Squire Hooper that it was a likely day to go tautogin' on Peaked Rock. They often fished together, and were the best of friends, quarreling only on the point of drink. So, taking their heavy chestnut saplin peeled poles, they went down to the Peaked Rock, then still standing upright on the ledge where Whimsy Cot, now the property of Mrs. Irving Fisher, of New Haven, stands overlooking the rock. The day turned out badly — hot and hotter till the sun burned off the fog, so the tautog got shy and lay swinging in the tide waiting for the twilight; the anglers lost their bait, and their tempers also; now and then by chance they "stole" a chogset, pest of the tautog fisherman. Most of these wily thieves dropped back, and of course told their friends below, *who* was was after them. A few were saved for the frying-pan. No fish has a finer flavor, when properly fried. Along about noon Gran'ther Holland growled out, "Le's give up, and go on home, no use brilin' here any longer." "All right," says Squire Hooper, "I'll jest fish up my last crab." So he tied her on good and solid, and had n't more 'n got his line down when he felt a big one take holt, and bore down hard on his big pole, to hist him out. The big tautog, soon 's he felt the pull, sung out with fright, "Chogsetties, who in hell has got hold of that thar dam pole?" "Squire Hooper! ole boy, Squire Hooper!" Hearing this, the big fish groaned out, "Good-bye, boys, I guess I 'm a goner. *I 'll be to Tom Rodman's afore sunset.*"

Note 35, *page* 285.

A copy of Comstock's "History," here copiously quoted, may be seen in the Rider Collection, now in the possession of Brown University. It was an agreeable surprise to find this copy of a book thought by many to be apocryphal. Some have said that the whole of Cat Story No. 2 was an invention of Shepherd Tom's. The finding of a copy of Comstock's "History" sets at rest this moot point, and must fully establish the veracious character of the Jonny-Cake Papers as a whole! The character designated by Comstock as "Mr.*——" is undoubtedly "'Lisha Garner, the Cat Inspector." While confirmatory and interesting most readers will find Shepherd Tom's narrative much the clearer.

Note 36, *page* 305.

As another opinion on this delicate point is held by the coastwise skippers, who often take horse mackerel on a standing troll-line, it may be mentioned here without prejudice. It is their belief that to be perfect a bluefish must be killed, split, and dried on a board set up in the weather rigging for at least one hour before being broiled. This treatment gives excellent results.

Note 37, *page* 312.

Many other stories of this tipsy fisher are still rife in Narragansett. He had coal black hair like his brother Reuben. Both were expert fishermen. John used to say, "A gallon o' rum will go furder in *my* family than a bushel o' meal." He, like other men, often made good resolutions. As he neared the corner where he usually got his rum, he was overheard muttering, as he staggered from one side of the road to the other, "Stiddy on her hellum, John; 'member yer raserlution. Ye kin git by if ye don't have to fetch more 'n one more tack. Hold 'er hard now, you 'm most fetched by. 'Member yer raserlution." Then, as he actually did pass the grog-shop corner,—"Thar now, what 'd I tell ye, ye 've fotched by, now ye can go back and *treat* yer raserlution!" Like John, his brother, Captain Reuben, was commonly three sheets in the wind. One spring day, in crossing the Hundred acres, he fell over a wall, pulling down some top stones with him. One of these fell on his face, smashing his big nose and stunning him. He lay there all night, while two or three inches of snow turning to rain fell. Captain Richard Crandall found him next day flat on his back; the snow had melted on face and hands, and as Captain Richard stood looking down, Captain Reuben opened one eye. "Wall, Cap'n Reuben," said Captain Richard, "you 'm abaout ruined, ain't ye?" "Why yus, Cap'n Richard. I've abaout broke my cherry-picker off."

Note 38, *page* 322.

"Superb" is an adjective chosen in compliment to the press of the Newport *Mercury*. The book is a modest volume, now very scarce, and contains many unclassified anecdotes, as well as somewhat sketchy biographical details of the Hazard, Robinson, and Sweet families in Narragansett. In full the title reads:

Recollections of Olden Times: / Rowland Robinson of Narragan-

sett and his unfortu-/nate daughter, / With Genealogies of the Robinson, Hazard, and Sweet / Families of Rhode Island. / By / Thomas R. Hazard, / "Shepherd Tom," / in his eighty-first and eighty-second years. / Also Genealogical Sketch of the Hazards of the Middle States / By Willard P. Hazard / of Westchester, Pa. / Newport, R. I.: / Published by John P. Sanborn, / 1879. /

Note 39, *page* 326.

The facts about the first power looms run in New England have been collated by Bagnall, to whose book the curious reader is referred. Peace Dalers are still defending their title to this honor. *Vide* Gov. Royal C. Taft, "Notes on the Woolen Manufacture," page 40.

Note 40, *page* 327.

Yorker pond was the name given to the long, narrow sheet of water near Slocum's Corner. A factory is still running (1913) at the foot of this pond. The houses standing near this factory form the village alluded to—Yorker village. The beautiful Yawgoo pond lies northwest of Kingston village, partly in South Kingstown, partly in Exeter. It has many pines about it, and a shining white sandy floor.

Note 41, *page* 344.

This is a reference to the house still standing at the southerly ramp of the Tower Hill ridge, which bears the old village of Tower Hill on its saddle, so to speak. The northerly summit is called MacSparran Hill. First built as an hotel, its remoteness from the bathing beach was the cause of its rapid decline. The original builders laid a narrow-gauge track and ran cars drawn by mules for the free use of guests. It was a slow and dusty ride, mostly uphill. Soon the tracks were taken up. For many years President James Burrill Angell, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, was the last guest of the season. As the manager usually absconded, leaving the servants unpaid, this became a bore, and when even the genial Angell gave up his favorite view, the house was closed for good. It is now used by the fresh air charity of Providence. It has been a hotel, a boarding-house, a colored school for training domestic servants, and last of all, a shelter for city waifs. It affords a varied and delightful prospect from Gay Head on Martha's Vineyard to Montauk Point on Long Island, besides

giving the nearest and clearest survey of the lovely Point Judith ponds.

Note 42, *page* 357.

A good example of the curiously involved style commonly used by Shepherd Tom's "brother Joe." He does not mean to allude to two men named Totten, although he appears to do so. One can usually discover his meaning.

Note 43, *page* 358.

Many buttonwood trees (sycamores) still (1915) adorn the landscape hereabouts. The row of them planted by Rowland Hazard[6] upon an east and west farm line which passes through Holly House are in a good state, though the first crop of leaves is often blighted, giving them a ragged look until they have time to leave out a second time, sometimes not until July. The tender young leaves seem to suffer from the cold Northeasters, whose icy breath shrivels and strips them off.

Note 44, *page* 359.

Ducky. Still a favorite nickname in South Kingstown for popular women of agreeable manners and disposition.

Note 45, *page* 359.

"As lucky as Jim Phillips" has become a local saying, with which Shepherd Tom was clearly familiar. Also a sarcastic use of the episode of the "buttonwood limb" occurs, "Luckier 'n Jim Phillips."

Note 46, *page* 361.

Benny Nichols, father of two sons, both men of strong character, who lived their entire lives in Peace Dale, Matthew and Cornelius, the latter, like his father, a skilful fisherman. He once hooked a sixty-pound striped bass on his hand trolling line baited with an eel-skin, and got the big fish over the outer ledge which girdles the best stand on Indian Rock. When the suds cleared away, "Corniel," as he was oftenest called, could see the big fellow lying in the pool, rather spent by his stubborn fight, but likely to be washed out by the next big breaker, then about due. Determined not to lose so fine a catch, he jumped in and scrambled out again with the struggling bass in his arms, just in time to escape a breaker which would have stunned or killed him.

Appendix

Appendix

A PRETENDED obituary, written by Charles Blake to caricature the style of Lawyer Ned Hazard. See note, page 210.

CHARLES BLAKE

"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

Charles has gone! I was never more stricken than when Payne —why is n't he in Congress to-day—said those words to me last night. I was hardly able to bear the blow, for I had been till past midnight conferring with a client indicted for stealing from his mother, a very worthy woman, who has been a domestic upward of forty years in the family of Robert Ives, and a more interesting case was never before a jury, unless I except that on Crowninshield, and all of my readers have heard of Webster's splendid effort in behalf of the commonwealth against him. I was present at the time and was mute with wonder and delight. I hope some day to write an account of it.

"Why must the good die and we who lament them
Live beneath the glimpses of the moon?"

Is n't that from *Hamlet*, Mr. Editor? Blake could have told me —I think I see him now as he used to stand when the fee table was unrepealed—and I never knew a law the repeal of which was more earnestly demanded for the ends of public justice and the peace of the bar than that same fee table. I see him now with this bill in his hand presenting it to me as he had often done before with a smile that headed off my too ready oath and a sarcasm as subtle as good-natured against those needy wretches who, like myself, had more brains than money—I use his own words.

When his office was in the cellar of the Old Court House (When are those beautiful speeches of Chief Justice Durfee and my brother Payne at the dedication of the New Court House to be published?) he had much trouble with rheumatic pains, and I can recall the look of suffering he habitually wore as he mounted the narrow stairs leading to the court room until on accidentally meeting me his face

would shine like that of an angel and he would ejaculate, "Oh, you good man—" and I think he meant it too. How I wish I was as restful about the future state as was Charles. He seemed to have no anxiety touching the things

"*Beyond the reaches of our souls.*"

George Rivers once told a story of the lamented Truman Beckwith that makes me think of my friend Charles. It was in the old building that stood at the corner of College and South Main streets and there I had an office and around me were the offices of some choice spirits, I can tell you. There Rivers, with his brother the Doctor, who years afterward did a yeoman's service in the War of the Rebellion, and myself have passed many an evening in potations pottle deep like so many Tam o'Shanters till the moon had passed in the wee sma' hours beyond that port of heaven's special landmark.

"*Dark arch the key stane.*"

Shall we ever see the fellows to Burns or Willy Shakespeare? In the autumn of 1842 I made a journey with Ben Curtis, afterward the Judge, and Rufus Choate to Washington to see the President about the extradition of Governor Dorr from the State of New Hampshire. It was a very important matter, and after several hours' discussion Choate appeared to weary of it and began to quote Burns. Poem after poem he repeated, and on my expressing wonder at the retentive power of his memory he told me that he had no poets in his library but Burns and Shakespeare. I think he was right, for they can fill up any ordinary mind. A man must have great capacity to really need such a collection as belonged to that ripe old scholar, John Carter Brown, now in heaven. I wonder if the arbutus grows in heaven. I love its fragrance better than that of the violet or the twisted eglantine or the lush woodbine. *Toto cœlo*. Oh, those old authors, shall we ever equal them? Hart (I wish I had his concise, energetic style of address when I present a case to the Court) was there with the two Rivers, and Philip Crapo had just gone over the way to Stimson and Hodges', purveyors of the best of potables. I wish I had space to tell my younger readers about Crapo. Rivers said that a poor cripple had just been into an insurance office near by and had presented a subscription paper to Beckwith, who sat there

with a number of substantial citizens. "Why don't you work?" testily asked Beckwith. "I am too weak," said the man. "I broke my leg and have been laid up in the hospital a month." Beckwith instantly replied: "That's no reason for begging. I once broke my leg and was laid up two months, and nobody went around with a subscription paper for me." This retort was unanswerable and the man slunk away in shame. Rivers said he could never forget the austere majesty that marked the features of the high-minded reprover. Charles was just as apt in some of his replies when asked to do anything to which he was averse. Possibly he had a tongue at times somewhat too tart, for it was he that made the distinction between lawyers and attorneys which made such acrimonious feeling against him at the bar a few years ago. I confess I shared it at the time, but not now.

Earl C. Harris was then in full practice, with a future before him, but he has since left the bar "to darkness and to me." There were giants in those days. We had no colored lawyers then.

It was in the autumn of 1852 I first became acquainted with Charles Blake, or Charley as he was then called. I wonder if he is called Charley where he is now. I had just concluded a speech in the House of Representatives in answer to Gen. Carpenter and was struck by the rapt attention of a youthful face of marked intelligence. I was so much interested in the appearance of the young man that I went into the lobby and introduced myself to him. Then I learned that he was the son of my old friend, Joseph M. Blake, of Bristol, the Nestor of the Rhode Island Bar, and that he had just entered Brown University. From that time our intercourse increased until at the time of his death we had become

"*Coupled and inseparable like Juno's swans.*"

In all his troubles his unvarying resort for advice and sympathy was to me, and thus I had the best opportunity for seeing his inner life, and I can say with perfect sincerity that I wish every one who had gone before had as guileless a heart as my departed friend and was as fit for the journey. I had had similar confidential relations with William Sanford, who, too, has passed away on "that black camel that kneeleth once at each man's door." I had befriended him, too, and how grateful he was! Poor William! Strange that a man

will put an enemy within his mouth to take away his brains. A flood of recollections overwhelm me, called forth by the mention of Sanford's name. I could fill your paper with them did I not put a bridle to my inclinations, but I will tax your patience no longer. I am hardly fit to write to-day.

So Charles has gone. Many will say to-day, "We could have better spared a better man." How we all drop like leaves by the wayside. Oh, my God, my God!

Index

Index

Aaron, Tom, 314, 318.
Abbey, Old, 161, 182.
Abe, 61, 67, 85, 88, 219, 240, 260, 303, 352, 364, 382.
Abram, 304.
Adams, John, 232, 236.
Addison, 138.
Aldrich, Dr., 64, 145, 148, 294.
Alexander, 37, 330.
Allen, Mr., 267.
Allen, Ned, 263, 266.
Allen, Pete, 220.
Allen, Sheriff Sam, 114.
Almira, 57.
Almy, Christopher, 43.
Almy, Slater & Brown, 43.
Almy, William, 43.
Amboy, 101.
Ammidon, Mrs., 177.
Ammidon, Elder, 173, 176.
Ammon, George, 318.
Anthony, 198, 350.
Anthony, L. D., 298.
Antigua, 170.
Aplin, Lawyer Joe, 112, 162, 257.
Apple dumplings, 108.
Apple Tree Plain, 81.
Aquidneck, 340.
Arabia, 211.
Arlington, Jim, 120.
Armstrong, Nat, 274.
Arnold, Hon. S. G., 270.
Arnold Tavern, 277.
Assyria, 89, 104, 211.

Babcock, Adam, 247.
Babcock, Mr., 343.
Babcock, Rowse, 171.
Babcock, Silas, 274.
Babcock, Mrs. Silas, 274, 297.
Baldface, Old, 59.
Barber, Charles P., 137.
Barber, William, 311.
Barker, Charles, 161, 247, 292.
Barker, Charles, Jr., 162.
Barlow, Joel, 17.
Barnum, 265.
Barton's wharf, 269, 302.
Beaver Tail, 376.
Belcher, Simon, 258.
Bergh, Henry, 192.
Biddy, 74.
Billington, Bob, 78, 80.
Blake, Hon. Joseph M., 210.
Blue Point, 38.
Blue Rocks, 259.
Bologna, 69.
Bonaparte, 62, 155, 219, 331.
Boose, Sharper, 228.
Boot Jack, 162.
Boss, Jabe, 248.
Boss, Peter, 293.
Boston brown bread, 17, 28.
Boston Common, 161.
Boston Neck, 208, 315, 319, 321, 326, 337, 346, 360.

Boston Neck Road, 360.
Bourns, Lawyer, 162.
Bowler farm, 103, 155.
Bowler, Mr., 90, 211.
Bowne, Robert, 358.
Boylston street, 187.
Brayton, Gen. Chas. R., 36, 200.
Bridge street, Newport, 269.
Bristol, 111, 210.
Bristol, Pa., 301, 345.
Brit, Old, 190, 231, 237, 248, 272, 307.
British Minister, 134.
Broad street, Newport, 43.
Brown, Corporal, 175.
Brown, Cracker, 161.
Brown, Deacon, 118.
Brown, Ducky, 359.
Brown, Gov. George, 208, 320.
Brown, Misses, 315.
Brown, Mr., 171, 179, 281, 323.
Brown, Nick, 381.
Brown, Rowland, 323.
Brown, Sally, 119.
Brown, Tim, 230.
Brown, Widow, 20, 201.
Brown's Brook, 356.
Buffum, David, 45, 262.
Buffum, Bishop David, 262.
Buffum, Thomas, 262.
Bullock, John, 199.
Burnside, Senator, 106.
Byron, 25, 123.

Cæsar, 179.
Cæsar, Julius, 219.
Cæsar's Plain, 179.
Canonchet, 154, 176.
Canton, 184.
Carpenter, Ann, 42.
Carpenter, Rodman, 349.
Carr, Green, 262, 266.
Carter, Bill, 333.
Carter, William, 179.
Carter's gibbet, 315.
Case, Jim, 301.
Case, Squire, 301.
Cat Inspector, 285, 295.
Cervantes, 112.
Chambo, Old, 363 (*vide* Rochambeau, 92).
Champlin house, 324.
Champlin, Kit, 311.
Champlin, Squire, 119.
Champlin, Stephen, 169, 183, 313.
Champlin, Thomas, 183.
Chandler, Wm. H., 283.
Charlestown, 58, 185, 311, 321, 340, 342.
Charlestown tribe, 342.
Chase, Constant, 103.
Chase, Herbert, 103.
Chase, Isaac, 90, 103.
Chase, Stephen A., 304.
Chausan, Capt. Green, 90.
Chesapeake Bay, 38, 77.
Chimney Hill, 180.
Chipuxet river, 118, 179.
Cincinnati, 55.
Clamtown, 37.
Clark, 155.
Clark, Judge, 165.
Clarke, John, 271.

Clarke, Lewis, 64, 65, 69.
Clarke, Lewis Latham, 64, 185.
Clark's mill, 21.
Clinton, General, 101.
Clytus, 179.
Coates, Saunders, 77, 153.
Cochituate, 307.
Cockermouth, 125.
Columbia Corner, 344.
Comstock, Charles, 137, 152, 157, 183, 186, 194, 228, 237, 241, 245, 248, 252, 256, 266, 284, 289, 293.
Comstock, Christopher, 158.
Conanicut, 133, 138, 269, 335.
Conanicut Ferry, 383.
Congdon, George, 274.
Congdon, Joseph, 274.
Connecticut, 94, 146, 175.
Conner, Capt., 275.
Continental Congress, 99.
Cook (the hatter), 112, 158, 183, 194, 257, 259, 289.
Cook, Col., 294, 296.
Coon's mill, 19, 172.
Corey, Dick, 249, 343.
Cork, John, 312, 318.
Corn biscuit, 61.
Cottrell, Abel, 112.
Cove, Old, 31, 38.
Coy, Samuel, 160.
Crœsus, 146.
Crooked Brook, 356.
Crumb, Timothy, 119.
Crutch, William, 43.
Cuba, 186.
Cubit hill, 229.
Cupid hill, 229.
Curtis' corner, 146.
Cussum, Rev. Dr., 101.

Danielson, 198.
Dealing, 179.
Delaware river, 301.
Democritus, 113.
Dennison, Consul, 265.
Devil's Ring, 250.
Dexter, Lord Timothy, 186.
Dickens, Mr., 330.
Dixon, Nathan F., 144, 162.
Dobbs, Mary, 170.
Dockray Common, John, 237.
Dockray corner, 230.
Dockray, John, 64, 230, 293.
Dockray, John Bigelow, 230, 298.
Dodge, Mr., 326.
Dorothy, Aunt, 155.
Dorothy's Hollow, 155.
Douglass, George, 291.
Douglass, Stephen, 293.
Duke street, Newport, 269.
Dunlap, Count (or Baron), 341.
Dunn, Dr., 357.
Durfee, 113.
Dyer's run, Mrs. 300.
Dyre, Col., 361.

East Greenwich, 35, 93, 254, 276.
East Grinnage, 42, 272, 279, 281, 315.
East Indies, 183.
Eden, Garden of, 89, 104.
Elam, Samuel, 209, 211.
Ellery, William, 92.

Enfield, Conn., 80.
England, 26, 125.
Esther, Queen, 217, 342.
Euphrates, 89, 104.
Exeter, 113.

Fall River, Mass., 326.
Falstaff, Jack, 38, 64.
Fayette, Markis, 363.
Feke, Charley, 267.
Fenner, Governor, 115, 275, 298.
Fenner, Gov. Arthur, 298.
Fenner, Gov. (2nd), 274.
Ferrisburg, Vt., 353.
Ferry wharf, Newport, 21, 41, 137, 259, 266.
Fielding, 112.
Fish, 353.
Fishback, Capt., 185.
Flat-iron, 29.
Flat Rock, 312, 372.
Foddering Place, 345.
Forbes Co., Boston, 198, 222.
Fort Ticonderoga, 341.
Foster, Mr., 321.
Four Corners, 165.
Fox, George, 41.
Frank, 133.
Franklin, Ben, 156, 181, 234, 239, 301.
Franklin's Ferry, 135, 383.
Frayer, Capt., 319.
Freehold, 101.
French, Cyrus, 112, 140.
French, Mr., 294.
French, Squire, 291.
French, William, 140, 158, 347.
Friar, Quaker, 64, 69, 185.

Gano, Master, 322, 323.
Gardiner, Bill, 218.
Gardiner, Bristor, 349.
Gardiner, Col., 315.
Gardiner, Elisha, 112, 115, 265, 269, 293.
Gardiner, Ezekiel, 134.
Gardiner, Nurse, 54.
Gardiner, Paris, 232, 248.
Gardiner, Peleg, 64, 134.
Gardiner, Squire, 291.
Gardner, Sheriff, 117.
Garner, 'Lisha, 138, 152, 158, 183, 195, 252, 256, 258.
Garner, Paris, 249, 251.
Gavitt, Daniel, 241.
Gavitt-town, 241.
Genesee, 121.
Genesee run, 253.
Genesee swamp, 248, 256.
Genesee woods, 248.
George (son of Queen Esther), 342.
George, King, 342.
Georgia, 170, 178.
Goddard, Thomas, 353.
Gooseberry Island, 180, 254.
Gould, Adam, 252, 256, 295.
Gould, Artemus, 251, 325.
Gould, John, 231.
Gould, Miss, 231.
Gould, Tom, 218.
Grafton, Mass., 141.
Grant, 62.

Gravelly Point, 326.
Gray, Billy, 183, 186, 194, 256.
Great Pond, 245, 253.
Greene, Gen. Albert C., 280.
Greene, Gen. Nathanael, 35, 101.
Greene, Stephen, 160.
Greenman, Mrs. Silas, 319.
Grenman, Gid, 231.
Grennold, Jim, 314.
Grennold, Mr., 325.
Grinage flats, 37.
Grinnage, 37, 111, 161, 183, 272, 277, 281, 373.
Grinnager, 35, 37, 40, 45, 72, 161, 202.
Grinnold, Sal, 278.
Griswold, Tom, 58.
Guinea, 18, 59, 83, 85, 307.
Guinea, Old, 228.
Gulf Stream, 49, 72, 89, 102, 202, 212, 275, 374.

Hadwen, Benjamin, 77.
Hagadorn, John, 158, 161, 163, 182.
Hammond, Capt., 170.
Hammond's Mill, 18, 21, 23, 161.
Hardscrabble, 190, 215, 232, 237, 245, 248.
Hartford, Conn., 121.
Have Nothings, 79.
Have Somethings, 79.
Hazard, 89.
Hazard, Anna, 107.
Hazard, Benjamin, 149.
Hazard, Carder, 345.
Hazard, Edward, 230.
Hazard, Ephe, 66.
Hazard, George, 167, 352.
Hazard, Gust, 80.
Hazard, Isaac, 259, 274, 277, 301, 341, 359.
Hazard, Jeffrey, 169.
Hazard, John, 165.
Hazard, Jonathan J., 100, 203.
Hazard, Jonathan N., 247, 307, 333.
Hazard, Joseph P., 76, 80, 118, 180, 304, 306, 308, 318, 321, 326, 332, 335, 337, 341, 343, 348, 356, 358, 360, 372.
Hazard, Miss, 133.
Hazard, Mr., 341.
Hazard, Molly, 342, 364, 356.
Hazard, Nailer Tom, 189, 251 (*see* Hazard, Thomas B.).
Hazard, Ned, 230, 298.
Hazard, Pistol-head Tom, 189.
Hazard, Robert, 337, 352.
Hazard, Rowland, 64, 159, 169, 304, 321, 341.
Hazard, Rowland (nephew), 305.
Hazard, Dr. R. R., 77.
Hazard, Shepherd Tom, 90, 148, 156, 189, 217, 244, 246, 249, 270, 283, 302, 307, 317, 322, 324, 331, 362, 387 (*see also* Hazard, Thomas R.).
Hazard, Sim, 173.
Hazard, Simeon, 167.

Hazard, Simeon, Jr., 167.
Hazard, Sylvester, 164, 290, 294.
Hazard, Sylvester R., 77.
Hazard, Thomas, 271.
Hazard, Thomas B. (Nailer Tom), 170, 251, 324, 346, 351.
Hazard, Thomas B., Jr., 351.
Hazard, Thomas G., 338.
Hazard, Thomas H., 77.
Hazard, Thomas R., 31, 203, 219, 221, 228, 246, 268 (*see* Hazard, Shepherd Tom).
Hazard, Tom, 189.
Hazard's Castle, 304, 338.
Helme, James, 131, 165, 290, 293.
Helme, James, Jr., 295.
Helme, J. P., 112.
Helme, Judge, 132.
Helme, Samuel, 131.
Hill pasture, 155.
Hill ponds, 351.
Hills, The, 245.
Hindoostan, 170.
Hoag, Joseph, 353.
Hogarth, 47, 327.
Holburton, Harry, 253.
Holburton's mill, 253.
Holden, Sammy, 367.
Holden, the Odd, 370.
Holland, 142.
Homer, 25, 123.
Hopkins, Dr., 92.
Hopkins, Parson, 92.
Hopkins rock, 340.
Hopkinton, 171, 347.
Hopkinton City, 158, 258.
H'Oswald, Richard, 234.
Howard, Gov., 199, 204, 221, 224.
Howard, ex-Gov. Henry, 198.
Howard, ex-Gov., 283.
Howard street, Newport, 169.
Howe, Lord, 99, 101.
Howell, Judge, 162.
Huckleberry, 102.
Hudson river, 269.
Hull, Benjamin, 145.
Hull, Miss, 181.
Hull, Mr., 307.
Humber river, 26.
Hunter, William, 134, 260.
Hyperion, 68, 157.

Indian corn, 58.
Indian no-cake, 57.
Indian Rock, 373.
Indian Run, 352, 356.

Jackson, 179, 315.
Jackson, President, 325.
Jamaica, 185.
Jay, John, 234.
Jeffers, 248.
Jefferson, Thomas, 233, 236, 302.
Jenkins, Anne Almy, 43.
Jim, 155.
Job, 47.
Joe, 174, 176.
Jonah, 135.
Jonny Cake 18, 28, 40.

Kelley, 170.
Kelly, Master, 65, 322.
Kent county, 35, 272, 315.
Kenyon, Gardiner, 334.
Kenyon, Squire, 313.
Kenyon, William, 342.
Key, Mr., 200, 283.
Key, Postmaster-Gen., 228.
Kidd, Captain, 251, 324.
Kidd, Robert (Wm.?), 325.
Kings county, 202, 254.
Kingston, 112, 119, 159, 182, 324, 347.
Kingston Hill, 138.
Kingston village, 327.
Kingstown, Jamaica, 186.
King Tom, 341.
Kit's pond, 345.
Knowles, 198.
Knowles, Hazard, 335, 360.
Knowles, Jim, 121, 242.
Knowles, Robert, 361.

L., Mr., 104.
Lafayette, Marquis, 91.
Lamming, John, 164.
Lamphear, 321.
Larkin, Mr., 329.
Laurens, Henry, 234.
Lawton's Valley, 271.
Lebanon, Conn., 32, 100.
Lee, Gen., 101, 130.
Lewis, Enoch, 344.
Lewis, Smith, 314.
Liebig, 159.
Liestrong, Capt., 183, 186.
Lightfoot, Judge, 364.
Lind, Jenny, 83.
Lipton, 178.
Little Neck, 340, 358.
Little Neck farm, 77, 360.
Little Neck Tom, 77.
Little Rest, 111, 112, 115, 131, 133, 135, 138, 140, 143, 145, 149, 158, 160, 163, 169, 172, 178, 182, 195, 206, 230, 232, 237, 241, 249, 252, 257, 269, 272, 287, 293, 313, 320.
Little Rest Hill, 65, 114, 150.
London, 42, 91, 138, 184.
Longfellow, 123.
Long Island, 78.
Long Island Sound, 319.
Long Wharf, 263.
Louis XV, 65, 185.
Lunt, Major, 130, 293.
Lunt, William, 117.
Lyman, 327.

Marlboro street, Newport, 269.
MacSparran, Dr., 226.
Margaret, 40, 69, 110, 260, 306, 365, 382.
Mary Magdalene, 48.
Mason and Dixon's Line, 52.
Mather, Cotton, 212.
Matoonak, 343.
Matooneck, 181.
Matoonek, 229, 293.
Mauney, 338.
Mayberry, Free, 263, 266.
Mercer, Dr., 105.
Methuselah, 47.
Middletown, N. J., 170.
Mill, Old Forge, 35, 37, 40, 161.

Mill street, Newport, 269.
Ministerial woods, 161, 245.
Minturn, 321.
Money, Mr., 276.
Monmouth, 130.
Monmouth county, 101.
Mose, 83, 379, 381.
Moses, 85.
Mont Blanc, 42.
Mount, Samuel, 170.
Mount, Thomas, 169, 172, 178, 182.
Muffins, 109.
Mumford, Benjamin, 226.
Mumford, Nat, 154.
Mumford's Mill, 19, 21, 161, 179.
Mumford, Miss, 154.
Mumford, Mrs. Hannah, 226.
Muscovado sugar, 53.

Nantucket, 289.
Naples, 193.
Narragansett, 20, 25, 57, 65, 71, 76, 79, 82, 85, 88, 91, 95, 122, 134, 140, 152, 156, 160, 170, 175, 185, 189, 203, 205, 224, 246, 264, 300, 307, 315, 332, 336, 339, 341, 343.
Narragansett Bay, 38, 45, 319, 337, 358.
Narragansett Co., 111.
Narragansett Indians, 58, 217, 254, 338.
Narragansett Pier, 32, 78, 176, 304, 307, 359.
Narragansett Pier Railroad, 248.
Narrow Cove, 254.
Narrow river, 77, 208, 304, 315, 340, 359.
Nash, Mrs., 180.
Nash, Widow, 180.
New Bedford, Mass., 149, 248, 350.
Newberry, Jim, 347.
New Brunswick, 101.
Newell, William P., 144, 149.
New England, 50, 58.
New Guinea, 195.
New Haven, Conn., 17.
New Light Church, 172, 190.
New London, Conn., 98, 289, 293, 363.
New London Co., Conn., 98, 203.
New Orleans, 105.
Newport, 20, 32, 42, 71, 77, 90, 93, 103, 110, 134, 137, 140, 149, 167, 211, 257, 259, 262, 271, 273, 307, 325, 357.
Newport Mercury, 322.
Newton, 201.
New York, 42, 55, 71, 74, 91, 101, 170, 178, 185, 191, 204, 305.
Nichols, Benny, 361.
Nichols, John, 160.
Nichols, John T., 143.
Nichols, Miss, 301.
Nicobar, 186.
Nicobar, Great, 184.
Nicobar Islands, 183.
Niles House, 324.
Niles, Major Jeremy, 156.
Niles, Mr., 324.
Noah's ark, 59.

No-cake, 58.
Noka, John, 338.
Nooseneck Hill, 279.
North Carolina, 180.
North Kingston, 161.
North Kingstown, 202, 366.
North Narragansett Pier pond, 77.
North Pier, 77, 372.
North Scituate, 283.
Northup, Elder, 120, 172, 177.
Northup, S., 321.
Notre Dame, 79.
Nova Scotia, 178.
Noyes, Robert, 300.

O'Brien, Patrick, 207.
Old Kingston road, 341.

Parade, The, 42.
Parade street, Newport, 263.
Paris, 42, 79, 234, 265.
Patrick, 46.
Patten, Wm. S., 23.
Patten, Mrs. Wm. S., 23.
Pawcatuck Bridge, 144, 162, 181.
Pawcatuck river, 253.
Peace Dale, 20, 81, 154, 169, 188, 190, 201, 250, 314, 324, 326, 328, 343, 346, 356, 359, 361.
Peace Dale mills, 328.
Peckham, Nathaniel C., 142.
Peckham, Hon. Nathaniel, 172.
Peckham, Timothy, 142.
Peckham, Quaker William, 229.
Peckham, William, Jr., 229.
Pedler, 82.
Peggy, 123.
Pennsylvania, 98.
Pentateuch, 85.
Perry, Chas. Grant, 357.
Perry, Christopher Raymond, 301.
Perry, Commodore, 264, 343.
Perry, Commodore Oliver H., 229, 301, 320.
Perry, Hazard, 229.
Perry, John, 320.
Perry, John (Town Clerk), 320.
Perry, Rit, 156.
Perry, Robinson, 320.
Persian Gulf, 89.
Pettaquamscutt, 25, 315, 321, 341.
Pettaquamscutt Cove, 154, 180, 254, 358.
Pettaquamscutt pond, 18.
Pettaquamscutt river, 76, 180, 208, 226, 315, 341, 358.
Philadelphia, 55, 99, 101, 146, 153, 156, 170, 214.
Phillips, Capt., 93.
Phillips, Jim, 359, 379.
Phillis, 18, 83, 216.
Phisic, Dr., 214.
Pickerel Point, 356.
Pint Judy, 59, 156, 231, 274, 373, 378.
Pint Judy Pint, 306, 376.
Point Judith, 77, 305, 313, 319, 323, 334, 337, 345, 356, 358, 360, 364.

Point Judith Road, 360.
Point Judith salt pond, 142.
Point, The, Newport, 180, 263, 303, 352.
Pollock, Wilson, 194.
Pomfret, Conn., 174.
Pomp, 60, 62, 67, 83, 351.
Porridge, 55.
Portorique molasses, 53.
Portsmouth, 41, 43, 89, 91, 271, 283.
Portsmouth Grove, 44.
Post Road, 239, 301.
Potowomut, 35.
Potter, Asa, 158.
Potter, Elisha, 293.
Potter, Elisha R., 82, 140, 149, 153, 158, 298, 326, 338.
Potter, Eliza, 158.
Potter, E. R., 112, 114.
Potter, James, 338.
Potter, James M.B., 149.
Potter, John, 289.
Potter, Gov. John, 241, 310.
Potter, Joseph, 171.
Potter, Judge, 133, 149.
Potter, Julia, 158.
Potter, Kit, 89.
Potter, Maria, 158.
Potter, Squire, 207, 299.
Potter, Thomas, 340.
Potter, Dr. Thomas, 149.
Potter, Tom, 113, 145.
Potter, Judge Wm., 161, 182.
Potter, Lawyer William, 149.
Potter's Hill, 138.
Potter's pond, 310.
Prescott, Capt., 341.
Providence, 24, 111, 140, 159, 171, 179, 224, 230, 271, 277, 315, 327.
Providence river, 38.

Quaker Bishop (Buffum, David), 45.
Quaker Hill, 43.
Queen Anne, 138.
Queen Esther, 342.
Quincy, Josiah, 306.
Quincy, Judith, 307.

Ram Island, 345.
Randolph, Kidder, 357.
Red Bank, 341.
Reynolds, Joe, 138, 140, 142, 289, 292.
Reynolds, John, 140.
Rhinebeck, N.Y., 158.
Rhineinjun bread, 213.
R. I. greening, 90, 173, 202.
R. I. Historical Society, 23, 169.
R. I. Jonny-cake, 199.
Rice pudding, 108.
Richmond, 311.
R. I. turkey, 72.
Ridge, Master, 65, 322.
Robbins, Hon. Asher, 206.
Robinson, Amy, 358.
Robinson, Atmore, 153.
Robinson, Ben, 154.
Robinson, Christopher, 308, 313, 345.
Robinson, Edward, 153.
Robinson, Hannah, 322.

Robinson, James, 153, 156, 322, 378.
Robinson, Mrs. James, 323.
Robinson, John, 64, 307.
Robinson, Kit, 155, 231.
Robinson, Prince, 117.
Robinson, Rowland, 91.
Robinson, Sally, 261.
Robinson, Sci, 261.
Robinson, Sylvester, 175, 294, 308, 342, 364.
Robinson, Mrs. Sylvester, 176.
Robinson, Thomas, 261, 352, 358.
Robinson, Gov. Wm., 307, 372.
Robinson, Gov. Wm. R., 342.
Robinson, William, 153.
Robinson's wharf, 352.
Rochambeau, Count, 92.
Rochester, 179.
Rocky Brook, 77, 143, 153, 188, 249, 356.
Rodman, Benny, 20, 157, 201, 250.
Rodman, Capt. Bill, 141.
Rodman, Clarke, 167, 262.
Rodman, Sam, 153.
Rodman, Tom, 242, 245.
Rodman House, 349.
Rodman's Mill, 154, 201.
Romain, Parson, 239.
Rome, 193.
Rotch, Benjamin, 350.
Rotch, Wm. B., 350.
Runnells, Joe, 140, 142, 149, 157, 164, 182, 195, 197, 252, 257.
Rush, Dr., 146, 214.
St. Peter's, Rome, 42.
Saddle Rock, N.Y., 38.
Sal, 218.
Salem, 161.
Salt Pond, 76, 310, 350, 356, 375.
Sam, 84, 156, 207.
Samp, 57.
Sanborn, John H., 322.
Sancho Panza, 38, 79.
Sandy Hook, 101.
Sangrado, Dr., 144, 243.
Satyr, 68, 157.
Saucatucket, 24, 157.
Saucatucket river, 356.
Saunders, Capt. John H., 326.
Schooner, Sally, 172.
Scip, 62, 68, 83.
Schuylkill, 99.
Scott, 112.
Scribbins, 26, 238.
Sea Side, 77, 304, 372.
Sea Side farm, 304, 318, 338, 372.
Senegambia, 18.
Seine, 79.
Shakespeare, 134.
Shakespeare, Will, 236, 363.
Shaw, Friend, 43.
Shaw, Jim, 263, 266.
Shays Rebellion, 141.
Shelter Island, 274.
Shepherd Tom (Hazard), 90, 199.
Sherman, James, 202, 341.
Sherman, Job, 42.
Sherman, John, 341.
Sherman, Pedro, 189.

Sherman, Robert, 138.
Sherman & Town, 366.
Shermantown, 202.
Shrewsbury, 38.
Silver Lake, 345.
Slaughter, Master, 65.
Slauter, Master, 322.
Slocum's corner, 179.
Smith, Jim, 254.
Smith, John, 333.
Smith, Sol, 56.
Smollett, 112.
Snuff mill-pond, 346.
Solon, 286.
Sot's Hole, 245.
South County, 37, 117, 132, 146, 153, 202, 215.
South Co. Agric. Society, 159.
South Ferry, 41, 134, 138, 157, 159, 181, 301, 337.
South Pier, 340, 372, 378.
South Pole, 157.
South Portsmouth, 200, 228.
Sprague estate, Gov., 176, 322.
Sprague Folly, Gov., 364.
Sprague, Mrs. Kate Chase, 154.
Stang, Admirable, 363.
Stanton, William, 171.
Stanton, Mrs. Wm., 172.
Staunton, Lodowick, 185.
Steadman, Asa, 333.
Stedlar, Mr., 52.
Stedlar, Mrs., 53.
Stedman, Asa, 156.
Steele, 138.
Stewart, 204.
Stonington, Conn., 171, 179.
Storer, Benjamin, 114, 130, 165.
Storer, Hannah, 115, 118.
Stover, Old, 161.
Stuart, Gilbert, 18, 226, 321, 346.
Stuart, Jane, 225.
Styles, Rev. Ezra, 92.
Sugar Loaf Hill, 230, 298.
Sukarata, Queen, 184.
Suke, 218.
Sweet, Job, 230.
Sweet, Job, Jr., 230.
Sweet, Jonathan, 230.
Sweet, William, 230.
Sweet family, 334.
Sykes, Jim, 129.
Symmes' Hole, 157.
Syms, Jim, 256.

Tallman sweetings, 73, 91.
Tarrant, Col., 357.
Taylor, John N., 138.
Taylor, Philip, 138.
Taylor, Thomas S., 158, 249.
Tefft, Jim, 333.
Tefft's Hill, 248, 251.
Thames street, 41, 265, 269.
Themillboy, 59.
Thurston, Gov., 158.
Tiber, 79.
Tierney, Admiral De, 92.
Tigris, 89, 104.
Titian, 69.
Tiverton, 113, 161.
Tontine Coffee House, 71.
Tory, Sylvia, 161, 247.
Tory, Cuff, 208.

Totten, Col., 357.
Totten, Levi, 161, 162.
Totten, Squire Levi, 258.
Tower Hill, 20, 43, 89, 95, 111, 131, 145, 155, 180, 188, 201, 208, 239, 300, 315, 323.
Tower Hill House, 76, 344.
Tower's school, 262.
Trinity Church, 42.
Truman, 129.
Trumbull, Gov. Jonathan, 32, 100, 203.
Tucker, Joshua, 246.
Tucker, Nathan, 245.
Tucker, William, 193.
Tucker family, 334.
Tucker's pond, 245.
Tuckertown, 245.
Turkle, Mr., 164.
Turner, Daniel, 264.

Updike, Daniel E., 93, 254, 276, 315.
Updike's History of Narragansett Church, 226.
Updike, Hon. Wilkins, 157, 342.

Valley Forge, 99, 170, 203.
Vaucluse, 89, 103, 200, 211, 228, 283.
Vaughn's corner, Newport, 263.
Venice, 69.
Virgil, 134.
Virginia, 51, 180.
Voluntown, 171.

Watte, Matthew, 112, 115, 117, 131, 149.
Wakefield, 19, 172, 180, 251, 309, 344, 349.
Walkins, 51.
Walton, Isaac, 301.
Ward, Artemus, 325.
Warmsley, James, 341.
Warner, Mr., 329.
Warrick, 37.
Warricker, 45.
Warwick, 37.
Washburne, Elder, 190.
Washington, 118, 131.
Washington, Gen., 32, 35, 91, 99, 101, 117, 226, 293.
Washington, R. I., 97, 100.
Washington Square, Newport, 268.
Washington street, 187.
Watson, Capt. Guy, 150.
Watson, Guy, 341.
Watson, John, 319.
Watson, John Hazard, 169, 179, 182.
Watson, Ned, 208.
Watson's Pier, John, 319.
Watson's shop, 313.
Weeden, Mrs., 360.
Wells, Thomas R., 158.
West Chester Co., Pa., 199, 302.
Westerly, 144, 181.
West Grinnage, 278.
Westtown Friends Boarding School, 199, 302.
West Town, Pa., 345.
Whaley, Capt. Jeremiah, 78.

Whally, 321.
Whitemarsh, 99.
Whitman, Jonathan, 140.
Whitpot, 61.
Wickford, 37, 93, 254.
Wickham, Mr., 170.
Wickham, Suky, 262.
Wilcox, 169.
Wilcox, Judge, 114.
Wilcox, Sally, 188.
Wilkinson, Jemima, 160, 182.
Willard, 113.
Willets, Francis, 322.
Williams, Capt., 305.
Williams, James, 171.
Williams, John, 360.
Williams, Roger, 270.
Williams, Thomas, 360.
Williams, Thomas R., 95, 326.
Will's Coffee House, 138, 363.
Wilson, Capt. Bill, 315.
Wilson, Jim, 251.
Wilson, Miss Jinny, 146.
Wilson woods, 249, 343.
Windham, Conn., 361.
Wiseman, Willie, 303.
Wolf Bog, 346.
Worden's pond, 245, 253.

Yawgoo, 327.
Yorker, 327.
Yorktown, 101.

Zachary's bridge, 254.

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List of Subscribers

John O. Ames	Providence
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